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MEN AND MANNERS
OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By

SUSAN HALE

Author of "The Story of Mexico"

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PREFACE.

In our country house here there is an old mahogany bookcase which dates from my father's time, filled with books for the most part belonging to my mother, bearing dates of publication earlier than her birth, and the favorites of her youth. I inherit her taste for these antiquated volumes, and have myself added to the collection from time to time, so that at present it makes a brave show of shabby gilt backs, worn-out calf bindings, and foolish titles, in themselves, in many cases, an advertisement of dulness. On these shelves stand "The Infidel Father," "Father and Daughter," "Marchmont," "The Exiles," "Julia," in full view, while others are relegated to a position behind the rest; by contrast the long row of Mrs. Barbauld's novelists, fifty uniform little volumes, charm the eye, my mother's own copy of "Sir Charles Grandison," in nineteen volumes, book-marks of green ribbon hanging from the volumes—for such marks were needed by the diligent readers of Richardson's prolixity—all of Miss Burney's novels, on the lower shelf an early edition of Miss Edgeworth and all of Jane Austen, in one solid volume closely printed. The *Spectator* is there; so are Pope, Cowper, and Goldsmith; "Rasselas" and "Robinson Crusoe," likewise, with "Select British Poets" collected by William Hazlitt, called also "New Elegant Extracts from Chaucer to the Present Time," and published in 1824.

It is from such a mine of excellence that I have drawn the material of the present book. The busy world of to-day thinks it has no time to examine for itself a collection like this, to choose the real gold and reject the dross, yet my wish is, in the extracts I am giving of my favorite authors, to induce readers to search further for themselves.

The ruling passion of mankind has been said to be curiosity. The most respectable form of it, it seems to me, is curiosity about mankind as it is, an interest in human nature, such as Fielding avowed, and almost every one recognizes in himself. In some it takes the form of excavation and search for relics of remote antiquity. When I was in Tunis, and visiting the site of ancient Carthage, of which absolutely nothing remains, and where nothing more was to be seen than a green field with goats browsing in it and a glorious view of the Mediterranean, it was announced to us that a tomb had that moment been opened, containing the skeleton of a Carthaginian man. A Punic man, actually lying there—with no other signs to tell his story. Instantly the curiosity to know that story became intense. The passion for digging in ancient ruins is easily understood.

After the admirable invention of Cadmus, it becomes easier to learn about our progenitors. Hieroglyphics help, and although libraries are burnt, like Alexandria and Cordova, parchments are preserved and others come to light. With printing the matter grows simpler, for now the events of the world can be recorded and preserved, if people will but take the trouble to write them down. Research has brought to light the manners and customs of the early centuries, and now literature begins to record them, though at first sparingly.

People began to write good prose and beautiful poetry in the English language twelve centuries ago, and we may find satisfaction for our curiosity by studying their works all along these years. But it is only with the end of the seventeenth and opening of the eighteenth century that the intellectual stir of the times begins to assume a personal character ; lives, biographies, essays, from that time abound, and letter-writing took its valuable place in the literature of England. It seems as if everybody had discovered the fun of rushing into print. Political pamphlets preceded the newspaper editorial to which we are now accustomed. Fine ladies wrote ballads which were printed and scattered about the streets. Squibs, reviews, satirical poems, and letters filled the air. The personal rancors or political differences which inspired these flights have long ago vanished, but we may search such papers with interest to find traces of the manners of the world which wrote and read them. This literature naturally centered in London, reflecting upon human character and human life as seen in the great city. It discussed all the varieties of social life, and painted London society more vividly than has been done before or since.

It is of London, therefore, that we learn more than of the country life of England in our study of this literature, but Addison has given us a glimpse of the country in his description of Sir Roger, and Fielding and Goldsmith allow us a whiff of country air. Yet even with these, the indifference to landscape and the enjoyment of nature are remarkable. It has been said that the subject of nature and man's relation to it, that is of the visible landscape, sea, and sky, were as yet untouched up to the age of Pope, and the subject of man alone treated. This is so well and thoroughly handled that we cannot fail to acquire a pretty good notion of what man was like in the century before our own.

It is this view that has occupied me in making the selections for the present book. In reading these often silly novels I am always looking out for points of difference in language, manners, observances, from our own; things which the writers set down all unconsciously as matters of course, which now seem to us strange, old-fashioned, perhaps absurd, but interesting, in my opinion. We especially want to know what our great-grandmothers were like, and there is abundant evidence to their characteristics, either in their own real letters or the fictitious ones written for them, which were accepted as good representatives of their thoughts and actions by their own approval.

I do not undertake to deal with the study of the literary style of the period, a work which is always forward, and in abler hands than my own. Even such lives as those of the writers I have quoted are to serve only to illustrate the conditions of their time. Their biographies have been all charmingly written and their works analyzed by our own best writers in other books.

My real object in preparing the book is to awake, if necessary, an interest in my subject, and to stimulate my readers to go further in the study of character afforded by the literature of the eighteenth century. If he once enters the path, the charm of style, the elegance of execution, the fertility of subject of great writers, cannot fail to lead him farther and farther upon such a delightful road.

SUSAN HALE.

April 30, 1898.

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MEN AND MANNERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BOOK I.

POPE AND LADY MARY.

CHAPTER I.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU was born in 1690 and died in 1762. She was Lady Mary Pierrepont, the daughter of the Duke of Kingston, thus by birth belonging to the best society of her time. She married Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, a diplomatist and, amongst other things, a personal friend of Addison, and thus was brought in contact with the literary people. She was herself a brilliant letter-writer, and her letters have been published. These things fit her especially for my purpose, as, during a long life she saw and was a part of that society which we desire to become acquainted with, the circle of wits and fashionable people, of brilliant writers and dull peers, of men of genius who condescended to frivolity and women of the world who aspired to wisdom. Her letters were edited in 1837 by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, whose book is already old-fashioned, and for this reason has a flavor more suited to the present purpose than later less flattering though perhaps better considered estimates of Lady Mary. There can be no doubt that she was celebrated, even from her childhood, for a vivacious intellect, precocious mental acquirements, and for the beauty and grace of her person.

Birth and parentage.

Social position.

Incident of the Kit-cat Club.

A trifling incident, which Lady Mary loved to recall, will prove how much she was the object of her father's pride and fondness in her childhood. As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he of course belonged to the Kit-cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern; where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Never again, she has said later, did she pass so happy a day.

However, it is probable that her father, whose amusement in her ceased when she grew past the age of sitting on his knee and playing with a doll, consigned all his daughters alike to the care of a good homespun governess such as her letters describe, and, having thus done his supposed duty toward them, held himself at liberty to pursue his own pleasures, which lay elsewhere than at home. Her mother died when Lady Mary was four years old.

Literary progress.

But, admitting that Lady Mary's talents were only self-cultivated, her literary progress might not be the less considerable. When industry, inspirited by genius, toils from free choice, and there exists, unchecked, that large devouring appetite for reading seldom felt but in the first freshness of intelligent youth, it will take in more nourishment, and faster, than the most assiduous tuition can cram down. It is true the habit of idly turning over an uncounted variety of books, forgotten as soon as read, may be prejudicial to the mind; but a bee wanders to better purpose than a butterfly, although the one will sometimes seem just to touch the flower-bed and flit away as lightly as the other. Lady Mary read everything, but it was without forgetting anything; and the mass of matter, whencesoever collected, gradually found its own arrangement in her head. She probably had some assistance from Mr. William Fielding, her mother's brother, a man of parts, who perceived her capacity, corresponded with her, and encouraged her pursuit of information. And she herself acknowledges her obligations to Bishop Burnet for "condescending to direct the studies of a girl."

Nevertheless, though laboring to acquire what may be termed masculine knowledge [this was written in 1836] and translating under the bishop's eye the Latin version of Epictetus, she was by no means disposed to neglect works of fancy and fiction, but got by heart all the poetry that came in her way, and indulged herself in the luxury of reading every romance *as yet invented.* For she possessed, and left after her, the whole library celebrated in Mrs. Lennox's "Female Quixote," viz.: "Cleopatra," "Cassandra," "Clelia," "Cyrus," "Pharamond," "Ibrahim," etc., etc., all, like the Lady Arabella's collection, "Englished mostly by persons of honor." The chief favorite appears to have been a translation of Monsieur Honoré d'Urfé's "Astrea," once the delight of Henri Quatre [died 1715] and his court, and still admired and quoted by the savants who flourished under Louis XIV. In a blank page of this massive volume (which might have counterbalanced a pig of lead of the same size) Lady Mary had written, in her fairest youthful hand, the names and characteristics of the chief personages, thus: the beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise, and so on, forming two long columns.

Old romances.

These ponderous books, once hers, black in outward hue, and marked by the wear and tear of almost a century, might have been disrespectfully treated by her junior grandchildren and their nursery maids—put to any use except reading them—but for the protection of an excellent person, who when young had been Lady Bute's own attendant before her marriage [the only daughter of Lady Mary became Lady Bute], and ever after made part of her family. Her spectacles were always to be

"Clelia" and "Cassandra."

found in "Clelia" or "Cassandra," which she studied unceasingly, prizing them next to the Bible and Tillotson's sermons; because, to give her own words, "they were all about good and virtuous people, not like the wicked trash she now saw young folks get from circulating libraries." To her latest hour she used to repent having lost sight of another romance, beautiful beyond them all—the "History of Hiempsal, King of Numidia." This, she said, she had read only once, and by no pains or search could ever meet with or hear of again.

The modern world will smile, but should, however, beware of too hastily despising, works that charmed Lady Mary Wortley in her youth, and were courageously defended by Madame de Sévigné, even when hers was past, and they began to be sliding out of fashion. She, it seems, thought, with the old woman just now mentioned, that they had a tendency to elevate the mind, and to instill honorable and generous sentiments. At any rate they must have fostered application and perseverance by accustoming their readers to what the French term *ouvrages de longue haleine.*

These ancient heavy tomes are almost inaccessible now, and only to be found in the darkest places of a few long-suffering libraries. When found they are soon relegated to their shelves, for modern application and perseverance are quite incapable of wading through their long, involuted sentences.

Customs of the table.

Some particulars, in themselves too insignificant to be worth recording, are valuable as recording the manners of our ancestors. Lady Mary's father, who became Lord Dorchester, by the time she had strength for the office, imposed upon his eldest daughter the task of doing the honors of his table at Thoresby, which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated on by her, and her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance that the very master of the house, posted-opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among these, the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother, if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days; when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.

Early friends.

The young friends of Lady Mary were such as the beautiful Dolly Walpole, sister of Sir Robert, Lady Anne Vaughan, the last of a family noted for giving Jeremy Taylor an asylum at Golden Grove; amongst them was Mistress Anne Wortley.

Mrs. Anne has a most mature sound to our modern ears, but in the phraseology of those days, *Miss*, which had hardly yet ceased to be a term of reproach, still denoted childishness, flippancy, or some other contemptible quality, and was rarely applied to young ladies of a respectable class. Nay, Lady Bute herself could remember having been styled Mistress Wortley, when a child, by two or three elderly visitors, as tenacious of their ancient modes of speech as of other old fashions.

Mistress Anne was the favorite sister of Edward Wortley, whom Lady Mary married. Their father was Mr. Sidney Montagu. This old gentleman and the scene surrounding him were distinctly recollected by his granddaughter, Lady Mary's daughter, who married the Earl of Bute.

Description of Sidney Montagu.

She described him as a large, rough-looking man, with a huge flapped hat, seated magisterially in his elbow-chair, talking very loud, and swearing boisterously at his servants; while beside him sate a venerable figure, meek and benign in aspect, with silver locks, overshadowed by a black velvet cap. This was his brother, the pious Dean Montagu, who every now and then fetched a deep sigh and cast his eyes upward, as if silently beseeching heaven to pardon the profane language which he condemned but durst not reprove. Unlike as they were in their habits and their morals, the two brothers commonly lived together.

Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu has been frequently described as a grave, saturnine diplomatist, with whose character the sprightly and airy woman of fashion and literature could have had nothing in common; and as Lady Mary passed the latter half of their married life away from him, there is room for this impression. Still their great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, rather resents this:

Character of Edward Wortley.

> It is hard to divine why, or on what authority, Mr. Edward Wortley has been represented by late writers as a dull, phlegmatic country gentleman—"of a tame genius and moderate capacity," or "of parts more solid than brilliant"—which in common parlance is a civil way of saying the same thing. He had, on the contrary, one of those strong characters that are little influenced by the world's opinion, and for that reason little understood by the unthinking part of it. All who really knew him while living held him a man distinguished for soundness of judgment and clearness of understanding, qualities nowise akin to dulness; they allowed him also to be a first-rate scholar; and as he had traveled more than most young men of his time, it is probable that he surpassed them in the knowledge of modern languages. Polite literature was his passion; and though to have a taste for wit and talents may not certainly imply a gift for these, yet it would be strange if the alderman-like mortal depicted above had sought out such companions as Steele, Garth, Congreve, etc., or chosen Addison for his bosom friend. The only picture of Mr. Wortley in existence belonged to Addison. The face seems very young, and, in spite of wig, cravat, and other deforming appendages, very handsome.

Among the various offers of marriage which I expect in the course of this book to present as signs of the manners of our period, Mr. Wortley's will come in as an average specimen taken from real life.

His society was principally male, the wits and politicians of that day forming a class quite distinct from the "white-gloved beau" attendant upon ladies. Indeed, as the education of women had then reached its very lowest ebb, and if not coquettes, or gossips, or diligent card-players, their best praise was to be notable housewives, Mr. Wortley had no particular motive to seek acquaintance with such females. His surprise and delight were the greater when one afternoon, having by chance loitered in his sister's apartment till visitors arrived, he saw Lady Mary Pierrepont for the first time, and on entering into conversation with her found, in addition to beauty that charmed him, not only brilliant wit, but a thinking and cultivated mind. He was especially struck with the discovery that she knew Latin, and could relish his beloved classics. Something that passed led to the mention of Quintus Curtius, which she said she had never read. This was a fair handle for a piece of gallantry; in a few days she received a superb edition of the author, with these lines facing the title-page:

Offer of marriage.

Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shown,
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barb'rous throne.
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,
The am'rous youth had lost his thirst for fame,
Nor distant India sought through Syria's plain;
But to the Muses' stream with her had run,
And thought her loved more than Ammon's son.

How soon this declaration of love in verse was followed by one in prose does not appear.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Mary's letters.

THE delightful letters of Lady Mary have given her a place in English literature like that of Madame de Sévigné in French, although nothing could be more different in style and spirit. She had the true gift of letter-writing, now so rapidly dying out that it will soon be termed obsolete. Wherever she went or was she wrote long, but not too long, letters to her friends and relatives. Her intimacy with the best society of her time, either intellectual or fashionable, gives the value of an eye witness to them. They become a key or clue to the manners and habits of the leading people of her generation. I select extracts from such letters as bear upon the manners of the time that differ from our own, without dwelling upon the morals, a task of a different and more difficult scope. The very form of the letters is in itself an indication of the greater stiffness of our grandmothers, as well as of the leisure which permitted them to indulge it. The following is written before her marriage, to the dear friend before referred to—Mistress Wortley:

August 8, 1709.

Letter to Mrs. Wortley.

I shall run mad:—with what heart can people write when they believe their letters will never be received? I have already writ you a very long scrawl, but it seems it never came to your hands; I cannot bear to be accused of coldness by one whom I shall love all my life. This will perhaps miscarry as the last did; how unfortunate I am if it does! You will think I forget you who are never out of my thoughts. You will fancy me stupid enough to neglect your letters when they are the only pleasures of my solitude; in short, you will call me ungrateful and insensible when I esteem you as I ought in esteeming you above all the world. If I am not quite so unhappy as I imagine, and you do receive this, let me know it as soon as you can; for till then I shall be in terrible uneasiness; and let me beg you for the future if you do not receive letters very constantly from me, imagine the post-boy killed, imagine the mail burnt, or some other strange accident; you can imagine nothing so impossible as that I forget you, my dear Mrs. Wortley. I know no pretense I have to your good opinion but my hearty desiring it; I wish I had that imagination you talk of to render me a fitter correspondent for you, who can write so well on everything. I am now so much alone I have leisure to pass whole days in reading, but am not at all proper for so delicate an employment as choosing your books. Your own fancy will better direct you. My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master; I am not certain, and dare hardly hope I shall make any great progress; but I find the study so diverting, I am not only easy, but pleased with the solitude that indulges it. I forget there is such a place as London, and wish for no company but yours. You see, my dear, in making my pleasures consist of these unfashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the mode. I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world than in following our own inclinations; nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always; it is with some regret I follow it in all the impertinencies of dress; the compliance is so trivial it comforts me; but I am amazed to see it consulted even in the most important occasions of our lives; and that people of good sense in other things can make their happiness consist in the opinions of others, and sacrifice everything to the desire of appearing in fashion. I call all people who fall in love with furniture, clothes, and equipage, of this number, and I look upon them as no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses. I believe you will expect this letter to be dated from the other world, for sure I am you never heard an inhabitant of this talk so before. I suppose you expect, too, I should conclude with begging pardon for this extreme tedious, and very nonsensical letter; quite contrary, I think you will be obliged to me for it. I could not better show my great concern for your reproaching me with

Study of dictionaries and grammars.

Practical opinions.

neglect I knew myself innocent of, than proving myself mad in these pages. My sister says a great deal about Mrs. K.; but besides my having forgot it, the paper is at an end.

Tedious indeed, and the writer but nineteen!

Marriage of Lady Mary; an elopement.

Although the alliance with Mr. Wortley Montagu was a good one, and was received cordially by the father of the bride at first, difficulties arose about settlements, with the result that the young pair ran away to be married. The following on the eve of the event; being more genuine we may suppose than that just given, it is more brief:

Friday night.

I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you shall love me forever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope. I foresee all that will happen on this occasion. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and relations and friends will invent a thousand stories of me. Yet, 'tis possible, you may recompense everything to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all that I wish. Since I writ so far I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours and I will do what you please.

And the next day:

Saturday morning.

. . . Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. . . . I again beg you to have a coach to be at the door early Monday morning, to carry us some part of our way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to the lady's house you had best come with a coach and six at seven o'clock tomorrow. She and I will be in the balcony which looks on the road; you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you. Do in this what you like; but after all think very seriously. Your letter, which will be waited for, is to determine everything.

The arrangements.

In 1716 Lady Mary accompanied her husband on his embassy to the court of Constantinople, and she has, in her letters, described her travels over Europe and the East. They left England in a yacht, and having set out in a calm were two days before reaching Rotterdam. She says :

Beginning of her travels over Europe.

August 3, 1716.

The wind blew so hard that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frighted than the captain. For my part, I have been so lucky, neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though I confess I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Brill.

Cologn, August 16 (O. S.), 1716.

If my Lady Rich could have any notion of the fatigues that I have suffered these last two days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stop ; but that was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologn ; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not at all better than a hovel ; for though I have my own bed with me I had no mind to undress where the wind came from a thousand places.

Arrived at Vienna, six weeks from Rotterdam, she sends her sister a long letter, describing her first going to court. I print a short part of it as showing London fashions by contrast.

The court at Vienna.

In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up into a gown and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging; a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shows the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and

Description of Viennese fashions.

reason than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *Bourle*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milkmaids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered, to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins, wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair, made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright as to dance upon May Day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards' circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them generally speaking.

Prague, November 17, 1716.

Account of Prague.

. . . This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian kings, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendor, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap. Those people of quality who cannot easily bear the expense of Vienna choose to reside here, where they have assemblies, music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted) at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially the best wild-fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I knew at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, after the manner that the people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original. 'Tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat that they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "This is a woman," for the information of travelers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, "This is a bear."

In the next letter the absence of any feeling for scenery is to be noticed.

Leipzig, Nov. 21, 1716.

Dangerous journey to Leipzig.

I believe, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to this place. You may imagine how heartily I was tried with twenty-four hours' post-traveling without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed by moonshine the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced that, in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife as not to wake Mr. Wortley, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived by the bright light of the moon our postillions nodding on horseback, while the horses were on a full gallop. Then indeed I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to look where they were going. My calling waked Mr. Wortley and he was much more surprised than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me that he passed the Alps five times in different places without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since that it is common to find the bodies of travelers in the Elbe; but, thank God, that was not our destiny; and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue it was not possible for me to compose myself to write. After passing those dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderfully agreeable situation, in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the elector's palace is very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed.

A stop at Dresden.

Frightful precipices, dreadful rocks; they looked in the Elbe for bodies of travelers, but apparently saw no beauty there.

Hanover, Nov. 25, 1716.

To the Countess of Bristol: I received your ladyship's letter but the day before I left Vienna (November 15th), though by the date I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here and my duty of attending at court leave me hardly any time to dispose of. I am extremely pleased that I can tell you without flattery or partiality that our young prince [afterward George II.] has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behavior that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honor of a long conversation with him last night before the king came in. His governor retired on purpose, as he told me afterward, that I might make some judgment of his genius by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in everything he said; joined to a person perfectly agreeable and the fine fair hair of the princess. This town is neither large nor handsome; but the palace is capable of holding a much greater court than that of St. James's. The king has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should have been very ill accommodated; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much it is very good luck to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlors in an inn.

The court at Hanover.

This king was George I. of Brunswick, who had succeeded to the throne of Queen Anne in 1714. Much of his time was passed out of England at Hanover, where the court was kept up with as much state as that of St. James. The young prince was to succeed his father, as George II., some thirty years later.

George I. of Brunswick.

She goes on, in the same letter:

I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between traveling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen so common amongst us, nor anything like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or into communities of merchants, such as Nuremburg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The king's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill-actors. His majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world.

Gardens of Herrenhausen.

. . . I was sorry that the ill weather did not permit me to see Herrenhausen in all its beauty; but, in spite of the snow, I thought the gardens very fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange-trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder that night, at the king's table, to see a present from a gentleman of this country, of two large baskets of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananas, which, to my taste, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they came here but by enchantment. Upon inquiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such perfection, they lengthen their summers as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very nearly the same. I am surprised we do not practice in England so useful an invention. This reflection leads me to consider our obstinacy in shaking with the cold five months in the year, rather than make use of stoves, which are certainly one of the greatest conveniences of life. Besides they are so far from spoiling the form of a room, that they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are painted and gilt, as they are at Vienna, or at Dresden, where they are often in the shapes of china jars, statues, or fine cabinets, so naturally represented that they are not to be distinguished. If I ever return, in defiance to the fashion you shall certainly see one in the chamber of, dear sister, your, etc.

Ripe ananas.

Lady Mary arrived in Adrianople, April 1 (O. S.), 1717, "having finished a journey," as she says in a letter to her R. H. the Princess of Wales (afterward Queen Caroline), "that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors."

Treatment for small-pox.

I pass over the letters from the East, because in spite of their amusing accounts of her observations of eastern scenes and manners, they contain little reference to the subject we have now in hand. For the same reason I omit the account of her course in regard to inoculation for small-pox, which interested her greatly during her stay in the East. The success of this treatment is mainly to be attributed to her intelligence and perseverance in spite of much opposition against so great an innovation.

Return to England.

Returning to England, they arrived at Dover in October (O. S.), 1718, after an absence of a little over two years. She says:

Content with home.

> I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milkmaid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon with humility every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain inquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavor as golden pippins; that the Becafiguas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England.

I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of daylight, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

Yet she passed the latter half of her life abroad!

Before she left England Lady Mary had made the acquaintance of Pope; during her absence they corresponded, and on her return the intimacy was continued. It was no doubt owing to Pope's suggestions that she took a house at Twickenham, where she often withdrew from the excitements of London society, for which, however, at this period she had no doubt a keen enjoyment. Her house in town was in Cavendish Square.

House at Twickenham.

CHAPTER III.

Alexander Pope.

THE name of Alexander Pope stands first in the brilliant period of Queen Anne's time. He early showed great precocity of intellect, although of almost dwarfish stature, deformed, and during his life undergoing much physical suffering. His father's fortune was sufficient to allow him to indulge his taste for study. At sixteen he began his literary career, and from that early period his activity was unremitting, and a succession of his works, varied in subject, and especially remarkable for polish of style, placed him at the head of the poets of his age. In addition to giving to the world his own compositions, Pope translated into English verse the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, a work published by subscription, and a most successful pecuniary venture, by which he laid the foundation of a competence which he enjoyed with good sense and moderation.

Early life.

During the early part of his life he lived with his parents at Chiswick, but on the death of his father he removed to a villa he had bought at Twickenham, where he passed the remainder of his life, in easy circumstances and in familiar intercourse with most of the leading statesmen, orators, and men of letters of the day.

"Rape of the Lock."

It was in 1712 that Pope produced the "Rape of the Lock," not only his most charming production, but, in general esteem, the most charming production of the century in which he lived.

The subject came to him from a "society event," as it would be now called in our newspapers. Lord Petre had offended Miss Fermor by stealing a lock of her hair. She thought he showed more gallantry than courtesy, and some unpleasant feeling resulted between the families. A friend suggested to Pope that a light, brilliant trifle from his hand turning the matter into kindly ridicule might allay irritation. Pope accordingly produced his dainty little mock heroic, in which he describes the fatal scene at Hampton, in which the too daring peer appropriated the lock. The poem received the praise which it well deserved; no more brilliant, sparkling, vicacious trifle is to be found in our literature. Pope obtained permission to publish it (1712), and a wider circle admired it; in 1714 it appeared again in a new form, with sylphs and gnomes, and an ingenious account of a game at cards. The quotations here given are selected to show some practices of the toilet, etc., common to the period.

Subject of the poem.

THE TOILET.

Implements of the toilet.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,

Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labors not her own.

. . . . . .

THE GAME OF CARDS.

Description of the court cards.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore:
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hands;
And parti-colored troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
  The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
  Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

Method of warfare.

Spadillo first, unconquerable lord,
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colored robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
  Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field,
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died.
Spite of his haughty mien and barb'rous pride;
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
  The baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered King who shows but half a face,
And his refulgent Queen with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye.
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
  The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's face forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,

The success of Belinda.

Triumph of the baron.

Just in the jaws of ruin and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate:
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

. . . . . .

THE COFFEE.

Serving coffee described.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the graceful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide;
At once they gratify their sense and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band,
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some, o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

. . . . . .

THE CLIPPING.

Process of stealing the lock.

Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends

The little engine on his finger ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings by turns blow back the hair!
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
  The peer now spread the glittering forfex wide
T'inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urged the shears and cut the sylph in twain;
(But airy substance soon unites again;)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
From the fair head, forever and forever.
  Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affright'd skies.
Not louder shreaks to pitying heaven are cast
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last!
Or when rich china vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.

The scissors.

The consummation.

. . . . . .

THE REVENGE.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies
With more than usual lightnings in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued;
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;

The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with startling tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome reëchoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate!" incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bell she jingled and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall," he cry'd, "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around,
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest—
So heaven decrees! With heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there;
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases;
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound;
Cages for gnats and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick poetic eyes;
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,

Belinda's weapon.

Disappearance of the lock.

To Proculus alone confess'd in view :)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased, pursue its progress through the skies.
This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes ;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome.
  Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

Transposed to the skies.

I put in this account of ombre to preserve the description of one of the very most favorite pursuits of the fine ladies of the eighteenth century—cards. They played incessantly, and evidently for money.

CHAPTER IV.

Distinguished position of Pope.

Pope had now reached independence, and became the acknowledged head of the literary world; there were indeed few eminent persons of the time, either in political or literary circles, with whom this sensitive and restless little invalid did not come into contact, hostile or friendly, at some part of his career. His friendships were keen and his hostilities more than proportionately bitter. We see his fragile figure glancing rapidly from one hospitable circle to another, but always standing a little apart; now paying court to some conspicuous wit, or philosopher, or statesman, or beauty; now taking deadly offense for some inexplicable reason; writhing with agony under clumsy blows which a robuster nature would have met with contemptuous laughter; racking his wits to contrive exquisite compliments, and suddenly exploding with sheer Billingsgate, always preoccupied with his last literary project; and yet finding time for innumerable intrigues, for carrying out schemes of vengeance for wounded vanity, and for introducing himself into every quarrel that was going on around him.

His translation of the Iliad.

When Pope finished his translation of the Iliad, his friend Gay congratulated him in a pleasant copy of verses. Gay represents himself welcoming his friend on the return from a long voyage, meaning the occupation of his mind in Greece, although Pope had not stirred from England.

Gay's verses on the completion of the translation.

Did I not see thee when thou first set'st sail
  To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
  And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
  And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand.
Praying the virgin dear and saintly choir
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

Cheer up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
  Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear.
Hark! how the guns salute from either shore,
  As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair;
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
  And bells break loud through every gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze and bones and cleavers ring
As at the coming of some mighty king.

. . . . . .

The crowd awaits the vessel.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
  The sky reëchoes with new shouts of joy;
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day;
  I hear the sound of trumpet and haut-boy—
No, now I see them near—Oh, these are they
  Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard, whom long lost we mourned;
From siege, from battle, and from storm returned!

Of goodly dames and courteous knights I view
  The silken petticoat and broider'd vest;
Yea, peers and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
  (True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see, as noble and more true,
  By no court-badge distinguished from the rest:
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as womankind.

Ladies fair.

What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
  Who knows not her? Ah! those are Wortley's eyes.
How art thou honor'd number'd with her friends!
  For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends;

Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell!

. . . . . .

How lov'd, how honor'd thou! yet be not vain;
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honors, Homer, had been just to thee.

Letters of Lady Mary continued.

Lady Mary writes her sister, the Countess of Mar, in Paris from Twickenham, 1720:

> I have no answer, dear sister, to a long letter that I wrote you a month ago; however, I shall continue letting you know *de temps en temps* what passes in this corner of the world till you tell me 'tis disagreeable. . . . I pass my time in a small snug set of dear intimates and go very little into the *grand monde*, which has already my hearty contempt. I see sometimes Mr. Congreve and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking glasses, and they tell me it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing of his house. I stifled them here, and I beg they may die the same death in Paris, and never go further than your closet.

Ah friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know,
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

Intercourse between Lady Mary and Pope.

The intercourse between Pope and Lady Mary was marked by sentiment, or sentimentality, on his side, common sense on hers, as the following incident illustrates. The most characteristic of Pope's letters is one in which he relates something that he had seen one day—a thunder-storm in a field. The lightning struck two rustic lovers, and they were found lying dead in each other's arms. Pope was staying with Gay at the time, and he wrote down the incident in true pastoral style in a letter to Lady Mary. She replied by a cruel dose of common sense, with the addition of a doggerel epitaph turning his fine phrases into ridicule.

Close intimacy.

After her removal to Twickenham the intimacy was continued. He got Kneller to paint her portrait, and continued to write adoring letters. But the spirit of a correspondence which did very well between Twickenham and Constantinople languished when the parties were in the same parish, and in time the tenderness, if it ever really existed, changed into antipathy. It was said at the time that the poor poet once forgot himself for a moment so far as to make her a passionate declaration of love, which she received with an "immoderate fit of laughter," after which he was forever her implacable enemy.

Coolness.

Quarrel.

Pope brooded on this resentment, and years after revenged himself in one of his poems by a couplet aimed chiefly against Lady Mary. She retaliated in a copy of verses, chiefly, if not exclusively, her own, in which Pope is brutally taunted with his personal deformity. To the end of their lives the two people once so devoted to each other could use nothing but bitter epithets in speaking each of the other.

After Pope's "Dunciad" appeared, Lady Mary amused herself by the following bit of parody, concerning the grotto previously referred to.

THE COURT OF DULNESS. A FRAGMENT.

Her palace plac'd beneath a muddy road,
And such the influence of her dull abode,

The carrier's horse above can scarcely drag his load.
Here chose the goddess her belov'd retreat,
Which Phœbus tries in vain to penetrate ;
Adorned within with shells of small expense,
(Emblems of tinsel rhyme and trifling sense),
Perpetual fogs enclose the sacred cave,
The neighboring sinks their fragrant odors gave ;
In contemplation here she passed her hours,
Closely attended by subservient powers ;
Bold profanation with a brazen brow,—
Much to this great ally doth dulness owe ;
But still more near the goddess you attend,
Naked obscenity ! her darling friend.
To thee for shelter all the dull still fly,
Pert double meanings e'en at school we try,
What numerous writers owe their praise to thee,
No sex—no age—is from thy influence free.
By thee, how bright appears the senseless song,
By thee the book is sold, the lines are strong,
The heaviest poet, by thy powerful aid,
Warms the brisk youth, and charms the sprightly maid ;
Where breathes the mortal who's not proved thy force
In well-bred pun, or waiting-room discourse ?

Satire on the Twickenham grotto.

Lady Mary continued, from Twickenham or Cavendish Square, to write amusing letters to her sister in Paris.

I was very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking ; I wonder with what conscience you can talk to *me* of *your* being an old woman ; I beg I may hear no more on't. For my part I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. My cure for lowness of spirits is galloping all day, and a moderate glass of champagne at night in good company ; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of doctors' fees at the year's end. I rode to Twickenham last night, and after so long a stay in town am not sorry to find myself in my garden ; our neighborhood is something improved by the removal of some old maids and the arrival of some fine gentlemen. Doctor Swift and

Cure for low spirits.

Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad. . . .

Since you find it so difficult to send me the lutestring that I asked for, I beg you would lay out my money in a nightgown ready made; there can be no difficulty in sending that by the first person that comes over. I shall like it the better for your having worn it one day, and then it may be answered for that it is not new. . . . Apropos of ballads, a most delightful one is said or sung in most houses which has been laid first to Pope and then to me, when God knows we have neither of us wit enough to make it.

After a list of matches, love-affairs, and matrimonial difficulties in society she adds:

Society gossip.

This, I think, is the whole state of love; as to that of wit, it splits itself into ten thousand branches; poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-colored top-knots; making verses is become almost as common as taking snuff; no one can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch. This is a very great grievance, and so particularly shocking to me, that I think our wise law-givers should take it into consideration, and appoint a fast day to beseech Heaven to put a stop to this epidemical disease, as they did last year with great success.

Adieu, dear sister, pray do not forget the nightgown, and let it be what you please.

Twickenham, October 20, 1723.

I am very sorry, dear sister, that you are in so melancholy a way, but I hope a return to Paris will revive your spirits. I had much rather have said London, but I do not presume upon so much happiness.

As for news, the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham, and I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness; according to all appearances she cannot fail of being a widow in six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a housewife as to line her wedding clothes in black. Assemblies rage in this part of the world; there is not a street in town free from them and some spirited ladies go to seven in a

Assemblies the rage.

night. You need not question but love and play flourish under these encouragements; I now and then peep upon these things with the same coolness I would do on a moving picture. I laugh at some of the motions, wonder at others, and then retire to the elected few who have ears to hear, but mouths have they and speak not.

Lady Mary was born in 1690, and this was written therefore when she was thirty-three. She goes on:

Description of her daily life.

My life passes in a kind of indolence which is now and then awakened by agreeable moments; but pleasures are transitory and the groundwork of everything in England stupidity, which is certainly owing to the coldness of this vile climate. Death and sickness have never been more frequent than now. You may imagine that poor gallantry droops; and except in the Elysian shades of Richmond there is no such thing as love or pleasure. I have very little share in the diversions there, which, except seasoned with wit, or at least vivacity, will not go down with me, who have not altogether so voracious an appetite as I once had; I intend however to shine and be fine on the birth-night and review the figures there.

October 31, 1723.

Account of a birth-night.

I write to you at this time piping hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but, what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. . . . This is the general state of affairs; as to particulars, if you have any curiosity for things of that kind, you have nothing to do but to ask me questions, and they shall be answered to the best of my understanding; my time never being passed more agreeably than when I am doing something obliging to you; this is truth, in spite of all the beaus, wits, and witlings in Great Britain.

Cavendish Square, 1724.

Entertainments by land and water.

Dear Sister: This town improves in gaiety every day, the young people are younger than they used to be, and all the old are grown young. Nothing is talked of but entertainments of gallantry by land and water, and we insensibly begin to taste all the joys of arbitrary power. Politics are no more, nobody pretends to winch or kick under their burthens, but we go on cheerfully with our bells at our ears, ornamented with ribbands and highly contented with our present conditions; so much for the general state of the nation. The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sévigné's letters. Very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you therefore to put none of them to the use of waste paper.

Cavendish Square, 1727.

Coronation of George II.

. . . I cannot deny but that I was very well diverted on the coronation day [of George II.]. I saw the procession much at my ease in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused on every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this the inimitable roll of her eyes and her gray hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. John had not displayed all her charms in honor of the day. The poor duchess of Montrose crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face, and my Lady Portland (who has fallen away since her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than anything in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity.

These letters are chosen from the many written by Lady Mary during her life in the world of fashion and literature. In 1739 her health declined and she took the resolution of passing the remainder of her days on the Continent, with the full assent of Mr. Wortley, with whom, moreover, she kept up a continuous correspondence until his death in 1761. During all this time she remained in the southern part of Europe, writing always most amusing and entertaining letters about everything she saw. Her accounts of the manner of living in Venice, at Louvere, or at Geneva, show as great a difference from that of the present day as her English ones do, but it is not so much within our subject to dwell on these points, however amusing. On the Lake of Isco she took possession of a deserted palace; she planned her garden, applied herself to the business of a country life, and was happy in the superintendence of her vineyards and silk-worms. English books, sent her by her daughter, Lady Bute, supplied the deficiency of society, and she appears to have enjoyed most sincerely her repose from the occupations of the gay world. To Mr. Wortley she writes in 1748:

Life in Southern Europe.

I am very much pleased that you accustom yourself to tea, being persuaded that the moderate use of it is generally wholesome. I have planted a great deal in my garden, which is a fashion lately introduced in this country, and has succeeded very well. I cannot say it is as strong as the Indian, but it has the advantage of being fresher, and is at least unmixed.

Lady Mary's return to England.

After an absence of twenty-two years, Lady Mary returned to England, arriving in October, but her health had suffered much and a gradual decline terminated in death on the 21st of August, 1762, and in the seventy-third year of her age. **Her death.**

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BOOK II.

CHARLOTTE LENNOX.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG the literary names preserved by Boswell and Horace Walpole, says Chambers's Encyclopædia, is that of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox (1720–1804). The first novel of this lady was celebrated with a sumptuous supper at the Devil's Tavern, where Dr. Johnson invested the authoress with a crown of laurel. Until 1788 existed the famous Devil's Tavern in Fleet Street, with the sign of St. Dunstan and the Devil, where the Royal Society held its dinners, and where the Apollo Club held its meetings, guided by poetical rules of Ben Jonson which began :

Mrs. Lennox crowned by Dr. Johnson.

> Let none but guests or clubbers hither come ;
> Let dunces, fools, and sordid men keep home ;
> Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited
> And modest too ; nor be choice liquor slighted.
> Let nothing in the treat offend the guest ;
> More for delight than cost prepare the feast.

She wrote several novels, and some comedies, compiled and translated other works, probably for the sake of the money she could earn by them. Her name would hardly survive to this day but that Mrs. Barbauld allowed her a place in her excellent edition of the "British Novelists of the Eighteenth Century," published in 1800, a collection without which I should be lost in the pursuit of my favorite old books. Mrs. Barbauld says that Mrs. Lennox, "a very respectable writer, born at New

Her works.

York, was a diligent and successful author. Her exertions did not place her in easy circumstances, for she died poor in 1804."

Lady Mary's comment.

Lady Mary Wortley, a voracious reader of "all the novels that had been invented" in her time, speaks of one and another of her books as they appear with friendly comment, but under the impression that they were written by her cousin, Sally Fielding, the sister of the brilliant author of "Tom Jones." Lady Mary says:

> "The Art of Tormenting" and "The Female Quixote" are sale work. I suppose they proceed from her pen, and I heartily pity her, constrained by her circumstances to seek her bread by a method I do not doubt she despises. She has mended her style in the last volume of "David Simple," which conveys a useful moral, though she does not seem to have intended it.

"David Simple" is such a "dreadful" stupid book that I myself have never succeeded in reaching the third volume.

Miss Burney's reference.

There is a slight reference to Charlotte Lennox in Fanny Burney's diary of August 26, 1778:

> Dr. Johnson gave us an account of Mrs. Lennox. Her "Female Quixote" is very justly admired here. But Mrs. Thrale says that though her books are generally approved, nobody likes her. I find she, among others, waited on Dr. Johnson upon her commencing writing, and he told us that at her request he carried her to Richardson. "Poor Charlotte Lennox!" continued he. "When we came to the house she desired me to leave her; 'for,' says she, 'I am under great restraint in your presence; but if you leave me alone with Richardson, I'll give you a very good account of him.' However, I fear she was disappointed, for she gave me no account at all."

"The Female Quixote."

Poor Charlotte's "Sophia," "Henrietta," etc., are absolute rubbish, but the "Female Quixote," published in 1752, and perpetuated by Mrs. Barbauld, is precious for preserving to the world the best impression we have of what the old, old romances of the Calprénede and Scudéry school really were; sparing us an effort which even I am incapable of—that is, wading through the black volumes like those beloved of the old nurse in the Wortley family, and even of Lady Mary herself and her contemporaries.

Account of the heroine.

It is an agreeable and ingenious satire upon the old romances, and I really think it is written in a modern spirit, and that Arabella, the heroine, has more good stuff in her than other imaginary ladies of the time who have been more praised. She is supposed to have been brought up in the country and secluded from all society, but allowed to amuse herself in an old library furnished with the works of these voluminous authors. Of course she imbibes their views of life, and when she comes out into the world, possessed of beauty and fortune, it is with a pronounced ignorance of every circumstance of real life and manners. She fancies every man who speaks to her to be secretly in love with her, and is in constant apprehension of being forcibly carried off.

The extracts I shall give are those which throw light upon the style of the older books, and, condensed as these extracts are, I am sure they will sufficiently impress the reader with a sense of their dulness, a dulness from which Mrs. Lennox in a measure rescued her readers by the vivacity of her heroine, who seems modern by contrast. The disadvantage of her book, as Mrs. Barbauld already observes, is that the satire has now no object. She says:

> Most young ladies of the present day, instead of requiring to be cured of reading those bulky romances, would acquire the first information of their manner (and we may now say of

their existence) from the work designed to ridicule them.

Mrs. Barbauld adds:

> The style of Mrs. Lennox is easy, but it does not rise to the elegance attained by many, more modern, female writers.

"Henrietta."

"Henrietta" begins with the incident of two young ladies, who are perfect strangers to each other, meeting in a stage coach, when after a few minutes' conversation one of them exclaims, "Let us swear an eternal friendship"—the words taken from the "Anti-Jacobin," a satire, well known in its time, upon the sentimental German plays of Kotzebue and others. "Henrietta" is agreeably absurd, but not worth preserving.

CHAPTER VI.

Beginning of "The Female Quixote."

The Marquis of ———, for a long series of years, was the first and most distinguished favorite at court; he held the most honorable employments under the crown, disposed of all places of profit as he pleased, presided at the council, and, in a manner, governed the whole kingdom. This extensive authority could not fail of making him many enemies; he fell at last a sacrifice to the plots they were continually forming against him; and was not only removed from all his employments, but banished the court forever. The pain his undeserved disgrace gave him he was enabled to conceal by the natural haughtiness of his temper; and, behaving rather like a man who had resigned than been dismissed from his post, he imagined he triumphed sufficiently over the malice of his enemies, while he seemed to be wholly insensible of the effects it produced. His secret discontent, however, was so much augmented by the opportunity he now had of observing the baseness and ingratitude of mankind, which in some degree he experienced every day, that he resolved to quit all society whatever, and devote the rest of his life to solitude and privacy. For the place of his retreat he pitched upon a castle he had in a very remote province of the kingdom, in the neighborhood of a small village, and several miles distant from any town. The vast extent of ground which surrounded this noble building he had caused to be laid out in a manner peculiar to his taste; the most laborious endeavors of art had been used to make it appear like the beautiful product of wild uncultivated nature. But if this epitome of Arcadia could boast of only artless and simple beauties, the inside of the castle was adorned with a magnificence suitable to the dignity and immense riches of the owner.

Arabella's birth.

Here was Arabella born, and, after the early death of her mother, grew up in solitude except for the companionship of the marquis.

Nature had, indeed, given her a most charming face, a shape easy and delicate, a sweet and insinuating voice, and an air so full of dignity and grace as drew the admiration of all that saw her. These native charms were improved with all the heightenings of art; her dress was perfectly magnificent, the best masters of music and dancing were sent for from London to attend her. She soon became a perfect mistress of the French and Italian languages, under the care of her father; and it is not to be doubted but she would have made a great proficiency in all useful knowledge had not her whole time been taken up by another study.

From her earliest youth she had discovered a fondness for reading, which extremely delighted the marquis; he permitted her, therefore, the use of his library, in which, unfortunately for her, were great store of romances and, what was still more unfortunate, not in the original French, but very bad translations.

French romances.

The deceased marchioness had purchased these books to soften a solitude which she found very disagreeable; and after her death the marquis removed them from her closet into his library, where Arabella found them. The surprising adventures with which they were filled proved a most pleasing entertainment to a young lady who was wholly secluded from the world, who had no other diversion but ranging like a nymph through gardens, or, to say better, the woods and lawns in which she was enclosed; and who had no other conversation but that of a grave and melancholy father, or her own attendants.

Sentimental turn.

Her ideas, from the manner of her life and the objects around her, had taken a romantic turn; and, supposing romances were real pictures of life, from them she drew all her notions and expectations. By them she was taught to believe that love was the ruling principle of the world; that every other passion was subordinate to this; and that it caused all the happiness and miseries of life. Her glass, which she often consulted, always showed her a form so extremely lovely that, not finding herself engaged in such adventures as were common to the heroines in the romances she read, she often complained of the insensibility of mankind, upon whom her charms seemed to have so little influence.

The perfect retirement she lived in afforded, indeed, no opportunities of making the conquests she desired, but she could not comprehend how any solitude could be obscure enough to conceal a beauty like hers from notice; and thought the reputation of her charms sufficient to bring a crowd of adorers to demand her of her father. Her mind being wholly filled with the most extravagant expectations, she was alarmed by every trifling incident; and kept in a continual anxiety by a vicissitude of hopes and fears.

This chapter contains a description of a lady's dress in fashion not much above two thousand years ago. The beginning of an adventure which seems to promise a great deal.

Arabella at church.

Arabella had now entered into her seventeenth year, with the regret of seeing herself the object of admiration to a few rustics only, who happened to see her; when, one Sunday, making use of the permission the marquis sometimes allowed her to attend divine service at the church belonging to the village near which they lived, her vanity was flattered with an adorer not altogether unworthy of her notice.

The London admirer.

This gentleman was young, gay, handsome, and very elegantly dressed: he was just come from London with the intention to pass some weeks with a friend in that part of the country; and at the time Arabella entered the church, his eyes, which had wandered from one rural fair to another, were in an instant fixed upon her face. She blushed with a very becoming modesty; and, pleased with the unusual appearance of so fine a gentleman, and the particular notice he took of her, passed on to her seat through a double row of country people, who, with a profusion of awkward bows and curtsies, expressed their respect. Mr. Hervey, for that was the stranger's name, was no less surprised at her beauty than the singularity of her dress, and the odd whim of being followed into the church by three women attendants, who, as soon as she was seated, took their places behind her. Her dress, though singular, was far from being unbecoming. All the beauties of her neck and shape were set off to the greatest advantage by the fashion of her gown, which, in the manner of a robe, was made to sit tight to her body and fastened on the breast by a knot of diamonds. Her fine black hair hung upon her neck in curls, which had so much the appearance of being artless that all but her maid, whose employment it was to give them that form, imagined they were so. Her head-dress was only a few knots, advantageously disposed, over which she wore a white sarsenet hood, somewhat in the form of a veil, with which she sometimes wholly covered her fair face when she saw herself beheld with too much attention.

Singular demeanor of Arabella.

This veil had never appeared to her so necessary before. Mr. Hervey's eager glances threw her into so much confusion, that pulling it over her face as much as she was able, she remained invisible to him all the time that they afterward stayed in the church. This action, by which she would have had him understand that she was displeased at his gazing on her with so little respect, only increased his curiosity to know who she was. When the congregation was dismissed, he hastened to the door, with an intention to offer her his hand to help her to her coach; but seeing the magnificent equipage that waited for her, and the number of servants that attended it, he conceived a much higher idea of her quality than he had at first; and, changing his design, contented himself with only bowing to her as she passed; and as soon as her coach drove away, inquired of some person nearest him who she was.

Surprise of Mr. Hervey.

Mr. Hervey, although amazed, was quite inclined to fall seriously in love with the lady.

Arabella in the meantime was wholly taken up with the adventure, as she called it, at church; the person and dress of the gentleman who had so particularly gazed on her there was so different from what she had been accustomed to see that she immediately concluded he was of some distinguished rank. It was past a doubt, she thought, that he was excessively in love with her; and, as she soon expected to have some very extraordinary proofs of his passion, her thoughts were wholly employed on the manner in which she should receive them.

As soon as she came home and had paid her duty to the marquis she hurried to her chamber to be at liberty to indulge her agreeable reflections; and, after the example of our heroines, when anything extraordinary happened to them, called her favorite woman, or, to use her own language, her in whom she confided her most secret thoughts.

Conversation with Lucy.

"Well, Lucy," said she, "did you observe that stranger who ey'd *us* so heedfully at church to-day?"

This girl, notwithstanding her country simplicity, knew a compliment was expected from her on this occasion, and therefore replied that she did not wonder at the gentleman's staring at her; for she was sure he had never seen anybody so handsome as her ladyship before.

"I have not all the beauty which you attribute to me," said Arabella, smiling a little; "and with a very moderate share of it I might well fix the attention of a person who seemed not to be over much pleased with the objects about him. However," pursued she, assuming a more serious air, "if this stranger be weak enough to entertain any sentiments more than indifferent for me, I charge you upon pain of my displeasure, do not be accessory to the conveying his presumptuous thoughts to me, either by letters or messages, nor suffer him to corrupt your fidelity with the presents he will very probably offer you."

Mr. Hervey discouraged.

Mr. Hervey, after a few attempts at correspondence, gave up all idea of a conquest, and an accident which brought her in his way again concluded the adventure.

The marquis sometimes permitting his daughter to ride out, and this being the only diversion she was allowed or ever experienced, she did not fail to take it as often as she could. She was returning from one of these airings one day, attended by two servants, when Mr. Hervey, who happened to be at some distance, observing a lady on horseback who made a very graceful figure, he rode up to her in order to have a nearer view; and knowing Lady Bella again, resolved to speak to her: but while he was considering how he should accost her, Arabella suddenly seeing him and observing he was making up to her, her imagination immediately suggested to her that this insolent lover had a design to seize her person; and this thought terrifying her extremely, she gave a loud shriek, which Mr. Hervey hearing, rode eagerly up to her to inquire the reason of it, at the same time that her two attendants, as much amazed as himself, came galloping up also.

The adventure.

Arabella, upon his coming close up to her, redoubled her cries. "If you have any valor," said she to her servants, "defend your unfortunate mistress and rescue her from this unworthy man."

The servants, believing him to be a highwayman by this exclamation, and dreading lest he should present a pistol at their heads if they offered to make any resistance, recoiled a few paces back, expecting he would demand their purses when he had robbed their lady, but the extreme surprise he was in keeping him motionless, the fellows not seeing any pistols in his hand, and animated by Arabella's cries, who, calling them cowards and traitors, urged them to deliver her, they both in a moment laid hold of Mr. Hervey and forced him to alight, which they did also themselves, still keeping fast hold of him, whom surprise, shame, and rage had hitherto kept silent.

"Rascals," cried he, when he was able to speak, "what do you mean by using me in this manner? Do you suppose I had any intention to hurt the lady? What do you take me for?"

"For a ravisher," interrupted Arabella; "an impious ravisher! who, contrary to all laws, both human and divine, endeavor to possess yourself by force of a person whom you are not worthy to serve, and whose charity and compassion you have returned with the utmost ingratitude."

Surrender of the hanger.

Mr. Hervey was very naturally furious at being so treated, but beginning to reflect that carrying off an heiress was no joke, he controlled himself and delivered his "hanger" to the servant, while he assured her that he had no evil designs. Said Arabella, sternly:

"Add not falsehood to a crime already black enough; for though by an effort of my generosity I have resolved not to deliver you up to the resentment of my father, yet nothing shall ever be able to make me pardon this outrage. Go, then," pursued she; "go, base man, unworthy of the care I took for thy safety; go to some distant country where I may never hear of thee more, and suffer me if possible to lose the remembrance of thy crimes."

Saying this, she ordered her servants, who had yet the hanger in their possession, to set him at liberty and mount their horses, which they did immediately, and followed their lady, who rode with all imaginable speed to the castle.

Mr: Hervey departs for London.

Mr. Hervey took himself away from the neighborhood and back to London as fast as possible. He was now out of the scrape and is soon out of the book.

Other incidents of a like nature occurred, but Arabella had scarce done thinking of these adventures when the marquis communicated a piece of intelligence to her which opened a prospect of an infinite number of new ones.

Another admirer.

His nephew, having just returned from his travels, was preparing to come and pay him a visit in his retreat; and, as he always designed to marry Arabella to this youth, of whom he was extremely fond, he told his daughter of the intended visit of her cousin, whom she had not seen since she was eight years old; and for the first time insinuated his design of giving him to her for an husband.

Arabella, whose delicacy was extremely shocked by this abrupt declaration of her father, could hardly hide her chagrin, for though she always intended to marry some time or other, as all the heroines had done, yet she thought such an event ought to be brought about with an infinite deal of trouble; and that it was necessary she should pass to this state through a great number of cares, disappointments, and distresses of various kinds like them; that her lover should purchase her with his sword from a crowd of rivals, and arrive to the possession of her heart by many years of service and fidelity.

The admirer proves a lover.

The impropriety of receiving a lover of her father's recommending appeared in its strongest light. What lady in romance ever married the man who was chosen for her? In those cases the remonstrances of a parent are called persecutions; obstinate resistance, constancy and courage; and an aptitude to dislike the person proposed to them, a noble freedom of mind which disdains to love or hate by the caprice of others.

Arabella, strengthening her own resolutions by those examples of heroic disobedience, told her father, with great solemnity of accent, that she would always obey him in all just and reasonable things; and being persuaded that he would never attempt to lay any force upon her inclinations, she would endeavor to make them conformable to his, and receive her cousin with that civility and friendship due to so near a relation and a person whom he honored with his esteem.

Approbation of the marquis.

The marquis, having had frequent occasions of admiring his daughter's eloquence, did not draw any unpleasing conclusion from the nice distinctions she made, and being perfectly assured of her consent whenever he demanded it, expected the arrival of his nephew with great impatience.

Arabella, whose thoughts had been fully employed since this conversation with her father, was indulging her meditations in one of the most retired walks of the garden when she was informed by Lucy that her cousin was come and that the marquis had brought him into the garden to look for her. That instant they both entered the walk, when Arabella, prepossessed as she was against any favorable thoughts of the young Glanville, could not help betraying some surprise at the gracefulness of his figure. "It must be confessed," said she to her attendant with a smile, "that this lover my father has brought us is no contemptible person; nevertheless I feel an invincible repugnance in myself against receiving him in that character."

Mr. Glanville's addresses.

As she finished these words the marquis came up and presented Mr. Glanville to her, who, saluting her with the freedom of a relation, gave her a disgust which showed itself immediately in her fair face, which was overspread with such a gloom that the marquis was quite astonished at it. Indeed, Arabella, who expected he would hardly have presumed to kiss her hand, was so surprised at his freedom in attempting her lips that she not only expressed her indignation by frowns, but gave him to understand he had mortally offended her. Mr. Glanville, however, was neither surprised nor angry at her resentment; but, imputing it to her country education, endeavored to rally her out of her ill humor; and the marquis, being glad to find a behavior which he thought proceeded from a dislike of her cousin was only an effect of an over-scrupulous modesty, told her that Mr. Glanville had committed no offense by saluting her, since that was a civility which was granted to all strangers at a first interview, and therefore could not be refused to a relation.

Arabella's reserve.

"Since the world is so degenerated in its customs to what it was formerly," said Arabella with a smile full of contempt upon her cousin, "I am extremely happy to have lived in a solitude which has not yet exposed me to the mortification of being a witness to manners which I cannot approve; for if every person I shall meet with for the future be so deficient in their respect to ladies as my cousin is, I shall not care how much I am excluded from society."

"But, dear Lady Bella," interrupted Mr. Glanville gaily, "tell me, I beseech you, how I must behave to please you, for I should be extremely glad to be honored with your good opinion."

"The person," resumed she, "whom I must teach how to acquire my good opinion will, I am afraid, hardly recompense me by his docility in learning for the pains I should be at in instructing him."

"But," resumed Glanville, "that I may avoid any more occasions of offending you, only let me know how you would be approached for the future."

"Since," answered she, "there is no necessity to renew the ceremony of introducing you again to me, I have not a second affront of that kind to apprehend; but I pray tell me if all cavaliers are as presuming as yourself; and if a relation of your sex does not think a modest embrace from a lady a welcome sufficiently tender?"

Custom of the heroines.

The heroines, though they think a kiss of the hand a great condescension to a man, and never grant it without blushes and confusion, yet make no scruple to embrace him upon every short absence.

"Nay, cousin," cried Glanville eagerly, "I am now persuaded that you are in the right. An embrace is certainly to be preferred to a cold salute. What would I give that the marquis would introduce me a second time, that I might be received with so delightful a welcome!"

The vivacity with which he spoke this was so extremely disagreeable to Arabella that she turned from him abruptly, and, striking into another walk, ordered Lucy to tell him she commanded him not to follow her.

Mr. Glanville, however, who had no notion of the exact obedience which was expected from him, would have gone after her, notwithstanding this prohibition, which Lucy delivered in a most peremptory manner, after her lady's example, but the marquis, who had left the young people to discourse, and had walked on, that he might not interrupt them, turning about and seeing Glanville alone, called him to have some private discourse with him.

In this chapter a lover is severely punished for faults which the reader never would have discovered if he had not been told.

The marquis, having studied his nephew's looks several days, thought he saw inclination enough in them for Arabella to make him receive the knowledge of his intention with joy; he therefore called him into his closet, and told him, in a few words, that, if his heart was not preëngaged and his daughter capable of making him happy, he resolved to bestow her upon him, together with all his estates.

Mr. Glanville in love.

Mr. Glanville received this agreeable news with the strongest expressions of gratitude; assuring his uncle that Lady Bella, of all the women he had ever seen, was most agreeable to his taste; and that he felt for her all the tenderness and affection his soul was capable of.

"I am glad of it, my dear nephew," said the marquis, embracing him; "I will allow you," added he, smiling, "but a few weeks to court her; gain her heart as soon as you can, and when you bring me her consent the marriage shall be solemnized immediately."

Mr. Glanville needed not a repetition of so agreeable a command; he left his uncle's closet with his heart filled with the expectation of his approaching happiness, and, understanding Arabella was in the garden, he went to her with the resolution to acquaint her with the permission her father had given him to make his addresses to her.

Interview in the garden.

He found his fair cousin, as usual, accompanied with her women; and, seeing that notwithstanding his approach they still continued to walk with her, and impatient of the restraint they laid him under,

"I beseech you, cousin," said he, "let me have the pleasure of walking with you alone: what necessity is there for always having so many witnesses of our conversation? You may retire," said he, speaking to Lucy and the other woman; "I have something to say to your lady in private."

"Stay, I command you," said Arabella, blushing at an insolence so uncommon, "and take orders from no one but myself. I pray you, sir," pursued she frowning, "what intercourse of secrets is there between you and me, that you expect I should favor you with a private conversation; an advantage which none of your sex ever boasted to have gained from me, and which, haply, you should be the last upon whom I should bestow it?"

"You have the strangest notions," answered Glanville, smiling at the pretty anger she discovered; "certainly you may hold a private conversation with any gentleman without giving offense to decorum: and I may plead a right to this happiness above any other, since I have the honor to be your relation."

Difference of opinion.

"It is not at all surprising," resumed Arabella gravely, "that you and I should differ in opinion upon this occasion: I don't remember that we ever agreed in anything, and I am apt to believe we never shall."

"Ah! don't say so, Lady Bella," interrupted he. "What a prospect of misery you lay before me! for, if we are always to be opposite to each other, it is necessary that you must hate me as much as I admire and love you."

These words, which he accompanied with a gentle pressure of her hand, threw the astonished Arabella into such an excess of anger and shame that for a few moments she was unable to utter a word.

What a horrid violation this of all the laws of gallantry and respect, which decree a lover to suffer whole years in silence before he declares his flame to the divine object that causes it, and then with awful tremblings and submissive prostrations at the feet of the offended fair!

Arabella could hardly believe her senses when she heard a declaration not only made without the usual forms, but also, that the presumptuous criminal waited for an answer without seeming to have any apprehension of the punishment to which he was to be doomed; and that, instead of deprecating her wrath, he looked with a smiling wonder upon her eyes, as if he did not fear their lightning would strike him dead.

Extraordinary action of Arabella.

Indeed, it was scarcely possible for him to help smiling and wondering, too, at the extraordinary action of Arabella; for as soon as he had pronounced those fatal words she started back two or three steps, cast a look at him full of the highest indignation; and, lifting up her fine eyes to heaven, seemed, in the language of romance, to accuse the gods for subjecting her to so cruel an indignity.

The tumult of her thoughts being a little settled, she turned again toward Glanville, whose countenance expressed nothing of that confusion and anxiety common to an adorer in so critical a circumstance, her rage returned with greater violence than ever.

Her scorn.

"If I do not express all the resentment your welcome has filled me with," said she to him, affecting more scorn than anger, "'tis because I hold you too mean for my resentment; but never hope for my pardon for your presumptuous confession of a passion I could almost despise myself for inspiring. If it be true that you love me, go and find your punishment in that absence to which I doom you; and never hope I will suffer a person in my presence who has affronted me in the manner you have done."

Saying this she walked away, making a sign to him not to follow her.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Glanville, after a time, grew angry at the conduct of Arabella, and departed one morning early, riding as fast as possible to the next stage, where he wrote the following letter to his uncle :

Mr. Glanville's departure.

My Lord: As my leaving your house so abruptly will certainly make me appear guilty of a most unpardonable rudeness, I cannot dispense with myself from acquainting your lordship with the cause ; though, to spare the reproaches Lady Bella will probably cast on me for doing so, I could wish you knew it by any other means.

His letter to the marquis.

But, my lord, I value your esteem too much to hazard the loss of it by suffering you to imagine that I am capable of doing anything to displease you. Lady Bella was pleased to order me to stay no longer in the house, and menaced me with some very terrible usage if I disobeyed her ; she used so many other contemptuous expressions to me that, I am persuaded, I shall never be so happy as to possess the honor you designed for, my lord, your most obedient, etc.,

Charles Glanville.

Displeasure of the marquis.

When the marquis had read this letter, he went to his daughter's apartment with an intention to chide her severely for the usage of his nephew ; but seeing her come to meet him with her eyes bathed in tears, he insensibly lost some part of his resentment.

"Alas ! my lord," said she, "I know you come prepared to load me with reproaches upon my cousin's account ; but I beseech your lordship, do not aggravate my sorrows ; though I banished Mr. Glanville, I do not desire his death ; and, questionless, if he knew how I resent it, his ghost would be satisfied with the sacrifice I make him."

The marquis, not being able to help smiling at this conceit, which he saw had so strongly impressed her imagination that she had no sort of doubt but that her cousin was dead, asked her if she really believed Mr. Glanville loved her well enough to die with grief at her ill usage of him.

"If," said she, "he loves me not well enough to die for me, he certainly loves me but little, and I am the less obliged to him."

"But I desire to know," interrupted the marquis, "for what crime it was you took the liberty to banish him from my house."

"I banished him, my lord," resumed she, "for his presumption in telling me he loved me."

His commands upon Arabella.

"That presumption, as you call it, though I know not for what reason," said the marquis, "was authorized by me; therefore, know, Bella, that I not only permit him to love you, but I also expect you should endeavor to return his affection, and look upon him as the man whom I design for your husband; there's his letter," pursued he, putting it into her hand. "I blush for the rudeness you have been guilty of, but endeavor to repair it by a more obliging behavior for the future; I am going to send after him immediately to prevail upon him to return; therefore write him an apology, I charge you, and have it done by the time my messenger is ready to set out."

Saying this, he went out of the room; Arabella eagerly opened the letter, and finding it in a style so different from what she had expected, her dislike of him returned with more violence than ever.

Her agitation.

"Ah, the traitor!" said she aloud, "is it thus that he endeavors to move my compassion? How greatly did I overrate his affection when I imagined his despair was capable of killing him! Disloyal man!" pursued she, walking about, "is it by complaints to my father that thou expectest to succeed? And dost thou imagine the heart of Arabella is to be won by violence and injustice?" In this manner she wasted the time allotted for her to write, and when the marquis sent for her letter, having no intention to comply, she went to his chamber, conjuring him not to oblige her to a condescension so unworthy of her.

The marquis, being now excessively angry with her, rose up in a fury, and, leading her to his writing desk, ordered her instantly to write to her cousin.

"If I must write, my lord," said she sobbing, "pray be so good as to dictate what I must say."

"Apologize for your rude behavior," said the marquis, "and desire him, in the most obliging manner you can, to return."

Arabella, seeing there was a necessity for obeying, took up the pen and wrote the following billet:

"*The unfortunate Arabella to the most ungenerous Glanville.*

Her letter to Glanville.

"It is not by the power I have over you that I command you to return, for I disclaim any empire over so unworthy a subject; but since it is my father's pleasure I should invite you back, I must let you know that I repeal your banishment, and expect you will immediately return with the messenger who brings this. However, to spare your acknowledgments, know, that it is in obedience to my father's absolute commands that you receive this mandate from

"ARABELLA."

Having finished this billet she gave it to the marquis to read; who, finding a great deal of his own haughtiness of temper in it, could not resolve to check her for a disposition so like his own; yet he told her her style was very uncommon. "And pray," added he smiling, "who taught you to superscribe your letters thus, 'The unfortunate Arabella to the most ungenerous Glanville'? Why, Bella, this superscription is wholly calculated for the bearer's information, but come, alter it immediately; for I do not choose my messenger should know that you are unfortunate, or that my nephew is ungenerous."

Its superscription.

"Pray, my lord," replied Arabella, "content yourself with what I have already done in obedience to your commands, and suffer my letter to remain as it is; methinks it is but reasonable I should express some little resentment at the complaint my cousin has been pleased to make to you against me, nor can I possibly make any letter more obliging without being guilty of an unpardonable meanness."

"You are a strange girl," replied the marquis, taking the letter and enclosing it in one from himself, in which he earnestly entreated his nephew to return, threatening him with his displeasure if he disobeyed, and assuring him that his daughter would receive him as well as he could possibly desire. The messenger being despatched, with orders to ride post and overtake the young gentleman, he obeyed his orders so well that he came up with him before night.

The marquis was extremely uneasy at the obstinacy of his daughter. He desired nothing more ardently than to marry her to his nephew, but he could not resolve to force her consent; and, however determined he appeared to her, yet, in reality, he intended to use persuasions only to effect what he desired, and, from the natural sweetness of her temper, he was sometimes not without hopes that she might at last be prevailed upon to comply.

Return of Glanville.

His nephew's return restored him to part of his usual tranquillity. After he had gently chid him for suffering himself to be so far transported with resentment at the little humors of a lady as to leave his house without acquainting him, he bade him go to Arabella and endeavor to make his peace with her.

Mr. Glanville accordingly went to her apartment, resolving to oblige her to come to some explanation with him concerning the offense she complained of; but that fair, incensed lady, who had taken shelter in her closet, ordered Lucy to tell him she was indisposed and could not see him.

Glanville, however, comforted himself for this disappointment by the hopes of seeing her at supper, and accordingly she came when the supper bell rung, and, making a very cool compliment to her cousin, placed herself at table. The soft languor that appeared in her eyes gave such an additional charm to one of the loveliest faces in the world, that Glanville, who sat opposite to her, could not help gazing on her with a very particular attention; he often spoke to her, and asked her trifling questions for the sake of hearing the sound of her voice, which sorrow had made enchantingly sweet.

When supper was over she would have retired, but the marquis desired her to stay and entertain her cousin while he went to look over some despatches he had received from London.

Arabella displeased.

Arabella blushed with anger at this command; but not daring to disobey, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, as if she dreaded to hear something that would displease her.

"Well, cousin," said Glanville, "though you desire to have no empire over so unworthy a subject as myself, yet I hope you are not displeased at my returning, in obedience to your commands."

"Since I am not allowed any will of my own," said she sighing, "it matters not whether I am pleased or displeased; nor is it of any consequence to you to know."

"Indeed but it is, Lady Bella," interrupted he, "for if I knew how to please you I would never, if I could help it, offend; therefore, I beg you, tell me how I have disobliged you; for certainly you have treated me as harshly as if I had been guilty of some very terrible offense."

Argument between the lover and Arabella.

"You had the boldness," said she, "to talk to me of love, and you well know that persons of my sex and quality are not permitted to listen to such discourses; and if for that offense I banished you my presence, I did no more than decency required of me, and which I would yet do were I mistress of my own actions."

"But is it possible, cousin," said Glanville, "that you can be angry with any one for loving you? Is that a crime of as high a nature as to merit an eternal banishment from your presence?"

"Without telling you," said Arabella blushing, "whether I am angry at being loved, it is sufficient, you know, that I will not pardon the man who has the presumption to tell me he loves me."

"But, madam," interrupted Glanville, "if the person who tells you he loves you be of a rank not beneath you, I conceive you are not at all injured by the favorable sentiments he feels for you, and though you are not disposed to make any return to his passion, yet you are certainly obliged to him for his good opinion."

"Since love is not voluntary," replied Arabella, "I am not obliged to any person for loving me, for, questionless, if he could help it he would."

The code of love of the heroines.

"If it is not a voluntary favor," interrupted Glanville, "it is not a voluntary offense; and if you do not think yourself obliged by one, neither are you at liberty to be offended with the other."

"The question," said Arabella, "is not whether I ought to be offended at being loved, but whether it is not an offense to be told I am so."

"If there is nothing criminal in the passion itself, madam," resumed Glanville, "certainly there can be no crime in declaring it."

"However specious your arguments may appear," interrupted Arabella, "I am persuaded it is an unpardonable crime to tell a lady you love her; and though I had nothing else to plead, yet the authority of custom is sufficient to prove it."

Authority of custom.

"Custom, Lady Bella," said Glanville smiling, "is wholly on my side; for the ladies are so far from being displeased at the addresses of their lovers, that their chiefest care is to gain them, and their greatest triumph to hear them talk of their passion; so, madam, I hope you will allow that argument has no force."

Heroines of antiquity.

"I do not know," said Arabella, "what sort of ladies they are who allow such unbecoming liberties; but I am certain that Statira, Parisatis, Clelia, and Mandane, and all the illustrious heroines of antiquity, whom it is a glory to resemble, never would admit of such discourses."

"Ah! for heaven's sake, cousin," interrupted Glanville, stifling a laugh, "do not suffer yourself to be guided by such antiquated maxims! The world is quite different to what it was in those days, and the ladies in this age would as soon follow the fashions of the Greek and Roman ladies as mimic their manners; and, I believe, they would become one as well as the other."

"I am sure," replied Arabella, "the world is not more virtuous now than it was in those days; and there is good reason to believe it not much wiser; and I do not see why the manners of this age are to be preferred to former ones unless they are wiser and better; however, I cannot be persuaded that things are as you say; but that, when I am a little better acquainted with the world, I shall find as many people who resemble Oroondates, Artaxerxes, and the illustrious lover of Clelia, as those who are like Teribases, Artaxes, and the presuming and insolent Glanville."

Clelia.

"By the epithets you give me, madam," said Glanville, "I find you have placed me in very bad company; but pray, madam, if the illustrious lover of Clelia had never discovered his passion, how would the world have come to the knowledge of it?"

"He did not discover his passion, sir," resumed Arabella, "until by the services he did the noble Clelius, and his incomparable daughter, he could plead some title to their esteem. He several times preserved the life of that renowned Roman; delivered the beautiful Clelia when she was a captive; and, in fine, conferred so many obligations upon them, and all their friends, that he might well expect to be pardoned by the divine

Clelia for daring to love her. Nevertheless she used him very harshly when he first declared his passion, and banished him also from her presence, and it was a long time before she could prevail upon herself to compassionate his sufferings."

The marquis, coming in, interrupted Arabella, upon which she took occasion to retire, leaving Glanville more captivated with her than ever.

Glanville passionately in love.

He found her usage of him was grounded upon examples she thought it her duty to follow; and, strange as her notions of life appeared, yet they were supported by so much wit and delicacy that he could not help admiring her, while he foresaw the oddity of her humor would throw innumerable difficulties in his way before he should be able to obtain her. However, as he was really passionately in love with her, he resolved to accommodate himself as much as possible to her taste, and endeavor to gain her heart by a behavior most agreeable to her; he therefore assumed an air of great distance and respect, never mentioned his affections nor the intentions of her father in his favor; and the marquis, observing his daughter conversed with him with less reluctance than usual, leaving to time and the merit of his nephew to dispose her to comply with his desires, resolved not to interpose his authority in an affair upon which her own happiness so much depended.

The next chapter, which will try the patience of the reader still more than Glanville was tried by the whims of his Arabella, is, however, the one which is my excuse for introducing the book. The extract from "Cassandra" is probably the only scrap of that work which exists in modern literature, and Arabella is surely the only lady accessible to us who can expound the intricacies of it.

In this chapter the reader will find a specimen of the true pathetic, in the passion of Oroondates.

Arabella saw the change in her cousin's behavior with a great deal of satisfaction, for she did not doubt but his passion was as strong as ever, but that he forebore, through respect, from entertaining her with any expressions of it; therefore she now conversed with him with the greatest sweetness and complaisance; she would walk with him for several hours in the garden, leaning upon his arm, and charmed him to the last degree of admiration by the agreeable sallies of her wit, and her fine reasoning upon every subject he proposed.

Arabella's wit and fine reasoning.

It was with the greatest difficulty he restrained himself from telling her a thousand times a day that he loved her to excess, and conjuring her to give her consent to her father's designs in his favor; but, though he could get over his fears of offending her, yet it was impossible to express any sentiments of this nature to her without having women witnesses of his discourse; for when he walked with her in the garden, Lucy and another attendant always followed her; if he sat with her in her own chamber her women were always at one end of it; and when they were both in the marquis's apartments, where her women did not follow her, poor Glanville found himself embarrassed by his presence; for, conceiving his nephew had opportunities enough of talking to his daughter in private, he always partook of their conversation.

Little progress.

He passed some weeks in this manner, extremely chagrined at the little progress he made, and was beginning to be heartily weary of the constraint he laid upon himself, when Arabella one day furnished him, without designing it, with an opportunity of talking to her on the subject he wished for.

"When I reflect," said she laughing, "upon the difference there was between us some days ago and the familiarity in which we live at present, I cannot imagine by what means you have arrived to a good fortune you had so little reason to expect; for, in fine, you have given me no signs of repentance for the fault you committed, which moved me to banish you; and I am not certain whether, in conversing with you in the manner I do, I give you not as much reason to find fault with my too great easiness, as you did me to be displeased with your presumption."

"Since," returned Glanville," I have not persisted in the commission of those faults which displeased you, what greater signs of repentance can you desire than this reformation in my behavior?"

"But repentance ought to precede reformation," replied Arabella, "otherwise there is great room to suspect it is only feigned; and a sincere repentance shows itself in such visible marks that one can hardly be deceived in that which is genuine. I have read of many indiscreet lovers who, not succeeding in their addresses, have pretended to repent and acted as you do; that is, without giving any signs of contrition for the fault they had committed, have eat and slept well, never lost their color, or grew one bit thinner by their sorrow, but contented themselves with saying that they repented; and, without changing their disposition to renew their fault, only concealed their intention for fear of losing any favorable opportunity of committing it again; but true repentance, as I was saying, not only produces reformation, but the person who is possessed of it voluntarily punishes himself for the faults he has been guilty of. Thus Mazares, deeply repenting of the crime his passion for Mandane had forced him to commit, as a punishment, obliged himself to follow the fortune of his glorious rival, obey all his commands, and, fighting under his banners, assist him to gain the possession of his adored mistress. Such a glorious instance of his self-denial was, indeed, a sufficient proof of his repentance, and infinitely more convincing than the silence he imposed upon himself with respect to his passion. Oroondates, to punish himself for his presumption, in daring to tell the admirable Statira that he loved her, resolved to die to expiate his crime, and doubtless would have done so if his fair mistress, at the entreaty of her brother, had not commanded him to live."

A long speech by Arabella.

"But pray, Lady Bella," interrupted Glanville, "were not these gentlemen happy at last in the possession of their mistresses?"

Glanville humors her bent.

"Doubtless they were, sir," resumed she; "but it was not till after numberless misfortunes, infinite services, and many dangerous adventures, in which their fidelity was put to the strongest trials imaginable."

"I am glad, however," said Glanville, "that the ladies were not insensible; for, since you do not disapprove of their compassion for their lovers, it is to be hoped you will not be always as inexorable as you are now."

"When I shall be so fortunate," interrupted she, "as to meet with a lover who shall have as pure and perfect a passion for me as Oroondates had for Statira, and give me as many glorious proofs of his constancy and affection, doubtless I shall not be ungrateful; but, since I have not the merits of Statira, I

Oroondates and Statira.

ought not to pretend to her good fortune, and shall be very well contented if I escape the persecutions which persons of my sex who are not frightfully ugly are always exposed to, without hoping to inspire such a passion as that of Oroondates."

"I should be glad to be better acquainted with the actions of this happy lover, madam," said Glanville, "that, forming myself upon his example, I may hope to please a lady as worthy of my regards as Statira was of his."

"For heaven's sake, cousin," replied Arabella laughing, "how have you spent your time, and to what studies have you devoted your hours, that you could find none to spare for the perusal of books from which all useful knowledge may be drawn; which give us the most shining examples of generosity, courage, virtue, and love; which regulate our actions, form our manners, and inspire us with a noble desire of emulating those great, heroic, and virtuous actions which made those persons so glorious in their age and so worthy imitation in ours? However, as it is never too late to improve, suffer me to recommend to you the reading of these books, which will soon make you discover the improprieties you have been guilty of, and will, probably, induce you to avoid them for the future."

Glanville consents to read extracts.

"I shall certainly read them, if you desire it," said Glanville; "and I have so great an inclination to be agreeable to you that I shall embrace every opportunity of becoming so; and will therefore take my instructions from these books, if you think proper, or from yourself; which, indeed, will be the quickest way of teaching me."

Arabella, having ordered one of her women to bring "Cleopatra," "Cassandra," "Clelia," and "The Grand Cyrus" from her library, Glanville no sooner saw the girl return, sinking under the weight of those voluminous romances, than he began to tremble at the apprehension of his cousin laying her commands upon him to read them; and repented of his complaisance, which exposed him to the cruel necessity of performing what to him appeared an Herculean labor, or else incurring her anger by his refusal.

A mass of romance.

Arabella, making her women place the books upon a table before her, opened them, one after another, with eyes sparkling with delight, while Glanville sat wrapt with admiration at the sight of so many huge folios written, as he conceived, upon the most trifling subjects imaginable.

"I have chosen out these few," said Arabella (not observing his consternation), "from a great many others which compose the most valuable part of my library; and by the time you have gone through these I imagine you will be considerably improved."

"Certainly, madam," replied Glanville, turning the leaves in great confusion, "one may, as you say, be greatly improved; for these books contain a great deal," and looking over a page of "Cassandra" without any design, he read these words, which were part of Oroondates's soliloquy when he received a cruel sentence from Statira:

Soliloquy of Oroondates.

"Ah, cruel! (says this miserable lover), and what have I done to merit it? Examine the nature of my offense, and you will see I am not so guilty but that my death may free me from part of that severity. Shall your hatred last longer than my life? and can you detest a soul that forsakes its body only to obey you? No, no, you are not so hard-hearted; that satisfaction will doubtless content you, and when I shall cease to be, doubtless I shall cease to be odious to you."

"Upon my soul," said Glanville, stifling a laugh with great difficulty, "I cannot help blaming the lady this sorrowful lover complains of, for her great cruelty; for here he gives one reason to suspect that she will not even be content with his dying in obedience to her commands, but will hate him after death, an impiety quite inexcusable in a Christian!"

Statira's generosity.

"You condemn this illustrious princess with very little reason," replied Arabella, smiling at his mistake; "for besides that she was not a Christian, and ignorant of those divine maxims of charity and forgiveness which Christians, by their profession, are obliged to practice, she was very far from desiring the death of Oroondates; for, if you will take the pains to read the succeeding passages, you will find that she expresses herself in the most obliging manner in the world; for when Oroondates tells her he would live if she would consent he should, the princess most sweetly replies: 'I not only consent, but also entreat it! and, if I have any power, command it.' However, lest you should fall into the other extreme, and blame this great princess for her easiness (as you before condemned her for her cruelty) it is necessary that you should know how she was induced to this favorable behavior to her lover; therefore, read the whole transaction. Stay! here it begins," continued she, turning over a good many pages and marking where he should begin to read.

Glanville, having no great stomach to the task, endeavored to evade it, by entreating his cousin to relate the passages she desired he should be acquainted with; but she declining it, he was obliged to obey, and began to read where she directed him, and, to leave him at liberty to read with greater attention, she left him, and went to a window at the other end of the chamber.

Glanville's perfidy.

Mr. Glanville, who was not willing to displease her, examined the task she had set him, resolving, if it was not a very hard one, to comply; but, counting the pages, he was quite terrified at their number, and therefore, glancing over them, he pretended to be deeply engaged in reading, when, in reality, he was contemplating the surprising effect these books had produced in the mind of his cousin, who, had she been untainted by the ridiculous whims they created in her imagination, was, in his opinion, one of the most accomplished ladies in the world.

When he had sat long enough to make her believe he had read all that she desired, he rose up, and, joining her at the window, began to talk of the pleasantness of the evening instead of the rigor of Statira.

Arabella colored with vexation at his extreme indifference in a matter which was of such prodigious consequence in her opinion. Glanville, by her silence and frowns, was made sensible of his fault; and, to repair it, began to talk of the inexorable Statira, though, indeed, he did not well know what to say. Arabella, clearing up a little, did not disdain to answer him upon her favorite topic:

"I knew," said she, "you would be ready to blame this princess equally for her rigor and her kindness: but it must be remembered that what she did in favor of Oroondates was wholly owing to the generosity of Artaxerxes."

His subterfuges.

Here she stopped, expecting Glanville to give his opinion, who, strangely puzzled, replied at random, "To be sure, madam, he was a very generous rival."

"Rival!" cried Arabella; "Artaxerxes the rival of Oroondates! Why, certainly you have lost your wits; he was Statira's brother; and it was to his mediation that Oroondates, or Orontes, owed his happiness."

"Certainly, madam," replied Glanville, "it was very generous in Artaxerxes, as he was brother to Statira, to interpose in behalf of an unfortunate lover; and both Oroondates and Orontes were extremely obliged to him."

"Orontes," replied Arabella, "was more obliged to him than Oroondates; since the quality of Orontes was infinitely below that of Oroondates."

His deception discovered.

"But, madam," interrupted Glanville (extremely pleased at his having so well got over the difficulty he had been in), "which of these two lovers did Statira make happy?" This unlucky question immediately informed Arabella that she had been all this time the dupe of her cousin, who, if he had read a single page, would have known that Orontes and Oroondates were the same person; the name of Orontes being assumed by Oroondates to conceal his real name and quality.

The shame and rage she conceived at so glaring a proof of his disrespect and the ridicule to which she had exposed herself were so great that she could not find words severe enough to express her resentment, but ordered him instantly to quit her chamber, and assured him, if he ever attempted to approach her again, she would submit to the most terrible effects of her father's resentment rather than be obliged to see a person who had, by his unworthy behavior, made himself her scorn and aversion.

Arabella inexorable.

Glanville attempted, with great submission, to move her to recall her cruel sentence; but Arabella, bursting into tears, complained so pathetically of the cruelty of her destiny in exposing her to the importunities of a man she despised, that Glanville, thinking it best to let her rage evaporate a little before he attempted to pacify her, quitted her chamber, cursing Statira and Orontes a thousand times, and loading the authors of those books with all the imprecations his rage could suggest.

Amusement of the marquis.

Glanville went into the garden to cool off, and here meeting the marquis, he told him the whole thing; in the course of his recital he could not help laughing, and the marquis was so diverted that he "would needs hear it all over again." He shared the annoyance of his nephew, but reproved him for not reading what was set before him, for, says he, "besides losing an opportunity of obliging her, you drew yourself into a terrible dilemma.'' Glanville admitted his error, but begged his uncle to restore him to the favor of his cousin. Repairing to his daughter, the marquis tried to reason amiably with her, but her jargon about ''Candace, the beautiful daughter of Cleopatra'' so enraged him that he ordered one of her women to carry all her beloved books into his apartment, vowing he would commit them to the flames.

Burning of the books.

This is a parallel to the burning of the books in ''Don Quixote,'' and in fact is the only part of Arabella's history which runs at all close to the work of Cervantes, which supplies its name. There were various imitations of the great original, of which this is perhaps the best.

We must now leave our heroine to her career. Mr. Glanville won the heart of his fair one by interceding for her favorite books. The marquis relented, and the young man, seizing them for fear his uncle should change his mind, hastened to carry them to his cousin, who, with eyes sparkling at the sight of her favorites, generously pardoned her lover.

Marriage.

Of course she married him, at the end of two not very long volumes, wholly cured, after a series of marvelous adventures, of all her follies; although on her first appearance in the great world, ill prepared for the real dangers of society by her false notions of propriety acquired in her early studies, she made continual mistakes. There is really a sweetness and ingenuousness about Arabella, which, besides protecting her from the pitfalls awaiting her, wins, in my opinion, the affection of her readers, or, at the least, prevents them from laying down her story with the condemnation of absolute dulness.

Happy conclusion.

You may meet the Lady Arabella again at Bath.

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BOOK III.

ADDISON AND GAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

We commonly regard the age of the Revolution as an age of military exploits and political changes, an age whose warlike glories loom dimly through the smoke of Blenheim or of Ramillies, and the greatness of whose political issues still impresses us, though we track them with difficulty through a chaos of treasons and cabals. But to the men who lived in it the age was far more than this. To them the Revolution was more than a merely political revolution; it was the recognition not only of a change in the relations of the nation to its rulers, but of changes almost as great in English society and in English intelligence. If it was the age of the Bill of Rights, it was the age also of the *Spectator*. If Marlborough and Somers had their share in shaping the new England that came of 1688, so also had Addison and Steele. And to the bulk of people it may be doubted whether the change that passed over literature was not more startling and more interesting than the change that passed over politics. Few changes, indeed, have ever been so radical and complete. Literature suddenly doffed its stately garb of folio or octavo, and stepped abroad in the light and easy dress of pamphlet and essay. We hear sometimes that the last century is "repulsive"; but what is it that repels us in it? Is it the age itself, or the picture of itself which the age so

Changes of the Revolution.

fearlessly presents? There is no historic ground for thinking the eighteenth century a coarser or a more brutal age than the centuries that had gone before; rather there is ground for thinking it a less coarse and a less brutal age. The features which repel us in it are no features of its own production. What makes the Georgian age seem repulsive is simply that it is the first age which felt these evils to be evils, which dragged them, in its effort to amend them, into the light of day. It is, in fact, the moral effort of the time which makes it seem so immoral.

Improvement in the Georgian age.

Steele has the merit of having been the first to feel the new intellectual cravings of his day and to furnish what proved to be the means of meeting them. His *Tatler* was a periodical of pamphlet form, in which news was to be varied by short essays of criticism and gossip. But his grasp of the new literature was a feeble grasp. His sense of the fitting form for it, of its fitting tone, of the range and choice of its subjects, were alike inadequate. He seized indeed by a happy instinct on letter-writing and conversation as the two molds to which the essay must adapt itself; he seized with the same happy instinct on humor as the pervading temper of his work and on "manners" as its destined sphere. But his notion of "manners" was limited not only to the external aspects of life and society, but to those aspects as they present themselves in towns; while his humor remained pert and superficial. The *Tatler*, however, had hardly been started when it was taken in hand by a greater than Steele. "It was raised," as he frankly confessed, "to a greater thing than I intended," by the coöperation of Joseph Addison.

Steele in the *Tatler*.

The life of the *Tatler* lasted through the years 1709 and 1710; the two next years saw it surpassed by the essays of the *Spectator*, and this was followed in 1713 by the *Guardian*, in 1714 by a fresh series of *Spectators*, in 1715 by the *Freeholder*. In all these successive periodicals what was really vital and important was the work of Addison. Addison grasped the idea of popularizing knowledge as frankly as Steele. He addressed as directly the new world of the home.

Spectator, Guardian, Freeholder.

> It was said of Socrates [he tells us] that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men ; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses. I would therefore [he ends with a smile] recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated assemblies that set apart one hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter, and would heartily advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as part of the tea-equipage.

But in Addison's hands this popular writing became a part of literature. While it preserved the free movement of the letter-writer, the gaiety and briskness of chat, it obeyed the laws of literary art, and was shaped and guided by a sense of literary beauty. Its humor, too, became a subtler and more exquisite thing. Instead of the mere wit of the coffee-house, men found themselves smiling with a humorist who came nearer than any man before or since to the humor of Shakespeare.

Spectator in Addison's hand.

Joseph Addison was born in 1672, the son of Lancelot Addison, rector of Lichfield, educated at Charterhouse and Magdalen College, Oxford ; he was dissuaded from his design of entering the church by Charles Montagu, afterward Earl of Halifax, who procured him a pension from King William and sent him to travel in France and Italy. Returning to England (at the age of thirty-two) he gained some reputation by a poem commemorating

Incidents in the life of Addison.

the victory of Blenheim, and was made in 1705 secretary of state, holding afterward various political offices, from which he drew a large income, while they left him leisure for writing. He died in 1719, leaving one daughter by the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had married three years before, and who added little to his comfort while he was alive. This daughter, by the way, inherited the picture of Mr. Wortley before mentioned, and through her half-sister it returned to the family of Lady Mary Wortley.

Personal traits.

Addison was a fair man, of indolent habits and a languid vitality. He had naturally a fine memory for words, and was in his quiet way an accurate observer of what passed before him. His chief intellectual exercise was the study of "putting things"—whether things that he had seen and heard, reflections that he had made upon them, or thoughts that he had met with in the course of his reading; "a fine gentleman living upon town, not professing any deep scholastic knowledge of literature," and employing his leisure in writing elegant periodical articles.

Although engaged in politics, he had no natural gifts for active life. He could not have made his own position; the accident of the times rendered literary service valuable, and he was virtually the literary retainer of the leaders of the Whig party.

Of the course of Addison's familiar day, before his marriage, Johnson says:

Daily habits.

> He had in the house with him Budgell, and perhaps Phillips. With one or other of his chief companions he always breakfasted. He studied all morning; then dined at a tavern; and went afterward to Button's, where he would remain five or six hours. Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell Street, about two

doors from Covent Garden. Here it was that the wits of the time used to assemble. It is said when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess he withdrew the company from Button's house. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sate late and drank too much wine.

Party politics had no place in his *Spectator.* Addison's professed object was to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain.

Addison's human sympathy.

The minor immoralities that he attacked were such as affectation, presumption, foppery, fashionable extravagance, upstart vulgarity. As vices of the same class he continued to satirize the rustic manners of the Tory squires "who had never seen anything greater than themselves for twenty years."

"The greatest wits I have conversed with," he says himself, "were men eminent for their humanity," and it is in his interest and sympathy for man's infinite capacities that the charm lies of his essays. It is this which gives them the detail of manners we require for our subject.

In his general account of the Spectator Club, Addison gives us a vignette of Sir Roger, which may serve as preface to his papers.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

> The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps

His characteristics.

himself a bachelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house, for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess to love him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the *quorum;* that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act.

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A month in the country with Sir Roger.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please; dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit; sit still and saying nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him: by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother; his butler is gray-headed; his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen; and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in the house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care though he has been useless for years.

His chaplain.

My chief companion at Sir Roger's is a venerable man who has lived in his house in the nature of a chaplain about thirty years. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem; so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

A man of plain sense.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend (says Sir Roger) found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is."

I cannot forbear relating a very odd accident, because it

Incident of the Saracen's Head.

shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that The Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honor's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in the most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could and replied, "that much might be said on both sides."

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Sir Roger in London.

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me and told me there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Grays-Inn walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

In Grays-Inn walks.

I was no sooner come into Grays-Inn walks but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

His Christmas generosity.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. . . . Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his county seat, he informed me that he had killed eight fat hogs for this Christmas season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hog's puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks."

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Prince Eugene.

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugene; and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that since I was with him in the country he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

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At the coffee-room.

He asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take a delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humor that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

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Spring Garden.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

The waterman with the wooden leg.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking toward it, "You must know (says Sir Roger), I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service."

Vauxhall Gardens were long a place of popular resort. They were laid out in 1661, and were at first known as the New Spring Gardens at Fox Hall, to distinguish them from the Old Spring Gardens at Whitehall. The gardens having sunk in character were finally closed in 1859 and the site is now built over.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales.

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We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung-beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to a waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy ; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look, and we left the garden.

Death of Sir Roger.

When Addison and the others were tired of writing about him, the public received the ill news that Sir Roger de Coverley was dead. The *Spectator* says :

> I have a letter from the butler who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.
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> "HONORED SIR : Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last country sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman ; for you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom ; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life ; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother ; he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping.

Letter from the butler upon it.

He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the *quorum*; the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze and the women in riding-hoods. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

His burial.

"Honored sir, your most sorrowful servant,
"EDWARD BISCUIT."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club.

Here end my selections from Sir Roger. What follows are other papers from the *Spectator*, ascribed to Addison.

Other *Spectator* papers.

PARTY PATCHES.

About the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theater in the Haymarket, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found that they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left: I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations as party signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle boxes, between those two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs and those on my left Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterward found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or the Tory side of the face.

Party patches.

When I was in the theater the time above mentioned I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

Tory and Whig.

This account of party patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator had I not recorded it.

When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under the public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men.

Roman matrons.

Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favor of them!

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honor of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (says he), I shall advise you in a very few words: aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other."

THE CAT-CALL.

I have lately received the following letter from a country gentleman:

"MR. SPECTATOR: The night before I left London I went to see a play, called 'The Humorous Lieutenant.' Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprised with the great consort of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the play-house. It appeared, indeed, a little odd to me to see so many persons of quality of both sexes assembled together at a kind of caterwauling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been anything better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an English fiddle; though I durst not show my dislike whilst I was in the play-house, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers.

The cat-call.

"I am, sir,
"Your most affectionate friend and servant,
"JOHN SHALLOW, Esq."

In compliance with Squire Shallow's request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toy-shops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes from the simplicity of its make and the uniformity of its sound that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes very well that musical instruments took their first rise

Invention of Jubal.

from the notes of birds and other melodious animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the same roof with them? he added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal, as we are not only beholden to her for this wind-instrument, but for our string music in general.

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than Thespis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments; nor must I here omit what a curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

Orpheus.

There are others who ascribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain that the roasting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species than this instrument if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as to the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this who heard that remarkable, over-grown cat-call which was placed in the center of the pit, and presided over all the rest, at the celebrated performance lately exhibited in Drury Lane.

LONDON CRIES.

London cries.

There is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner and frights a country squire than the cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the

Ramage de la Ville, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying anything further of it.

"SIR: I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burthening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me an handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

Comptroller-general.

"The post I would aim at is to be Comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

"The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street, for an hour together, with the twankling of a brass kettle or of a frying pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds as much as the breaking in of a thief. I would therefore propose that no instrument of this nature should be made use of which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

Time and measure.

"It is a great imperfection in our London cries that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should, indeed, be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as 'fire'; yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands."

THE NEWSPAPER.

This extract goes to show that human nature, after all, is not so much changed as we might infer from other traits of our ancestors.

The newspaper.

"MR. SPECTATOR: You must have observed that men who frequent coffee-houses and delight in news are pleased with everything that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory or a defeat are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French court is removed to Marli, and are afterward as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a piebald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington as of a whole troop that has been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for everything that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taste. Now, sir, since the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is very near being dried up; and since these gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable thirst after it; I have taken their case and my own into consideration, and have thought of a project which may turn to the advantage of us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily paper, which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet, that lie within ten miles of London, or, in other words, within the verge of the penny-post. I have pitched upon this scene of intelligence for two reasons: first, because the carriage of letters will be very cheap; and secondly, because I may receive them every day. By this means my readers will have their news fresh and fresh, and many worthy citizens who cannot sleep with any satisfaction at

Daily intelligence.

present, for want of being informed how the world goes, may go to bed contentedly, it being my design to put out my paper every night at nine-a-clock precisely. I have already established correspondences in these several places, and received very good intelligence."

TRIAL OF PUNCTILIOS. I.

The proceedings of the Court of Honor, held in Sheer Lane, on Monday, the 20th of November, 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq., Censor of Great Britain.

Trial of punctilios.

Peter Plumb, of London, merchant, was indicted by the Honorable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule Hall, in the county of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did in Lombard Street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and after a short salutation, put on his hat, value fivepence, while the Honorable Mr. Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal that, during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alleged that he was the cadet of a very ancient family, and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honor than do anything beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nutcrackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the Honorable Mr. Gules: as, that he was not worth a groat; that nobody in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word: and in short, that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public. This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the criminal that he spoke in contempt of the court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy if he did not

Reflections on Mr. Gules.

change his style. The prisoner, therefore, desired to be heard by his counsel, who urged in his defense, "That he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident." They likewise produced several witnesses that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman who deposed that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the wall, it was alleged that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Censor having consulted the men of honor who sat at his right hand on the bench, found they were of opinion that the defense made by the prisoner's counsel did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. . . . The Censor, Mr. Bickerstaffe, finally pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner: That his hat, which was the instrument of offense, should be forfeited to the court; that the criminal should go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's Coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any other family of the Plumbs, should hereafter appear in the streets of London, out of the coaches, that so the footway might be left open and undisturbed for their betters.

Verdict of the jury.

Trial of Punctilios. II.

Lady Townly's action.

The Lady Townly brought an action of debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for that Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the said Lady Townly, and wish her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding she, the said Lady Townly, had paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the defendant that the plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she alleged had been made on a Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having set aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family; that the servant who inquired whether she was at home did not give the visiting knock; that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening; that there were no candles lighted up; that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's day; and, in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her porter's book, which was produced in court, that she had paid the Lady Townly a visit on the twenty-fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year 1709–10, for which she was still creditor to the said Lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied that she was now only under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single woman. Mr. Bickerstaffe finding the cause to be very intricate, and that several points of honor were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it till the next session day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left hand to present to the court a table of all the laws relating to visits.

Essential points of a visit.

TRIAL OF PUNCTILIOS. III.

Oliver Bluff and Benjamin Browbeat.

Oliver Bluff and Benjamin Browbeat were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of the Court of Honor. It appeared that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the court, in their way to the fields behind Montague House. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves but that they were going to execute a challenge which had been made above a week before the Court of Honor was erected. The Censor finding some reasons to suspect (by the sturdiness of their behavior) that they were not so very brave as they would have the court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the grand jury, who found a breast-plate upon the one and two quires of paper upon the other. The breast-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaffe's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the court and retired to their respective lodgings.

Practice of dueling.

This extract shows, like other signs of the times, that the practice of dueling was already become a subject of ridicule, and on the decline. The topic was under discussion at this period, as might be seen in a long dissertation about it by Richardson, through the mouth of his favorite hero, Sir Charles Grandison, which is, however, too long (and too dull) to quote.

COUNTRY MANNERS.

Country manners.

The first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good breeding, as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

A reformation.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities and restore its natural good sense and beauty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained carriage and a certain openness of behavior are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us; nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary.

It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise; for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse, uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

Good breeding in town and country.

This infamous piece of good breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that makes any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it, they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

THE HOOD.

The hood.

One of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be, "An animal that delights in finery." I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular observed that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas, when we say of a woman she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.

Ornaments of birds.

It is observed among birds that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress; whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature, on the contrary, has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colors that appear in the garments of a British lady when she is dressed either for a ball or a birthday.

Female heads.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of molting season with regard to that part of their dress, having cast off great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambric, and in some measure reduced the human head to the beautiful globular form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodes. But our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats that they had not time to attend to anything else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the kitchen proverb that if you light a fire at both ends the middle will shift for itself.

Hoods at the opera.

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of the box I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest colored hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philemot, the fourth was of a pink color, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little parti-colored assembly as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might be an embassy of Indian queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face that I found them all to be English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from observing any further the color of their hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the Whig and Tory ladies begin already to hang out different colors, and to show their principles in their head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my friend Will Honeycomb, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not questioning but that among such a variety of colors she shall have a charm for every heart.

Whig and Tory colors.

My friend Will, who very much values himself upon his great insights into gallantry, tells me that he can already guess at the humor a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present emperor by the color of the dress which he puts on. When Melesinda wraps her head in flame color, her heart is set upon execution. When she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

Will informs me likewise that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Hoods as signals.

A LADY'S DIARY.

"DEAR MR. SPECTATOR: You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your *Spectator* upon that subject.

A lady's diary.

"TUESDAY *night.* Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

"WEDNESDAY. *From eight to ten.* Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

"*From ten to eleven.* Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the *Spectator.*

"*From eleven to one.* At my toilette, tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem.: I look best in blue.

"*From one till half an hour after two.* Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Shopping.

"*Till four.* At dinner. Mem.: Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

"*From four to six.* Dressed, paid a visit to old lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

"*From six to eleven.* At basset. Mem.: Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

"THURSDAY. *From eleven at night to eight in the morning.* Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

"*From eight to ten.* Chocolate. Read two acts in 'Aurenzebe' a-bed.

"*From ten to eleven.* Tea-table. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem.: Locked it up in my strong-box.

Reading the play bills.

"*Rest of the morning.* Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of Lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my lady Hectick rested after her monkey's leaping out at the window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

"*From three to four.* Dinner cold before I sat down.

"*From four to eleven.* Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pincushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

"*Twelve o'clock at night.* Went to bed.

"FRIDAY. *Eight in the morning.* A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters.

"*Ten o'clock.* Stayed within all day, not at home.

"*From ten to twelve.* In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribband. Broke my blue china cup.

"*From twelve to one.* Shut myself up in my chamber, practiced Lady Betty Modely's skattle.

"*One in the afternoon.* Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached, and head out of order. Threw by my work and read over the remaining part of 'Aurenzebe.'

Worked a violet.

"*From three to four.* Dined.

"*From four to twelve.* Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townly has red hair. Mem.: Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth. I am sure it is not true.

"*Between twelve and one.* Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet and called me Indamora.

The toilette.

"SATURDAY. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down at my toilette.

"*From eight to nine.* Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

"*From nine to twelve.* Drank my tea and dressed.

"*From twelve to two.* At chapel. A great deal of company. Mem.: The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

"*From three to four.* Dined. Mrs. Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

"*From dinner to six.* Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

The opera.

"*Six o'clock.* Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out Ancora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

"*Eleven at night.* Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

"SUNDAY. Indisposed.

The conjurer.

"MONDAY. *Eight o'clock.* Waked by Miss Kitty. 'Aurenzebe' lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem.: The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, etc.

. . . . . .

"Upon my looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of whom I will turn off if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

"Your humble servant,
"CLARINDA."

THE FAN EXERCISE.

The fan exercise.

I do not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

"MR. SPECTATOR: Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young women in the Exercise of the Fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practiced at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:

Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Discharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.

By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of one half year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that modish little machine.

"But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving my word to Handle their Fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of the fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a closed fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

The female regiment.

"The next motion is that of Unfurling the Fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers in a sudden an infinite number of cupid's garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Discharge Fans.

"Upon my giving the word to Discharge their Fans, they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sets fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can now Discharge a Fan in such a manner that it shall make a report like a pocket pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a fan with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

Ground Fans.

"When the fans are thus discharged the word of command in course is to Ground their Fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside, in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a fallen pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learnt in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

"When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out Recover your Fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

Fluttering of the Fan.

"The Fluttering of the Fan is the last, and, indeed, the masterpiece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching of this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce Flutter your Fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

Passions of the Fan.

"There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the Flutter of a Fan: there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled, The Passions of the Fan; which I will communicate to you if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honor it with your presence.

"I am, &c.

"P. S.—I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

"N. B.—I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense."

CHAPTER IX.

So much for the follies of the time, as touched by the light pen of Addison in the papers of the *Spectator*. I add a part of the "Trivia" of John Gay, for its curious details of the street scenery, costume, and manners of the time. Gay was a contemporary and friend of both Pope and Addison and a petted member of the clubs to which they belonged. He was one of those easy, amiable, good-natured men who are the darlings of their friends, perhaps because their talents excite admiration without jealousy, while their characters are the object rather of fondness than respect. He entered life as a linen-draper's shopman, but soon relinquished this occupation to become dependent upon the great, with a vague pining after public employment for which his indolent, self-indulgent life rendered him singularly unfit. His "Beggar's Opera" was a really successful venture. The idea of it is said to have been suggested to him when he was living with Pope at Twickenham; it was to transfer the song and style of Italian opera, then a novelty, to the lowest class of English life—a sort of parody on grand opera, while it became the origin of the English opera. Its immense vogue was something akin to that of "Pinafore" in our day.

John Gay's "Trivia."

"Beggar's Opera."

EXTRACT FROM "TRIVIA; OR THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON."

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,

When to assert the wall and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song.
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Winding alleys.
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays.
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his laboring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient paths unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown;
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
  When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
The shoe-black.
And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish nor Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scollop'd top his step be crown'd;
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet,
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And, when too short the modest shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
  Nor should it prove thy less important care
The proper coat.
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear,
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oyly habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;

The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockl'd grain;
True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn.
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloke bespatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends
Whose ample form without one plait depends,
By various names in various countries known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;

The surtout.

Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.
  If the strong cane support thy walking hand
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command,
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way;
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily ensure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To courts, to White's, assemblies, or the play;
Rosy complexion'd health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane;
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
The miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold muse experienc'd danger sings!

. . . .

When sleet is first disturbed by morning cries,
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,

Weather signals.

Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
Surprised in dreary fogs or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou for every season justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.

. . . .

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding hood's disguise;
The umbrella. Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet, on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
Pattens. But oh! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays!
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

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BOOK IV.

RICHARDSON AND HARRIET BYRON.

CHAPTER X.

Now we come, and gladly, to our excellent Richardson and his admiring circle of ladies. I have them before me, sitting in "the grotto"—Mr. Richardson himself on the left, in cap and dressing-gown, with white legs and low slippers, holding the book, while at a small table opposite are Miss Mulso and Miss Prescott and Miss Highmore, in hats and paduasoys with Watteau backs. Miss Highmore has a book in her hand. What is she doing with that? Near Mr. Richardson, in an engaging attitude of attention, sits Mr. Mulso, the brother of Miss Mulso, and you must remember that Miss Prescott afterward became Mrs. Mulso ; while Miss Mulso became Mrs. Chapone, who wrote tedious though praiseworthy letters upon the conduct of young ladies. Next Mr. Mulso is Mr. Edward Mulso, his legs crossed, for he is sitting on a rather uncomfortable high seat against the wall of the grotto. The reverend Mr. Duncombe is over with the ladies, and suspiciously near Miss Highmore, who afterward became Mrs. Duncombe. The wide door of the grotto stands open, and a straight walk and rather stiff trees are seen without, attained by two steps within the doorway.

The grotto.

The admiring circle.

The picture is entitled "Mr. Richardson reading the Manuscript of Sir Charles Grandison, in 1751, to his Friends in the Grotto of his House at North End, from a

Reading the MS. of Sir Charles Grandison.

Drawing made at the time by Miss Highmore." That is it. Miss Highmore is making the picture now, and that is a pencil, or some such instrument, in her hand.

The picture (it is colored) faces the title-page of the second volume of "The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson," by Anna Letitia Barbauld, who has prefaced it with his "Life" and some remarks on his writings, from which I quote freely.

The author of "Clarissa."

The author of "Clarissa" was always fond of female society. He lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies; they were his inspirers, his critics, his applauders. Connections of business apart, they were his chief correspondents. He had generally a number of young ladies at his house whom he used to engage in conversation on some subject of sentiment, and provoke by artful opposition to display the treasures of intellect they possessed. Miss Mulso, afterward Mrs. Chapone; Miss Highmore, now Mrs. Duncombe; Miss Talbot, niece to Lecker, an author of some much esteemed devotional pieces; Miss Prescott, afterward Mrs. Mulso; Miss Fieldings and Miss Colliers, resided occasionally with him. He was accustomed to give the young ladies he esteemed the endearing appellation of his daughters. He used to write in a little summer house, or "grotto," as it was called, within his garden, before the family were up, and, when they met at breakfast, he communicated the progress of his story, which, by that means, had every day a fresh and lively interest. Then began the criticisms, the pleadings for Harriet Byron or Clementina; every turn and every incident was eagerly canvassed, and the author enjoyed the benefit of knowing beforehand how his situations would strike. Their own little peculiarities and entanglements, too, were developed, and became the subject of grave advice or lively raillery.

Criticisms on the work.

Mrs. Duncombe (No. 7 in the picture) thus mentions the agreeable scene in a letter to Mrs. Mulso (No. 5):

I shall often, in idea, enjoy again the hours that we have so agreeably spent in the delightful retirement of North End:

For while this pleasing subject I pursue,
The grot, the garden, rush upon my view;
There in blest union, round the friendly gate,
Instruction, peace, and cheerful freedom wait;
And then a choir of listening nymphs appears
Oppressed with wonder or dissolved in tears;
But on her tender fears when Harriet dwells,
And love's soft symptoms innocently tells,
They all, with conscious smiles, these symptoms view,
And by those conscious smiles confess them true.

Richardson's view of women.

Mr. Richardson was a friend to mental improvement in woman, though under all those restrictions which modesty and decorum have imposed upon the sex. Indeed, his sentiments seem to have been more favorable to female literature before than after his intercourse with the fashionable world; for Clarissa has been taught Latin, but Miss Byron has been made to say that she does even know which are meant by the learned languages, and to declare that a woman who knows them is as an owl among birds.

The three novels.

Such was the atmosphere in which Samuel Richardson wrote his works, in their time regarded as great. There are three novels, "Pamela," published in 1740, "Clarissa Harlowe," in 1748, and "Sir Charles Grandison" in 1753. They are all three written upon one plan; that is, the story is entirely told in letters, which are supposed to be written by the various persons in the action, a plan which is full of difficulties, especially for the narrative novel, where everything is told and nothing assumed; for instance, Richardson has to devise reasons for keeping Sir Charles Grandison's own sister away from his very important wedding—which occupies a whole volume in narration—in order that the relatives and guests, even the bride herself, may slip away in turn and "take the pen" that a consecutive account of the affair may be given incidentally to Lady G. and, as a matter of fact, to his public.

Letter-writing Richardson's forte.

But no matter. Letter-writing was Richardson's forte. He began it very early on his own account, and he created his characters by making them write letters. He has the reputation of being the real founder of the romance of private life; for although the romances *de longue haleine* were gone or going out of fashion, a closer imitation of nature was lacking until Defoe produced "Robinson Crusoe," from which it is said, but I doubt, that Richardson in some measure caught his own manner of accurate description of daily events. Mrs. Barbauld says:

> Richardson was the man who was to introduce a new kind of moral painting; he drew equally from nature and from his own ideas. From the world about him he took the incidents, manners, and general character of the times in which he lived, and from his own beautiful ideas he copied that sublime of virtue which charms us in his Clarissa, and that sublime of passion which interests us in his Clementina. That kind of fictitious writing of which he has set the example disclaims all assistance from giants or genii. The moated castle is changed to a modern parlor; the princess and her pages to a lady and her domestics, or even to a simple maiden, without birth or fortune; we are not called on to wonder at improbable events, but to be moved by natural passions and impressed by salutary maxims. The pathos of the story and the dignity of the sentiment interest and charm us; simplicity is warned, vice rebuked, and from the perusal of a novel we rise better prepared to meet the ills of life with firmness, and to perform our respective parts on its great theater.

We, in the end of the nineteenth century, have got so far beyond, or away from, expecting giants and genii and moats in our novels, that we do not feel called upon to praise the author that avoids them; but in the days of the "Castle of Otranto" it was otherwise.

His gift of narration.

As a boy, Richardson had the gift of narration and employed it. He says himself somewhere:

> I recollect that I was early noted for having invention. I was not fond of play, as other boys; my school-fellows used to call me "Serious" and "Gravity"; and five of them particularly delighted to single me out either for a walk, or at their fathers' houses, or at mine, to tell them stories, as they phrased it. Some I told them, from my reading, as true; others from my head, as mere invention; of which they would be most fond, and often were affected by them. One of them, particularly, I remember, was for putting me to write a story. All my stories carried with them, I am bold to say, a useful moral.

His youthful stories.

"Pamela" was written in three months, and published in 1740. It was received with a burst of applause from all ranks of people. The novelty of the plan, the simplicity of the language, the sentiments of piety and virtue it contained, also a novelty, took at once the taste of the public. Every one was reading it. Even at Ranelagh it was usual for ladies to hold up the volumes of "Pamela" to one another, to show they had got the book that every one was talking of.

Mrs. Barbauld says:

> The fame of this once favorite work is now somewhat tarnished by time [she was writing about 1800], but the enthusiasm with which it was received shows incontrovertibly that a *novel* written on the side of virtue was considered as a new experiment. . . . But the production upon which the fame of Richardson is principally founded, that which will transmit his name to posterity as one of the first geniuses of the age in which he lived, is undoubtedly "Clarissa."

Fame of "Pamela."

The interest which "Clarissa" excited was increased by suspense. The interval of several months which passed between the publication of the first four volumes and the remaining four (yes, eight in all, and long, each of them) wound up its readers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Every reader, and that was everybody, had an opinion about the proper ending of the book, and they all wrote Richardson to express their views.

Effect on its readers.

Philaretes writes: "Since I have heard that you design the end to be unhappy, I shall read no more." Miss Highmore says: "We could none of us read aloud the affecting scenes we met with, but each read to ourselves, and in separate apartments wept."

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. BARBAULD says:

> After Mr. Richardson had published two works, in each of which the principal character is a female, he determined to give the world an example of *a perfect man.*

"Sir Charles Grandison."

Hence came "Sir Charles Grandison," from which I shall give the extracts I intend as specimens not only of Richardson's work, but as pictures of the time. It is true that Richardson was accused by his contemporaries of ignorance of the real manners and modes of thought and feeling, prevalent in the fashionable world in which he makes the characters in this third novel move. Our friend Lady Mary is severe upon him on such points, although she says (on just receiving the book, lately published):

> I was such an old fool as to weep over "Clarissa Harlowe." To say truth, the first volume softened me by a near resemblance of my maiden days; but on the whole 'tis most miserable stuff. . . . Yet the circumstances are so laid as to inspire tenderness, notwithstanding the low style and absurd incidents.

And again:

Lady Mary's opinion.

> I have now read over "Sir Charles Grandison"—it sinks horribly in the third volume (so does the story of "Clarissa"). When Richardson talks of Italy, it is plain he is no better acquainted with it than he is with Kingdom of Mancomingo. . . . It is certain there are as many marriages as ever. Richardson is so eager for the multiplication of them. I suppose he is some parish curate whose chief profit depends on weddings and christenings. He never probably had money enough to purchase a ticket for a masquerade, which gives him such an aversion to them; though this intended satire against

> them is very absurd on the account of his Harriet, since she might have been carried off in the same manner if she had been going from supper with her grandame. Her whole behavior, which he designs to be exemplary, is equally blameable and ridiculous. He has no idea of the manners of high life. His old Lord M. talks in the style of a country justice, and his virtuous young ladies romp like the wenches round a may-pole. With all my contempt, I will take notice of one good thing, I mean his project of an English monastery. It was a favorite scheme of mine when I was fifteen.

Later on, in 1755, she again says:

> This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works, in a most scandalous manner. The two first tomes of "Clarissa" touched me, as being very resembling to my maiden days; and I find in the pictures of Sir Thomas Grandison and his lady, what I have heard of my mother and seen of my father.

Reality of Richardson's characters.

I am not troubled by Lady Mary's comments, for it is evident that Richardson, in all his books, makes his characters so real that they moved his contemporaries to the depths. If his fine ladies lack the supreme touches of fashion of Lady Mary's circle, they are nevertheless very human beings, and give us a vivid picture of the life in their time, yes, in her time. I prefer it of the three because it is the most amusing. "Pamela" is dull beyond words; "Clarissa" is shocking to our ideas of propriety, although the morality is of good intent. I think I can persuade you that "Sir Charles" is at least entertaining, if even he, the man, appears not so perfect as his author intended.

Killing Clementina.

Great debates took place in the author's female senate, as the chapters were read in the grotto, concerning the winding up of "Sir Charles Grandison." Some voted for killing Clementina, and very few were satisfied with the termination as it stands. I myself think it is very well as it is, and as for most readers of our generation, they are so glad to have the seven volumes reach any termination at all, they do not find fault. But this is to anticipate.

Richardson's "Correspondence."

There were none in his own age to give such a verdict. Richardson's "Correspondence" employs six volumes, of which it may be safely said that three quarters of the space is occupied in the raptures of his "lady friends" over the successive events in the novels. He was a vain little man, it is evident; and perhaps he preserved the letters on account of the adulation they contain, certainly not, for the most part, for any intrinsic interest or literary merit. Here and there are to be found indications of his great goodness of heart, and patience under persistence, in the shape of aid extended to suffering ladies of the pen, whose means of living were as meager as their power of earning one. Many a five-pound note slipped into his letters of reply to such appeals.

Richardson lived to be seventy. He had accumulated an easy fortune by his excellent diligence in writing, and retired to a pleasant suburban house at Parson's Green, near London, where he passed an honorable old age, surrounded, as we have seen him, by his female worshipers.

Seven volumes.

"The History of Sir Charles Grandison, Bart.," occupies seven volumes, each of over three hundred pages. It is all in letters between the principal persons, whose names are printed in the beginning, as appears on a play bill. This list includes *Men*, of whom there are twenty, chiefly lovers, otherwise relatives of Miss Harriet Byron; *Women*, sixteen, at their head the name of the heroine; and in separate lists, *Italians*, both men and women (as if they constituted another sex), fourteen in number. It may be imagined that all these characters, writing to each other with immense prolixity, may fill seven volumes without difficulty. The difficulty now is to persuade people to read them.

The book begins with the departure of Harriet Byron for a visit, her first visit to London, from her home in the country, where she lives with a delightful collection of relatives, her Uncle and Aunt Selby, the revered Mrs. Shirley, who is her grandmother by her mother's side, and so on. The key-note is struck in the first sentence, written by Miss Lucy Selby on the departure of her cousin for town :

> Your resolution to accompany Mrs. Reeves to London has greatly alarmed your three lovers.

Harriet Byron in London.

She went to town to visit her cousin, Mrs. Reeves, who seems to have been in very good society, and here she immediately began to create a sensation, for you must know that Harriet was very beautiful, besides being perfection in every other respect. You learn something about this in the second letter, addressed by Mr. Greville to Lady Frampton. Mr. Greville is one of the three original lovers. Greville is a sad dog, but being a country dog, not nearly so sad a dog as dogs we meet later, but he is madly and seriously in love with Miss Byron. Amongst a great many other things in his description of her personal charms, he says :

> Her cheek—I never saw a cheek so beautifully turned; illustrated as it is by a charming carmine flush which denotes sound health. A most bewitching dimple takes place in each when she smiles; and she has so much reason to be pleased with herself and with all about her (for she is the idol of her relatives) that I believe from infancy she never frowned; nor can a frown, it is my opinion, sit upon her face for a minute. Her mouth—there never was so lovely a mouth. But no wonder; since such rosy lips and such ivory and even teeth must

give beauty to a mouth less charming than hers. Her nose—

and so on, through a letter of eight pages, devoted to this and nothing else.

The masquerade.

Lady Betty Williams, being charmed with Harriet, persuaded her to go with her to a masquerade. She had misgivings as to the propriety of masquerades, duly set forth in her letters home, which she diligently wrote upon daily and nightly. For we are in the middle of the first volume, and at the twenty-second letter, before we come to the masquerade, about a month after her arrival. I must give her description of her costume.

> Our dresses are ready. Mr. Reeves is to be a hermit, Mrs. Reeves a nun, Lady Betty a lady abbess, but I by no means like mine, because of its gaudiness; the very thing I was afraid of.
>
> They call it the dress of an Arcadian princess; but it falls not in with any of my notions of the pastoral dress of Arcadia.
>
> A white Paris net sort of a cap, glittering with spangles and encircled by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a little white feather peeking from the left ear, is to be my head-dress.
>
> My masque is Venetian.
>
> My hair is to be complimented with an appearance, because of its natural ringlets, as they call my curls, and to shade my neck.
>
> Tucker and ruffles blond lace.
>
> My shape is also said to be consulted in this dress. A kind of waistcoat of blue satin trimmed with silver point d'Espagne, the skirts edged with silver fringe, is made to sit close to my waist by double clasps, a small silver tassel at the end of each clasp; all set off with bugles and spangles, which make a mighty glitter.
>
> **Her costume.**
>
> But I am to be allowed a kind of scarf of white Persian silk, which, gathered at the top, is to be fastened to my shoulders, and to fly loose behind me.
>
> Bracelets on my arms.
>
> They would have given me a crook; but I would not submit to that. It would give me, I said, an air of confidence to aim to manage it with any tolerable freedom; and I was appre-

hensive that I should not be thought to want *that* from the dress itself. A large Indian fan was not improper from the expected warmth of the place, and that contented me.

My petticoat is of blue satin, trimmed and fringed as my waistcoat. I am not to have a hoop that is perceivable. They wore not hoops in Arcadia.

Its extravagance.

What a sparkling figure shall I make! Had the ball been what they call a subscription ball, at which people dress with more glare than at a common one, this dress would have been more tolerable.

But they all say that I shall be kept in countenance by masques as extravagant and even more ridiculous.

Be that as it may, I wish the night was over. I dare say it will be the last diversion of this kind I ever shall be at; for I never had any notion of masquerades.

Expect particulars of all in my next. I reckon you will be impatient for them; but pray, my Lucy, be fanciful, as I sometimes am, and let me know how you think everything will be beforehand; and how many pretty fellows you imagine in this dress will be slain by your HARRIET BYRON.

Her misgivings were all too prophetic, for lo! the very next letter begins thus:

LETTER XXIII.

MR. REEVES TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ.

Friday, February 17th.

Her disappearance.

DEAR MR. SELBY: No one, at present, but yourself must see the contents of what I am going to write.

You must not be too much surprised.

But how shall I tell you the news; the dreadful news? My wife has been low since three this morning in violent hysterics.

You must not—but how shall I say *you* must not be too much affected, when *we* are unable to support ourselves.

Oh, my cousin Selby! We know not what is become of our dearest Miss Byron!

This was a blow! And now for nineteen pages there is anguish and skurrying around, examining chairmen and valets and villains, letters between the anxious people in the country and the frantic people in the town, long letters, with such ejaculations as these (from Uncle Selby): "Oh, Mr. Reeves! Dear, sweet child! Flower of the world!" until at last Mr. Reeves writes:

Tidings.

OH, MY DEAR MR. SELBY: We have tidings—God be praised! we have tidings—not so happy, indeed, as were to be wished; yet the dear creature is living, and in honorable hands—God be praised!

Read the enclosed letter directed to me.

"SIR: Miss Byron is safe and in honorable hands. The first moment she could give any account of herself she besought me to quiet your heart and your lady's with this information.

"She has been cruelly treated.

"Particulars at present she cannot give.

"She was many hours speechless.

"But don't fright yourselves; her fits, though not less frequent, are weaker and weaker.

"The bearer will acquaint you who my brother is, to whom you owe the preservation and safety of the loveliest woman in England, and he will direct you to a house where you will be welcome with your lady (for Miss Byron cannot be removed) to convince yourselves that all possible care is taken of her, by, sir, "Your humble servant,

"*Friday, February 17th.* CHARLOTTE GRANDISON."

Mr. Reeves continues:

In fits! Has been cruelly treated! Many hours speechless! Cannot be removed! Her solicitude, though hardly herself, for our ease! Dearest, dear creature! But you will rejoice with me, my cousins, that she is in such honorable hands. She is at a nobleman's house, the Earl of L., near Colnebrook.

Found.

This letter was written by the sister of the great, the glorious Sir Charles Grandison, for it was indeed he who had the good fortune and the bravery to rescue the loveliest woman in England from the hands of a wretch. This wretch was not the sad dog Greville, upon whom suspicion had immediately turned, but was the vile Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a nobleman who saw Harriet on her first arrival in town and had instantly fallen in love with her. But she would have nought of him, in spite of his title and splendor, and brilliant position, for his reputation was that of a rake. She had had time, thus early in the book, to refuse his advances several times, whereupon he devised the scheme to carry her off, which was perfectly successful in the outset. It is long before the reader becomes acquainted with the details of the abduction, which we finally have from Harriet's own lips, or rather from her diligent pen. The subject covers the rest of the first volume.

Her preserver.

Her preserver was Sir Charles Grandison, who, driving to town one morning in his chariot and six, outriders and all, encountered another chariot and six which contained Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and the unwilling Miss Byron. Her cries attracted Sir Charles to the spot, who with great courage and presence of mind stopped the other chariot. He is telling about this himself to Mr. Reeves:

> "Sirrah," said I to the coachman (for he lashed his horses on), "proceed at your peril."
>
> Sir Hargrave then with violent curses and threatenings ordered him to drive over every one that opposed him.
>
> "Coachman, proceed at your peril," said I. "Madam, will you—"
>
> **His account of the rescue.**
>
> "O sir, sir, sir, relieve, help me, for God's sake! I am in a villain's hands! Tricked, vilely tricked into a villain's hands! Help, help, for God's sake!"
>
> "Do you," said I to Frederick, "cut the traces, if you cannot otherwise stop this chariot. Bid Jerry cut the reins, and then slice as many of those fellows as you can. Leave Sir Hargrave to me."
>
> The lady continued screaming and crying out for help. Sir Hargrave drew his sword, which he had held between his knees in the scabbard; and then called upon his servants to fire at all that opposed his progress.

"My servants, Sir Hargrave, have firearms as well as yours. They will not dispute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word."

Then addressing the lady, "Will you, madam, put yourself into my protection?"

"O yes, yes, yes, with all my heart. Dear, good sir, protect me!"

The attack.

I opened the chariot door. Sir Hargrave made a pass at me. "Take that, and be damned to you for your insolence, scoundrel!" said he.

I was aware of his thrust and put it by; but his sword a little raked my shoulder.

My sword was in my hand, but undrawn.

The chariot-door remaining open (I was not so ceremonious as to let down the footsteps to take the gentleman out), I seized him by the collar, before he could recover himself from the pass he had made at me; and, with a jerk and a kind of twist, laid him under the hind wheel of his chariot. Sir Hargrave's face and mouth were very bloody. I believe I might have hurt him with the pommel of my sword.

One of his legs in his sprawling had got between the spokes of his chariot-wheel. I thought that was a fortunate circumstance for preventing further mischief, and charged his coachman not to stir with the chariot for his master's sake.

After some more details, Sir Charles goes on:

The lady, though greatly terrified, had disengaged herself from the man's cloak. I had not leisure to consider her dress, but I was struck with her figure, and more of her terror.

And then he breaks off the narration to remark:

The frighted bird.

Have you not read, Mr. Reeves (Pliny I think gives the relation), of a frighted bird that, pursued by a hawk, flew for protection into the bosom of a man passing by? In like manner your lovely cousin, the moment I returned to the chariot-door, instead of accepting of my offered hand, threw herself into my arms.

He continues the narration at great length.

Harriet herself, afterward, was in great tribulation about this deed of hers, throwing herself thus into the arms of a stranger. Such lack of punctilio, and that stranger the great, the noble Sir Charles Grandison!

The affair was now at an end. Sir Hargrave limped to his carriage, cursing and threatening vengeance, and Sir Charles brought the lady to the house of one sister and the arms of another.

Fleet marriage intended.

It was the intention of Sir Hargrave to force a marriage upon Miss Byron, the ceremony to be performed by what was in those days called a "Fleet" parson and his clerk. She was accordingly carried to a house in Paddington for that purpose, but she made such vigorous resistance, "with screams, prayers, and tears," that Sir Hargrave in terror dismissed the parson and resolved to carry the lady in the chariot to his seat at Windsor, in order to be married there. The scheme was frustrated by the opportune meeting with Sir Charles Grandison.

A close intimacy is now established between Miss Byron and the estimable sisters of Sir Charles, and it is soon to be seen that Harriet, hitherto obdurate toward all her lovers, is surrendering her affections to this "first of men." He, you must know, was living, not at his sister's, but in town in St. James's Square.

Connections of the Grandison family.

Harriet is presented to all the connections of the Grandison family, especially his married sister and her husband, Lord L. They all of them receive Miss Byron with warmth and admiration. Miss Grandison is of a sprightly turn and does pretty much all the wit of the book. She is a little like Lady Mary Wortley, who, however, could not bear her.

Harriet made a long visit at Colnebrook with the sisters, where Miss Grandison, ever obliging, indulged her in her choice of having a room to herself, upon which she writes: "I shall have the more leisure for writing to you, my dear friend"; a leisure which she stretches to the utmost, as everything that is said, done, or thought by the three ladies is faithfully recorded for the enjoyment of the excellent family at Selby House.

Even on the way from London to Colnebrook, "the conversation in the coach turned upon the Grandison family, from which I gathered the following particulars." As these particulars take up nearly the whole of one volume, it would seem that the distance was long; but, to be fair, there are breaks in the narrative, and the good ladies were more than a week in relating it and Harriet in transcribing it to her family. All that we need know is that their father, Sir Thomas, one of the handsomest men of his time, was a dissipated character who did his best to squander a large fortune inherited from a frugal father. Their mother, Lady Grandison, was the most excellent of women. She died early, leaving the daughters to live with their father, while Sir Charles was sent abroad for the advantages of the tour. His two sisters had but a hard time of it in his absence, owing to the severity of their father and the indecorum of his way of living. This was brought to a close by the alarming illness and death of Sir Thomas, which caused the return of Sir Charles, who started at once for England on the notification by his sister of his father's danger, but arrived too late.

History of the family.

> Judge, my dear Lucy [says Harriet at this point], from the foregoing circumstances how awful must be to the sisters, after eight or nine years' absence, the first appearance of a brother on whom the whole of their fortunes depended.
>
> In the same moment he alighted from his post-chaise the door was opened; he entered, and his two sisters met him in the hall.
>
> The graceful youth of seventeen, with fine curling auburn

Return of Sir Charles.

locks waving upon his shoulders; delicate in complexion; intelligence sparkling in his fine free eyes; and good humor sweetening his lively features, they remembered; and, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened in the same space of time, they seemed not to expect that manly stature and air and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, which every one who sees this brother admires in his noble aspect; an aspect then appearing more solemn than usual, an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

Sir Charles was now twenty-five; he had been absent eight years on his travels.

Emotion of the sisters.

"O my brother!" said Caroline, with open arms (she was the oldest of the family), but, shrinking from his embrace, "May I say, my brother—" and was just fainting. He clasped her in his arms to support her.

Charlotte, surprised at her sister's emotion, and affected with his presence, ran back into the room they had both quitted, and threw herself upon a settee.

The reason the sisters were so alarmed was that Sir Thomas had been representing them to his son as disobedient, naughty girls. He had not approved of the addresses of Lord L., Caroline's lover, and Charlotte had boldly encouraged her sister's affair. As Charles was heir to his father, and therefore would now control their destinies, his favor was of grave importance.

His affection.

Her brother followed her into the room, his arm round Miss Caroline's waist, soothing her; and with eyes of expectation, "My Charlotte!" said he, his inviting hand held out, and hastening toward the settee. She then found her feet, and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both sisters to his bosom. "Receive, my dearest sisters, receive your brother, your friend."

After a few words "he pressed the hand of each to his lips, arose, went to the window, and drew out his handkerchief," then, shortly, "cast his eye on his father's and mother's pictures with some emotion; then on them; and again saluted each."

They withdrew. He waited on them to the stairs' head. "Sweet obligingness! Amiable sisters! In a quarter of an hour I seek your presence." Tears of joy trickled down their cheeks. In half an hour he joined them in another dress, and re-saluted his sisters with an air of tenderness that banished fear and left room for nothing but sisterly love.

Caroline marries.

Everything now went finely for the sisters. At the end of eight months Sir Charles gave Caroline with his own hand to Lord L. Charlotte subsequently married Lord G., but at this period she had not made up her mind to do so. Sir Charles announced his intention, which I have no doubt he carried out,

> to dispose of his racers, hunters, and dogs as soon as he could; to take a survey of the timber upon his estate, and sell that which would be the worse for standing; and doubted not but that a part of it in Hampshire would turn to good account; but that he would plant an oakling for every oak he cut down, for the sake of posterity.

Delightful days.

Now followed delightful days. Sir Charles was very busy in settling the affairs of his estate, with the executors, and also in making all those persons comfortable and happy whom his father had succeeded in making miserable. Harriet became deeply interested in these matters, and described them at great length in her letters. Meanwhile his frequent visits to his sisters and his evident admiration of Miss Byron not only increased her inclination toward him, but set the sisters to desiring a match between the prince of men and the angel of her sex.

Harriet's admirers.

During this time Harriet's admirers increased in number, and offers of marriage came in from every side; she steadily refused them, and this gave rise to the question whether her heart was still free. It was awkward, in those days of delicacy and punctilio, even more than it would be now, for her to admit to herself and others a predilection in favor of a gentleman who, in spite of his evident admiration, made no sign of a deeper regard.

A theme for speculation.

Why did he not? This, after Harriet's natural coyness was overcome, became a frequent theme for speculation with the three ladies. It was evident that something in the course of his travels, during eight years' absence, had occurred which stood in the way. As matter of fact they were devoured with curiosity.

To satisfy this curiosity these ladies, if I may use the expression, put Harriet up to compassing about the excellent Dr. Ambrose Bartlett, the former tutor of Sir Charles, and now his close counselor and friend.

Harriet one day writes to her Lucy that her host, Lord L., and her two hostesses, being now pretty much absorbed in reading all the mass of her letters about the masquerade, which at their request she had sent for to Selby House,

> gives me an opportunity of pursuing my own desires—and what, besides scribbling, do you think one of them is? A kind of persecution of Dr. Bartlett, by which, however, I suspect that I am myself the greatest sufferer. He is an excellent man, and I make no difficulty of going to him in his closet, encouraged by his assurances of welcome.
>
> Let me stop to say, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement, surrounded by his books, his table covered generally with those on pious subjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the saint and inheritor of future glory; and, in that great view, am the more desirous to cultivate his friendship.

Conversations with Dr. Ambrose Bartlett.

She admits that although their conferences begin with the great and glorious truths of Christianity, they drift round to the subject of Sir Charles, which is but natural, as the one subject, sublime as it is, brings on the other.

The good doctor took it kindly, and in time furnished Harriet with the history of his first intimacy with

Sir Charles, which he had already written down, with the permission to communicate to the ladies the revelation of all that had happened on the Continent during their absence. Her kind friends in the meantime were working upon the doctor in Harriet's absence to discover what he knew of the state of Sir Charles's affections, in what we should now call a shameless manner. Of course all this came to Miss Byron's ears, and she repeated it in her letters. For instance :

Curiosity of the sisters.

> *Miss G.* Pray, doctor, is there any one lady (we imagine there is) that he has preferred to another in the different nations he has traveled through?
>
> *Lord L.* Ay, doctor, we want to know this; and if you thought there were *not*, we should make no scruple to explain ourselves, as well as Miss Byron, to our brother.
>
> Don't you long to know [inserts Harriet] what answer the doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with impatience when Miss Grandison repeated it to me.
>
> The doctor hesitated—and at last said : "I wish with all my heart Miss Byron could be Lady Grandison."
>
> *Miss G.* *Could* be?
>
> "*Could* be," said each.
>
> And "*could* be" said the fool to Miss Grandison when she repeated it, her heart quite sunk.

Interview with Sir Charles.

This was all they could elicit for the moment, for Harriet adds, "The doctor, it seems, bowed but answered not." However, after another half-volume devoted to accounts of Sir Charles's generosity to dependents of all sorts, a day came (Harriet was staying on at Colnebrook all this time) when he requested a private interview with her. Imagine the agitation of the little circle.

> "Admirable Miss Byron," said Sir Charles as soon as he came in to breakfast, and then made the request; then later: "May I hope, madam, by and by, for the honor of your hand to my lord's library?"
>
> "Sir, I will—I will—attend you," hesitated the simpleton.

The conversation began with some comments on the behavior of his sister, Miss Grandison, concerning a suitor of hers, Lord G., which Sir Charles could not quite approve, and he said so. Harriet writes: "My spirits were not high; I was forced to take out my handkerchief."

When he was ready for the main subject, he thus began:

Uncertainty of his future.

> "There seems," said he, "to be a mixture of generous concern and kind curiosity in one of the loveliest and most intelligent faces in the world. My sisters have in your presence expressed a great deal of the latter. Had I not been myself in a manner uncertain as to the event which must govern my future destiny, I would have gratified it; especially as my Lord L. has of late joined in it. The crisis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand."
>
> "I do remember you said so, sir." And indeed, Lucy, it was more than perhaps. I had not thought of any words half so often since he spoke them.
>
> "The crisis, madam, is at hand. If you will be so good as to indulge me, I will briefly lay before you a few of the difficulties of my situation and leave it to you to communicate them to my two sisters and Lord L."

His sojourn on the Continent.

At great length, thirty-three pages without a break, Sir Charles now entered upon and continued the narration of certain events during his sojourn on the Continent. Harriet listened breathless; occasionally she was moved to tears, and once "he stopt—his handkerchief was of use to him as mine was to me—what a distress was here."

He began:

> At Bologna, and in the neighborhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquises and counts of Porretta, which boasts its pedigree from Roman princes and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, one in the beginning of this.

The Porretta family.

The Marchese della Porretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit; his lady is illustrious by descent and still more for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, and prudence. They have three sons and a daughter.

"Ah, that daughter," thought Harriet.

After describing them thus, Sir Charles continued:

The sister is the favorite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, pious, charitable, beneficent. Her father used to call her "the pride of his life," her mother, "her other self, her own Clementina."

CHAPTER XII.

It is evident that Clementina is the rival of Harriet Byron in the affections of Sir Charles Grandison.

Clementina the rival of Harriet.

The story briefly is this: Sir Charles rescued Jeronymo della Porretta, already his friend, from an attack of ruffians in a little thicket "in the Cremonese." The young count was wounded severely, and Sir Charles procured a surgeon, attended him to Cremona, and watched over him there till he could be removed. His whole family came to the bedside of their beloved son and brother, and all joined to bless his preserver. Never was there a more grateful family. They urged him to visit them at their various seats. Meanwhile Sir Charles initiated them into the knowledge of the English tongue by reading and expounding Milton to them. He told Harriet:

Milton expounded.

> Our Milton has deservedly a name among them from the friendship that subsisted between him and a learned nobleman of that country. Our lectures were usually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him. He also became my scholar. Clementina was seldom absent. She also called me her tutor, and she made a greater proficiency than either of her brothers.

Clementina had a suitor, favored by all her family; she continually refused him, and upon being pressed and closely examined it became evident that she was in love with the English chevalier. Sir Charles, whose conduct was perfectly honorable in the matter, resolved to withdraw, and did so; but after his departure she grew melancholy, and even out of her mind, expressing her desire to go into a nunnery ; all was in vain, until a wise and judicious friend went to the bottom of the malady and advised the family thereupon. The tutor was sent for. This is Sir Charles's delicate manner of explaining what is coming :

"He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina. Jeronymo called the happy man 'brother.' The marquis was ready to recognize the fourth son in him. A great fortune additional to an estate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers was proposed. My father was to be invited over to grace the nuptials by his presence.

"But," continued Sir Charles, "let me cut short the rest. The terms could not be complied with. For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to settle in Italy ; only once in two or three years was allowed if I pleased for two or three months to go to England." [It was here that his handkerchief was of use to him.]

Proposals of the Porretta family.

He went on : "Satisfied in my own faith, entirely satisfied ! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace! A lover of my country too. Were not my God and my country to be the sacrifice if I complied ! but I labored, I studied, for a compromise."

But no compromise was to be had. Sir Charles was allowed, desired, to depart from Bologna ; and shortly afterward, summoned by the death of his father, he returned to England, regarding this action as final.

His return to England.

But what was the consequence. In agitation he continues :

"Unhappy Clementina ! Now they wish me to make them one more visit to Bologna ! Unhappy Clementina ! To what purpose !"

He arose from his seat, "Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favor of your ear. Pardon me for the trouble I see I have given to a heart that is capable of a sympathy so tender."

And bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation.

There was endless discussion, in Richardson's coterie, whether Sir Charles was in love, or not, with Clementina

Sentiments of Sir Charles.

at this point. I have omitted nothing in the account of the interview just given which would give a clue to his feelings, and have read the whole episode through many times with great care to find some acknowledgment or denial of his ardor for the Italian lady. Some of his admirers thought that he returned with a bleeding heart, or a heart left behind; others, on the contrary, that he was untouched by the pathetic charms of Clementina, and therefore heart-whole when he first beheld Miss Byron. Others imagine that the dazzling image of Miss Byron drove the fainter impression from its hold upon his affections. Then some people regard Sir Charles as a being so cold as to be incapable of an ardent attachment. I for my part believe he cared nothing at all for Clementina; still, I am not sure that Richardson has not somewhere said that he did care for her; and he should know.

Dismay of Harriet's friends.

There was dismay in the circle of Harriet's friends when it was revealed that Sir Charles Grandison was not altogether free to lay himself at her feet. Her mind turns toward her home in the country, and she warns everybody that she is about to go back.

Sir Charles was quietly winding up his affairs and preparing to depart for Italy, with the intention of taking with him an accomplished surgeon of his acquaintance, to examine the wounds of Jeronymo, which were still extremely troublesome. This is the nominal excuse for his return to Bologna, but every one feels that another wound requires his healing presence, in the heart of Clementina.

Just before leaving, Sir Charles sought another interview with Harriet.

> He led me to my seat, and taking his by me, still holding my passive hand: "Ever since I have had the honor of Miss

Byron's acquaintance I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart desires alliance with hers, and hopes to be allowed its claim, though such are the delicacies of the situation that I scarcely dare to trust myself to speak upon the subject. From the first, I called Miss Byron my sister; but she is more to me than the dearest sister; and there is a more tender friendship that I aspire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents on either side, to bar a further wish; and this I must hope that she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments."

Another interview.

He paused. I made an effort to speak, but speech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

"My heart," resumed he," is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot speak all that is in it. Professions I am not accustomed to make. As I am not conscious of being unworthy of your friendship, I will suppose it, and further talk to you of my affairs and engagements as that tender friendship may warrant."

"Sir, you do me honor," was all I could say.

He then explained his intentions as to the course of his journey and talked of arrangements at home, amongst others the wedding of Charlotte Grandison and Lord G., which the brother was anxious to see consummated before his departure.

And there was a great wedding, described at length; Charlotte behaving in a very foolish manner, under the guise of coyness or wit; even when she was led to the altar "her levity did not forsake her," Harriet says. It was only a family party, however.

Charlotte Grandison's wedding.

Between dinner and tea, at Lady L.'s motion, they made me play on the harpsichord; and after one lesson they besought Sir Charles to sing to my playing. He would not, he said, deny any request that was made him on that day.

He sung. He has a mellow manly voice, and great command of it.

This introduced a little concert. Mr. Beauchamp took the violin, Lord L. the bass viol, Lord G. the German flute, and most of the company joined in the chorus. The song was from "Alexander's Feast"; the words,

Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the *good* deserve the fair,

Sir Charles, though himself equally both *brave* and *good*, preferring the latter word to the former.

The next letter begins:

Saturday morning, April 15th.

Departure of Sir Charles.

Oh, Lucy, Sir Charles Grandison is gone! Gone, indeed! He set out at three this morning; on purpose, no doubt, to spare his sisters and friends, as well as himself, concern.

The letter is filled with an account of the last evening, broken by such exclamations as:

Angel of a man! How is he beloved! Lie down, hope. Hopelessness, take place. Clementina shall be his. He shall be hers.

She was now to return to Selby House, and did so, putting up at Dunstable on Friday night. Mr. Beauchamp (a cousin of the Grandisons) and Mr. Reeves rode as her escort. Lord L. and Lord G. also obliged her with their company on horseback.

Harriet's return to Selby House.

After this, the scene is at Selby House, and Harriet is writing to Lady G. with the same fidelity that she had done to her Lucy. In return, every scrap of news from the travelers is forwarded to her by Dr. Bartlett or the Grandison ladies. The first is a long letter from Mr. Lowther, the surgeon, describing their passage over the Alps in the most dismal manner:

The unseasonable coldness of the weather (it was May) and the sight of one of the worst countries under heaven, still clothed with snow and deformed by continual hurricanes.

They reached the foot of Mount Cenis at break of day, at Lanebourg (Lansleburg?),

a poor little village, so environed by high mountains that for three months in the twelve it is hardly visited by the cheering rays of the sun. Here it is usual to unscrew and take in pieces the chaises in order to carry them on mules over the mountain, and to put them together on the other side; for the Savoy side of the mountain is much more difficult to pass than the other. But Sir Charles chose not to lose time; and, therefore, left the chaise to the care of the inn-keeper.

They were each carried on "a kind of horse with two poles, on which is secured a sort of elbow-chair." A man before, another behind, carried this machine, running and skipping like wild goats from rock to rock, four miles of that ascent.

Sir Horace Walpole's veritable account is almost the same as this.

Letters to Dr. Bartlett.

Sir Charles now addressed his letters to Dr. Bartlett, with the full understanding that they were to be given to his sisters for perusal, including Miss Byron.

He writes from Bologna, June 14–25:

> Having the honor of an invitation to a conversation visit, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning. After sitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted to the presence of Lady Clementina. Her parents and the bishop were with her. "Clementina, chevalier," said her mother, "was inquiring for you. She is desirous to recover her English. Are you willing, sir, to undertake your pupil again?"
>
> "Ah, chevalier," said the young lady, "those were happy times and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then."
>
> "You have not been very well, madam; and is it not better to defer our lectures for some days, till you are quite established in your health?"
>
> "Why, that is the thing. I know that I am not yet quite well, and I want to be so; and that is the reason that I would recover my English."
>
> **Interview with Clementina.**
>
> "You will soon recover it, madam, when you begin. But at present the thought, the memory, it would require you to exert would perplex you. I am afraid the study would rather retard than forward your recovery."

"Why, now, I did not expect this from you, sir. My mama has consented."

"I did, my dear, because I would deny you nothing that your heart was set upon; but the chevalier has given you such good reasons to suspend his lectures that I wish you would not be earnest in your request."

"But I can't help it, madam. I want to be happy."

"Well, madam, let us begin now. What English book have you at hand?"

"I don't know, but I will fetch one."

Her impaired memory.

She slipt out, Camilla [the maid] after her; and the poor lady, forgetting her purpose, brought down some of her own work, the first thing that came to hand out of a drawer that she pulled out in her dressing-room, instead of looking in her bookcase. It is an unfinished piece of Noah's Ark and the rising deluge, the execution admirable. And coming to me, "I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of women's work, chevalier?"

She went to the table. "Come hither, and sit down by me." I did. "Madam," to her mother, "my lord," to her brother, "come and sit down by the chevalier and me." They did. She spread it on the table, and in an attentive posture, her elbow on the table, her head on one hand, pointing with the finger of the other, "Now tell me your opinion of this work."

I praised, as it deserved, the admirable finger of the workwoman. "Do you know, that's mine, sir? But tell me—everybody can praise—do you see no fault?"

"I think that is one," said I, and pointed to a disproportion that was pretty obvious.

"Why, so it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer."

A delicate compliment.

"Men who can find fault more gracefully," said the bishop, "than others praise, need not flatter."

"Why, that is true," said she. She sighed; "I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after—after—I forget the painter. But you think it tolerable—do you?"

"I think it, upon the whole, very fine; if you could rectify that one fault, it would be a masterpiece."

"Well, I think I'll try, since you like it." She rolled it up. "Camilla, let it be put on my toilette."

CHAPTER XIII.

THIS Clementina episode, which is spun out to great length, was to many of the coterie the most touching and admirable part of the work. The character of Clementina, and her sufferings (most of which I have omitted) caused by the unkindness or want of judgment of her keepers and guardians, caused buckets of tears to be shed by the readers of Richardson, while the anguish of suspense endured by the good people at home, I mean the people in the book who were interested in the fate of Harriet, was shared by all London.

The Clementina episode.

As for me, I never cared very much about the Italian part of the book. Lady Mary is quite right when she says Richardson is no more acquainted with Italy than he is with the Kingdom of Mancomingo. It is quite extraordinary that a man of Sir Charles's cultivation should be capable of traveling for eight years on the Continent, tarrying especially in the cities of Italy, to bring home so little material with which to adorn his conversation. I do not remember his even mentioning the works of art, paintings, sculpture, which must have already existed in those towns; the St. Cecilia of Raphael must have been hanging in the cathedral of Bologna; to be sure, his religious convictions would have prevented his entering it. Apart from this, my interests are on the side of Harriet Byron, and I am always glad to get him safe home again, away from the entanglements of the Porretta family.

Richardson's ignorance of Italy.

Miss Byron writes to Lady G. from Selby House, after ample comments on the Italian letters forwarded to her:

Miss Byron's letters from Selby House.

As to my health, I would fain be well. I am more sorry that I am not for the sake of my friends (who are incessantly grieving for me) than for my own. I have not, I *think* I have not, anything to reproach myself with, nor yet anybody to reproach me. To whom have I given cause of triumph over me by my ill usage or insolence to them? I yield to an event to which I ought to submit; and to a woman not less, but more worthy than myself; and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandison have the satisfaction and the merit with the family of being the means of restoring to reason (a greater restoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whose soul ought in that case to be devoted to God and to him! Methinks I have at present but one wish; it is that I may live to see this lady, if she is to be the happy woman. . . .

But you see Sir Charles has been indisposed. No wonder. Visited by the marquis and marchioness, you see. Not a slight illness, therefore, you may believe. God preserve him, and restore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me! But, my dear, I think the doctor and you must forbear obliging me with any more of his letters. His goodness, his tenderness, his delicacy, his strict honor, but adds— Yet can any new instances add to a character so uniformly good? But the chief reason of my self-denial, if you were to take me at my word as to these communications, is that his affecting descriptions and narratives of Lady Clementina's reveries (poor, poor lady!) will break my heart. Yet you must send them to your ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

Poor Harriet!

Visit of Lady G.

Lady G. went down to Selby House, taking the good Dr. Bartlett with her, to be with Miss Byron, and if possible raise her spirits with her own lively ones. Hence comes this letter:

LADY G. TO LADY L.

Selby House, Monday, July 24th.

Lord bless me, my dear, what shall we do! My brother in all probability by this time—But I cannot tell how to suppose it! Ah, the poor Harriet! The three letters from my brother, which by the permission of Dr. Bartlett I enclose, will show you that the Italian affair is now at a crisis.

The three letters are inserted here, and then, thirty pages on, Lady G. continues :

News from abroad.

Well, my dear sister ! and what did you say to the contents ? I wish I had been with you and Lord L. at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with yours for the sweet Harriet ! Why would my brother despatch these letters, without staying till at least he could have informed us of the result of the next day's meeting with Clementina ? What was the opportunity that he had to send away those letters, which he must be assured would keep us in strange suspense ? *Hang* the opportunity that so officiously offered ! But perhaps, in the tenderness of his nature, he thought that this despatch was necessary to prepare us for what was to follow, lest, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be supported. We sisters to go over to attend LADY CLEMENTINA GRANDISON a twelvemonth hence ! Ah ! the poor Harriet ! And will she give us leave ? But surely it must not, cannot be ! And yet—Hush ! hush ! hush, Charlotte, and proceed to facts. . . .

Sir Charles's arrival at Bologna.

These three letters she is referring to, from Sir Charles, narrate his arrival at Bologna and subsequent interviews with the Porretta family, and especially with Clementina, whose health was greatly improving, although when he first saw her "she was in her mother's arms on a couch, just come out of a fit, but not a strong one." The whole family were now prepared to surrender all their prejudices and render their conditions. The marquis, the marchioness, the bishop, the count, and Father Marescotti were all present at this interview at the palace. They entered and took their places.

Renewed offers of the Porretta family.

"My dear," said the marquis, referring to his lady. After some little hesitation, "We have no hope, sir," said she, "of our child's perfect restoration, but from—" she stopt.

"Our compliance with every wish of her heart," said the bishop.

"Ay, do you proceed," said the marchioness to the prelate.

Desired conversion of Sir Charles.

"It would be to no purpose, chevalier," questioned the bishop, "to urge to you the topic so near to all our hearts?"

I bowed assent to what he said.

"I am sorry for it," replied the bishop.

"I am very sorry for it," said the count.

This referred, of course, to his own change of religion, and they all beset him again to shake his purpose.

"You have the example of great princes, chevalier," said Father Marescotti, "Henry the Fourth of France, Augustus of Poland—"

"True, father. But great princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men."

The conditions of the marriage.

And so on, and so on, at great length, but they were already fully decided to surrender the point of Sir Charles's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, on condition that he should never, by himself, or his English divines, attempt to pervert her; should allow her a confessor, that confessor Father Marescotti, their residence to be in England after the first year, which his sisters should pass with them in Italy. The long conversation settled everything in detail, the education of the children, daughters allowed to be Roman Catholics, sons to adhere to the faith of their father.

"All we have now to do," said the marquis, "is to gain his holiness's permission [the pope]. That has not been refused in such cases, where either the sons or the daughters of the marriage are to be brought up Catholics."

Such was the news in the three letters which Sir Charles sent off to Dr. Bartlett. He closes thus:

To-morrow I am to drink chocolate with Lady Clementina. We shall be left together perhaps, or only with her mother and Camilla.

A long interval had to elapse before the waiting circle heard further news; it came thus:

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR. BARTLETT.

Bologna, Saturday ev'g.

Surprising news.

I sit down now, my dear and reverend friend, to write you particulars which will surprise you. There is not on earth a nobler woman than Clementina! What at last—But I find I must have a quieter heart, and fingers, too, before I can proceed.

. . . .

He resumes later:

I think I am a little less agitated than I was. The above few lines shall go, for they will express to you the emotions of my mind when I attempted to write an account of what had then so newly passed.

What had newly passed was that Clementina, in the interview accorded, after showing great agitation at his addresses and the warmth of them, retired to a closet, putting a paper in his hand as she left him.

Clementina's resolve.

This paper revealed her absolute determination never to unite herself to a heretic, even if it were the beloved of her heart. Here is a part of it (translated by Dr. Bartlett):

"My tutor, my brother, my friend! oh, most beloved and best of men! Seek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of thee. Thy SOUL was ever most dear to Clementina. Whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy; and how? Why, by meditating on the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that soul to be saved? thought I. Dear, obstinate, and perverse! And shall I bind my soul to a soul allied to perdition? That so dearly loves that soul, as hardly to wish to be separated from it in its future lot. Oh, thou most amiable of men, how can I be sure that were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee by love, by sweetness of manners, by condescending goodness? I, who once thought a heretic the worst of beings, have been already led, by the amiableness of thy piety, to think more favorably of all heretics for thy sake!

. . . .

"But dost thou indeed love me? Or is it owing to thy generosity, thy compassion, thy nobleness for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, could not sustain the effort? It is in thy power to hold me fast or to set me free. I know thou lovest Clementina; it is her pride to think that thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own that thou lovest her soul. Thou art all magnanimity; thou canst sustain the effort which she was unequal to. Make some other woman happy! But I cannot bear that it shall be an Italian. . . . My brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And shall I not endeavor to make the close of it happy? Let me be great, my chevalier!"

Her determination irrevocable.

Every effort to change this determination was vain, and after repeated efforts and a (really) touching final interview with Clementina, Sir Charles departed for England.

On Tuesday, September 5th, Lady G. writes:

Congratulate us, my dearest Miss Byron, on the arrival of my brother. He came last night. It was late, and he sent to us this morning, and to others of his friends. My lord and I hurried away to breakfast with him. Ah, my dear! we see too plainly that he has been very much disturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner than he was; but he is the same kind brother, friend, and good man.

And next from Selby House, Wednesday, September 20th, comes this from Harriet:

Grandmamma Shirley sees a ghost.

My Dearest Lady G.: Do you know what is become of your brother? My grandmamma Shirley has seen his ghost, and talked with it near an hour; and then it vanished. Be not surprised, my dear creature. I am still in amaze at the account my grandmamma gives us of its appearance, discourse, and vanishing! Nor was the dear parent in a reverie. It happened in the middle of the afternoon, all in broad day.

Thus she tells it: "I was sitting," said she, "in my own drawing-room, yesterday, by myself, when in came James, to whom it first appeared, and told me that a gentleman desired to be introduced to me. I was reading 'Sherlock upon Death' with that cheerfulness with which I always meditate the subject. I gave orders for his admittance; and in came, to appearance, one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life, in a riding dress. It was a courteous ghost; it saluted me, or at least I thought it did; for it answering to the description that you, my Harriet, had given me of that amiable man, I was surprised. But contrary to the manner of ghosts, it spoke first. 'Venerable lady,' it called me, and said its name was Grandison, in a voice so like what I had heard you speak of his that I had no doubt but it was Sir Charles Grandison himself, and was ready to fall down to welcome him."

The ghost vanishes.

The ghost left a great packet of letters for Harriet, refused refreshments, desired in a courtly manner an answer to what it had discoursed upon, made a profound reverence, and vanished.

So now, through the length of two more volumes, everything flows smoothly, but not rapidly. Sir Charles's advances are made by parallels, beginning with the excellent grandparent. When he approaches the citadel, it is with caution and great delicacy. This delicacy arose from the doubt whether Miss Byron would be willing, or should be permitted, to condone the previous preoccupation of his heart with another lady. And Harriet does not surrender without endless punctilio and reticence. He took her hand and was bowing upon it at page 65; on page 81 the real offer of marriage begins, and extends to page 89, during which space he talks steadily but well. At this first pause she writes:

The offer of marriage.

Not well before, I was more than once in apprehension of fainting, as he talked, agreeable as was his talk, and engaging as was his manner. My grandmamma and aunt saw my complexion change (they had been silent throughout) at his particular address to me in the last part of his speech. I held my handkerchief now to my eyes, and now as a cover to myself-felt varying cheek.

In the most respectful and graceful manner he pressed a hand of each with his lips; mine twice. I could not speak. My grandmamma and aunt, delighted, yet tears standing in their eyes, looked upon each other, and upon me; each as expecting the other to speak. But he was ready to continue: "I have, perhaps," said he with some emotion, "taken up too

> much of Miss Byron's attention in this my first personal declaration. I will now return to the company. We will for this evening postpone the important subject."

The offer accepted.

At last, later on, the "man of men" gave Miss Byron an opportunity to accept him. He then, on one knee, taking her passive hand between both his, and kissing it once, twice, thrice—"Repeat, dear and ever dear Miss Byron," and so on, and she took out her handkerchief.

Endless delays, before she could be persuade to *fix the day.*

> "Why hesitates my love?"
>
> "Do you think six weeks—"
>
> "Six ages, my dearest, dearest creature! Six weeks! For heaven's sake, madam—"
>
> He looked, he spoke impatience.
>
> On his leaving me to return to company below he presented me with four little boxes. "Accept, my beloved Miss Byron," said he, "of these trifles."

"Very handsome jewels" they proved to be.

The glorious wedding.

The rest of the sixth volume is occupied with accounts infinitely detailed of the glorious wedding, all in letters to Lady G., who was unavoidably absent. The seventh volume describes the happiness of Sir Charles and Lady Grandison, and a visit they received from Clementina and all the Porrettas. But the book really ends with the wedding.

> Joy, joy, joy, was wished the happy pair from every mouth. "See, my dear young ladies," said the happy and instructing Mrs. Shirley, "the reward of duty, virtue, and obedience."

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BOOK V.

FIELDING.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEXT to Richardson among the novelists of this period, the second place is given to Henry Fielding, called by Byron "the prose Homer of human nature." In his personal character as well as in his literary career, in everything, indeed, but the power of his genius, he was the exact opposite of Richardson, though very nearly his contemporary. He lived from 1707 to 1754, while Richardson, who was born eight years earlier, died some years later.

"The prose Homer of human nature."

He was of noble birth, being a descendant of the illustrious house of Denbigh and son of General Fielding. He was the second cousin of Lady Mary Wortley, descended in the same degree from George, Earl of Desmond. He dedicated to her his first comedy of "Love in Several Masks" in 1727. She had a great regard for him; pitied his misfortunes, excused his failings, and warmly admired his best writings, above all "Tom Jones," in her own copy of which she wrote *Ne plus ultra.* Nevertheless she frankly said she was "sorry he did not himself perceive that he had made Tom Jones a scoundrel."

A cousin of Lady Mary.

Early in life Fielding succeeded to a ruined inheritance, and betook himself to the stage, becoming a dramatic author and lively writer in the *Covent Garden Journal.* He produced a number of pieces, now

Henry Fielding's early struggle with fortune.

entirely forgotten, which show that his talent was in no way adapted to the theater. His career for some years was a continuous struggle with fortune and his own extravagance. He married an excellent lady, whose picture he drew in his "Amelia"; he loved her passionately and she returned his affection, but they led no happy life, for they were always poor and seldom in a state of quiet and safety on account of his debts. If he ever possessed any money, nothing could keep him from squandering it at once and nothing induced him to think of to-morrow. Sometimes they were living in decent lodgings with tolerable comfort; sometimes in a wretched garret without the necessaries of life, not to speak of sponging-houses and hiding-places where he was occasionally lying *perdu*. His elastic gaiety of spirits carried him through it all; but meanwhile care and anxiety were preying upon her more delicate organization, and undermining her health. She gradually declined, caught a fever, and died in his arms. Yet after the death of this charming woman he married her maid, a person of but few apparent attractions, but an excellent creature, devoted to her mistress and almost broken-hearted for her loss. Her conduct as his wife justified the act.

"Joseph Andrews."

In 1742, when he was thirty-five, he first struck the vein of humorous writing in which he is considered never to have had a rival, when he produced his first novel, "Joseph Andrews," which was in some sense intended as a parody or caricature, ridiculing the timid morality of Richardson's "Pamela," its shopkeeper tone, and generally "good boy" style; "Pamela" was then in full blaze of success. Fielding's novel at once received the honor due to a great, original creation, and in a short time he produced the remarkable satirical tale, "Jonathan Wild the Great." In 1749 he was appointed to the laborious, and then far from respectable, post of a London police magistrate, and while thus employed composed "the finest, completest, and profoundest of his works, the incomparable 'Tom Jones.'" This was followed after a brief interval by "Amelia." Ruined in health by hard work and dissipation, he sailed for Lisbon in 1754. After a short time he died in that city and was buried in the Protestant cemetery there.

Qualities of Fielding's genius.

The qualities which distinguish Fielding's genius are accurate observation of character and an extraordinary power of deducing the actions and expressions of his personages from the elements of their nature, a constant sympathy with the vigorous unrestrained characters, in all ranks of society, but especially in the lowest, which he loved to delineate. In the construction of his plots he is masterly. That of "Tom Jones" is perhaps the finest example in fiction of a series, what might be called an avalanche, of events, probable yet surprising, each of which helps the ultimate catastrophe. He possessed an almost childish delight in fun and extravagantly ludicrous incident, combined with a philosophic closeness of analysis of character and an impressive tone of moral reflection, the latter often masked under a pleasant air of satire and irony. His novels breathe a sort of fresh *open-air* atmosphere, in strong contrast to the artificial style employed by Richardson.

Admirable qualities of "Tom Jones."

In "Tom Jones" it is difficult to know what most to admire—the artful conduct of the plot, the immense variety, wit, and humor of the personages, the gaiety of the incidents, or the acute remarks which the author interspersed amongst the matter of the narration. The trouble is that, in spite of all that is here said, which I readily adduce as the best verdict of present criticism, A serious defect.

Fielding is so indecent in plot and language that it is difficult to give any just idea of either without shocking ears polite. To give the plot and omit the chief details, to quote passages and draw the pen through half of every sentence, leaves but a mutilated example of his work. I shall try, however, to give some brilliant passages, even if it is necessary to leave their connection unexplained. It would be a pity to pass over the breezy, delightful narrative of Fielding, and his lightly-touched pictures of the life of his time, vivid as they are and broadly drawn.

The introduction to the work, or bill of fare to the feast.

An author a host.

An author ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money. In the former case, it is well known that the entertainer provides what fare he pleases ; and though this should be very indifferent, and utterly disagreeable to the taste of his company, they must not find any fault ; nay, on the contrary, good breeding forces them outwardly to approve and to commend whatever is set before them. Now the contrary of this happens to the master of an ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat will insist on gratifying their palates, however nice and even whimsical these may prove ; and if everything is not agreeable to their taste, will challenge a right to censure, to abuse, and to d—n their dinner without control.

To prevent, therefore, giving offense to their customers by any such disappointment, it hath been usual with the honest and well-meaning host to provide a bill of fare which all persons may peruse at their first entrance into the house, and having thence acquainted themselves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either stay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to some ordinary better accommodated to their taste.

As we do not disdain to borrow wit or wisdom from any man who is capable of lending us either, we have condescended to take a hint from these honest victuallers, and shall prefix not only a general bill of fare to our whole entertainment, but shall likewise give the reader particular bills to every course which is to be served up in this and the ensuing volumes.

Human nature the bill of fare.

The provision, then, which we have here made is no other than *Human Nature.* Nor do I fear that my sensible reader, though most luxurious in his taste, will start, cavil, or be offended, because I have named but one article. The tortoise—as the alderman of Bristol, well learned in eating, knows by much experience—besides the delicious calibash and calepee, contains many different kinds of food, nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is such prodigious variety, that a cook will have sooner gone through all the several species of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhaust so extensive a subject.

An objection may perhaps be apprehended from the more delicate, that this dish is too common and vulgar; for what else is the subject of all the romances, novels, plays, and poems with which the stalls abound? Many exquisite viands might be rejected by the epicure, if it was a sufficient cause for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that something was to be found in the most paltry alleys under the same name. In reality, true nature is as difficult to be met with in authors as the Bayonne hare or Bologna sausage is to be found in the shops.

But the whole, to continue the same metaphor, consists in the cookery of the author; for, as Mr. Pope tells us,

True wit is nature to advantage drest;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.

The same animal which hath the honor to have some part of his flesh eaten at the table of a duke may perhaps be degraded in another part, and some of his limbs gibbeted, as it were, in the vilest stall in town. Where, then, lies the difference between the food of the nobleman and the porter, if both are at dinner on the same ox or calf, but in the seasoning, the dressing, the garnishing, and the setting forth? Hence the one provokes and incites the most languid appetite, and the other turns and palls that which is the sharpest and keenest.

The author's skill in preparing it.

In like manner, the excellence of the mental entertainment consists less in the subject than in the author's skill in well dressing it up. How pleased, therefore, will the reader be to find that we have, in the following work, adhered closely to one of the highest principles of the best cook which the present age, or perhaps that of Heliogabalus, hath produced. This great man, as is well known to all polite lovers of eating, begins at first by setting plain things before his hungry guests, rising afterward by degrees as their stomachs may be supposed to decrease, to the very quintessence of sauce and spices. In like manner, we shall represent human nature at first to the keen appetite of our reader, in that more plain and simple manner in which it is found in the country, and shall hereafter hash and ragoo it with all the high French and Italian seasoning of affectation and vice which courts and cities afford. By these means, we doubt not but our reader may be rendered desirous to read on forever, as the great person just abovementioned is supposed to have made some persons eat.

Having premised thus much, we will now detain those who like our bill of fare no longer from their diet, and shall proceed directly to serve up the first course of our history for their entertainment.

Infancy of Tom Jones.

Tom Jones, the foundling, was adopted in the kindliest manner by the excellent Mr. Allworthy, with a good heart and no family, who found the child in his bed one evening on returning from a long absence and decided to adopt the boy as his own.

The reader's neck brought into danger by a description; his escape; and the great condescension of Miss Bridget Allworthy.

Description of Mr. Allworthy's estate.

The Gothic style of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr. Allworthy's house. There was an air of grandeur in it that struck you with awe, and rivaled the beauties of the best Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within as venerable without.

It stood on the southeast side of a hill, but nearer the bottom than the top of it, so as to be sheltered from the northeast by a grove of old oaks which arose above it in a gradual ascent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a most charming prospect of the valley beneath.

In the midst of the grove was a fine lawn, sloping down toward the house, near the summit of which rose a plentiful spring, gushing out of a rock covered with firs, and forming a constant cascade of about thirty feet, not carried down a regular flight of steps, but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and mossy stones till it came to the bottom of the rock, then running off in a pebbly channel, that with many lesser falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile below the house on the south side, and which was seen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the center of a beautiful plain, embellished with groups of beeches and elms, and fed with sheep, issued a river, that for several miles was seen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods till it emptied itself into the sea, with a large arm of which, and an island beyond it, the prospect was closed.

Beautiful scenery.

On the right of this valley opened another of less extent, adorned with several villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined abbey, grown over with ivy, and part of the front, which remained still entire.

The left-hand scene presented the view of a very fine park, composed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diversity that hills, lawns, wood, and water, laid out with admirable taste, but owing less to art than to nature, could give. Beyond this, the country gradually rose into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds. . . .

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably serene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect we have before described to his eye; and now having sent forth streams of light, which ascended the blue firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty rose the sun, than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented—a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.

Mr. Allworthy walks forth.

Reader, take care. I have unadvisedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck, I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to slide down together; for Miss Bridget rings her bell, and Mr. Allworthy is summoned to breakfast, where I must attend, and, if you please, shall be glad of your company.

The usual compliments having passed between Mr. Allworthy and Miss Bridget, and the tea being poured out, he told his sister he had a present for her, for which she thanked him—imagining, I suppose, it had been a gown, or some ornament for her person. Indeed, he very often made her such presents; and she, in complacence to him, spent much time in adorning herself. I say in complacence to him, because she always expressed the greatest contempt for dress, and for those ladies who made it their study.

Miss Allworthy adopts Tom.

Miss Bridget Allworthy was the sister of the master of the house, who lived with him. She was not altogether pleased when she discovered the nature of the present referred to; however, having looked at the child earnestly as it lay asleep she could not forbear giving it a hearty kiss, at the same time declaring herself wonderfully pleased with it.

About this time Miss Allworthy was married herself, and had a son, who was brought up in Mr. Allworthy's house along with "Tom." His name was Master Blifil and they were always quarreling.

The hero of this great history appears with very bad omens. A little tale of so low a kind that some may think it not worth their notice. A word or two concerning a squire, and more relating to a gamekeeper and a schoolmaster.

As we determined, when we first sat down to write this history, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

His early propensities.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture; the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him; he had been already convicted of three robberies, viz.: of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

Character of Master Blifil.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion; a youth of so different a cast from little Jones that not only the family but all the neighborhood resounded his praises. He was, indeed, a lad of remarkable disposition; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age; qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him; while Tom Jones was universally disliked; and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the characters of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself, and hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least had become so now: and indeed the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, *Noscitur a socio;* which, I think, is thus expressed in English: "You may know him by the company he keeps."

Preservers of the game.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of these gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstitions with the Bannians in India, many of whom we are told dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians while they preserve them from other enemies will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves; so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

Now, as Horace tells us that there are a set of human beings

Fruges consumere nati,

"Born to consume the fruits of the earth": so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others

Feras consumere nati,

"Born to consume the beasts of the field"; or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfil this end of their creation.

Tom goes out with the gamekeeper.

Little Jones went one day a shooting with the gamekeeper; when happening to spring a covey of partridges near the border of that manor over which fortune, to fulfil the wise purposes of nature, had planted one of the game consumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen, in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbors; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made toward the place, and discovered poor Tom; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

Discovered with a partridge.

The gentleman having searched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word; for he rode immediately to his house, and complained of the trespass on his manor in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open and the most valuable furniture stole out of it. He added that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him; for that two guns had been discharged almost in the same instant. And, says he, "We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alleged no other excuse but what was really true, viz., that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom refuses to betray his companion.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent for, and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him, to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned toward Tom, with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating that he was resolved to know. The lad, however, still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have to the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night; and the more so as he was without his usual companion; for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being lest his constancy should fail him, and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass the time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth for whose humor he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

His punishment.

In the morning when Tom attended the reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answer. The consequence was a severe whipping, which he bore with great resolution, rather than betray his friend or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings; now as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment he sent for Tom and said: "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you, I am sorry you have been so severely punished on this account." And at last gave him a little horse to make him amends.

Mr. Allworthy's kindness.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell on his knees, crying, "Oh, sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed, I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fulness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to persuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying, "He had persisted in an untruth"; and gave some hints that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honor for so doing.

"Honor!" cried Thwackum with some wrath, "mere stubbornness and obstinacy! Can honor teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honor exist independent of religion?"

A childish incident, in which, however, is seen a good-natured disposition in Tom Jones.

The reader may remember that Mr. Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horse, as a kind of smart-money for the punishment which he imagined he had suffered innocently.

The horse sold.

This horse Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighboring fair and sold him. On his return, being questioned by Thwackum what he had done with the money for which the horse was sold, he frankly declared he would not tell him. Mr. Allworthy, entering the room, took him with him into another apartment; where, being himself only present with Tom, he put the same question to him which Thwackum had before asked him.

Tom answered, he could in duty refuse him nothing; but as for that tyrannical rascal, he would never make him any other answer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped soon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Tom reprimanded.

Mr. Allworthy very severely reprimanded the lad for his indecent and disrespectful expressions concerning his master; but much more for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loss of his favor if he ever heard such another word from his mouth; for, he said, he would never support or befriend a reprobate. By these and the like declarations, he extorted some compunction from Tom, in which that youth was not over-sincere; for he really meditated some return for all the smarting favors he had received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was, however, brought by Mr. Allworthy to express a concern for his resentment against Thwackum; and then the good man, after some wholesome admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did as follows:

His defense.

"Indeed, my dear sir, I love and honor you more than all the world: I know the great obligations I have to you, and should detest myself if I thought my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, I am sure he could tell you how fond I was of your present; for I had more pleasure in feeding him than in riding him. Indeed, sir, it went to my heart to part with him; nor would I have sold him upon any other account in the world than what I did. You yourself, sir, I am convinced, in my case, would have done the same; for none ever so sensibly felt the misfortunes of others. What would you feel, dear sir, if you thought yourself the occasion of them? Indeed, sir, there never was any misery like theirs."

"Like whose, child?" says Allworthy. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, sir!" answered Tom, "your poor gamekeeper, with all his large family, ever since your discarding him, have been perishing with all the miseries of cold and hunger: I could not bear to see these poor wretches naked and starving, and at the same time know myself to have been the occasion of all their sufferings. I could not bear it, sir; upon my soul, I could not." Here the tears ran down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded. "It was to save them from absolute destruction I parted with your dear present, notwithstanding all the value I had for it: I sold the horse for them, and they have every farthing of the money."

Cause of his sacrifice.

Mr. Allworthy now stood silent for some moments, and before he spoke the tears started from his eyes. He at length dismissed Tom with a gentle rebuke, advising him for the future to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to use extraordinary means of relieving them himself.

We must now leave Tom to grow up, his character being sufficiently foreshadowed by these childish events for the reader to understand what kind of a hero he is to make, easily enlisting the sympathy of people who love an honest, happy-go-lucky boy. Master Blifil, as may be supposed, by the artistic need of contrast, is drawn as a youth of every opposite quality to those of Tom.

A short hint of what we can do in the sublime, and a description of Miss Sophia Western.

Hushed be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boisterous limbs of noisy Boreas and the sharp-pointed nose of bitter-biting Eurus. Do thou, sweet Zephyrus, rising from thy fragrant bed, mount the western sky, and lead on those delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews, when on the 1st of June, her birthday, the blooming maid, in loose attire, gently trips it over the verdant mead, where every flower rises to do her homage, till the whole field becomes enamelled, and colors contend with sweets which shall ravish her most.

Description of Miss Sophia Western.

So charming may she now appear! and you the feathered choristers of nature, whose sweetest notes not even Handel can excel, tune your melodious throats to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your music, and to love it returns. Awaken therefore that gentle passion in every swain: for lo! adorned with all the charms in which nature can array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, sprightliness, innocence, modesty, and tenderness, breathing sweetness from her rosy lips, and darting brightness from her sparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes!

Reader, perhaps thou hast seen the statue of the Venus de Medicis. Perhaps, too, thou hast seen the gallery of beauties at Hampton Court. Thou may'st remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toasts of the Kit-cat. Or, if their reign was before thy times, at least thou hast seen their daughters, the no less dazzling beauties of the present age; whose names, should we here insert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Toasts of the Kit-cat.

Now if thou hast seen all these without knowing what beauty is, thou hast no eyes; if without feeling its power, thou hast no heart.

Yet it is possible, my friend, that thou mayest have seen all these without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia, for she did not exactly resemble any of them. She was most like the picture of Lady Ranelegh; and, I have heard, more still to the famous Duchess of Mazarine; but most of all she resembled one whose image can never depart from my breast, and whom, if thou dost remember thou hast then, my friend, an adequate idea of Sophia.

Sophia, then, the only daughter of Mr. Western, was a middle sized woman, but rather inclining to tall. Her hair, which was black, was so luxuriant that it reached her middle, before she cut it to comply with the modern fashion. Her eyebrows were full, even and arched beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a luster in them which all her softness could not extinguish. Her nose was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly answered Sir John Suckling's description in these lines:

Sir John Suckling's description.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
(Some bee had stung it newly).

Her cheeks were of the oval kind; and in her right she had a dimple which the least smile discovered. Her chin had certainly its share in forming the beauty of her face, but it was difficult to say whether it was either large or small, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lily than of the rose; but when exercise or modesty increased her natural color, no vermilion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. Donne:

> Her pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
> That one might almost say her body thought.

The mind of Sophia.

Such was the outside of Sophia; nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her person; nay, the latter borrowed some charms from the former; for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused that glory over her countenance which no regularity of features can give. But as there are no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature, so it is needless to mention them here: nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.

It may, however, be proper to say, that whatever mental accomplishments she had derived from nature, they were somewhat improved and cultivated by art: for she had been educated under the care of an aunt, who was a lady of great discretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the world, having lived in her youth about the court, whence she had retired some years since into the country. By her conversation and instructions, Sophia was perfectly well bred, though perhaps she wanted a little of that ease in her behavior which is to be acquired only by habit, and living within what is called the polite circle.

Wherein the history goes back to commemorate a trifling incident that happened some years since; but which, trifling as it was, had some future consequences.

A trifling incident that happened some years earlier.

The amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when she is introduced into this history. Her father, as hath been said, was fonder of her than any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied, in order to engage her interest on the behalf of his friend, the gamekeeper.

But before we proceed to this business, a short recapitulation of some previous matters may be necessary.

Though the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy and of Mr.

Western did not admit of a very intimate correspondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the same age, had been frequent playmates together.

Tom and Master Blifil.

The gaiety of Tom's temper suited better with Sophia than the grave and sober disposition of Master Blifil. And the preference which she gave the former of these would often appear so plainly that a lad of a more passionate turn than Master Blifil was might have shown some displeasure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly express any such disgust, it would be an ill office in us to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of his mind, as some scandalous people search into the most secret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their closets and cupboards, only to discover their poverty and meanness to the world.

However, as persons who suspect they have given others cause of offense are apt to conclude they are offended, so Sophia imputed an action of Master Blifil to his anger, which the superior sagacity of Thwackum discerned to have arisen from a much better principle.

The little bird.

Tom Jones when very young had presented Sophia with a little bird which he had taken from the nest, had nursed up and taught to sing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was so extremely fond that her chief business was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleasure to play with it.

By these means little Tommy, for so the bird was called, was become so tame that it would feed out of her hand, but she always kept a small string about its leg.

One day Mr. Blifil observing the extreme fondness that she showed for her little bird desired her to trust it for a moment in his hand. Sophia presently complied with the request and delivered him her bird, of which he was no sooner in possession than he slipt the string from its leg and tossed it into the air.

Its escape.

Sophia seeing her bird gone screamed out so loud that Tom Jones, who was at a little distance, immediately ran to her assistance, and stripping off his coat, applied himself to climbing the tree to which the bird escaped. He had almost recovered his little namesake when the branch on which it was perched and that hung over a canal broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears in the water.

Sophia screamed ten times louder than before and indeed Mr. Blifil himself now seconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were sitting in a room next the garden, were instantly alarmed, and came all forth; but just as they reached the canal, Tom (for the water was luckily pretty shallow in that part) arrived safely on shore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who stood dropping and shivering before him, when Mr. Allworthy desired him to have patience; and turning to Master Blifil, said, "Pray, child, what is the reason of all this disturbance?"

Blifil's explanation.

Master Blifil answered, "Indeed, uncle, I am very sorry for what I have done; I have been unhappily the occasion of it all. I had Miss Sophia's bird in my hand, and thinking the poor creature languished for liberty, I own I could not forbear giving it what it desired; for I always thought there was something very cruel in confining anything. It seemed to be against the law of nature, by which everything hath a right to liberty; nay, it is even unchristian, for it is not doing what we would be done by: but if I had imagined Miss Sophia would have been so much concerned at it, I am sure I never would have done it; nay, if I had known what would have happened to the bird itself: for when Master Jones, who climbed up that tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took a second flight, and presently a nasty hawk carried it away."

Sophia's sorrow.

Poor Sophia, who now first heard of her little Tommy's fate (for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened), shed a shower of tears. These Mr. Allworthy endeavored to assuage, promising her a much finer bird: but she declared she would never have another. Her father chid her for crying so for a foolish bird; but could not help telling young Blifil, if he was a son of his, he should be well punished.

Sophia now returned to her chamber, the two young gentlemen were sent home, and the rest of the company returned to their bottle.

Since the adventure of the bird, Sophia had been absent upward of three years with her aunt, during which she had seen neither of these young gentlemen.

The young lady was now returned to her father; who gave her the command of his house, and placed her at the upper end of his table, where Tom (who for his great love of hunting was become a great favorite of the squire) often dined. Young men of open, generous dispositions are naturally inclined to gallantry, which, if they have good understandings, as was in reality Tom's case, exerts itself in an obliging complacent behavior to all women in general. This greatly distinguished Tom from the boisterous brutality of mere country squires on the one hand, and from the solemn and somewhat sullen deportment of Master Blifil on the other; and he began now, at twenty, to have the name of a pretty fellow among all the women in the neighborhood.

Tom distinguished from the mere country squire.

Tom behaved to Sophia with no particularity, unless perhaps by showing her a higher respect than he paid to any other; a distinction her beauty, fortune, sense, and amiable carriage seemed to demand.

Sophia, with the highest degree of innocence and modesty, had a remarkable sprightliness in her temper. This was so greatly increased whenever she was in company with Tom, that had he not been very young and thoughtless, he must have observed it; or had not Mr. Western's thoughts been generally either in the field, the stable, or the dog-kennel, it might have perhaps created some jealousy in him; but so far was the good gentleman from entertaining any such suspicions that he gave Tom every opportunity with his daughter which any lover could have wished; and this Tom innocently improved to better advantage, by following only the dictates of his natural gallantry and good-nature than he might perhaps have done had he had the deepest designs on the young lady.

But indeed it can occasion little wonder that this matter escaped the observation of others, since poor Sophia herself never remarked it; and her heart was irretrievably lost before she suspected it was in danger.

Matters were in this situation when Tom one afternoon finding Sophia alone began, after a short apology, to acquaint her that he had a favor to ask of her.

He asks a favor.

At this her color forsook her cheeks, her limbs trembled, and her tongue would have faltered, had Tom stopped for an answer; but he soon relieved her by proceeding to inform her of his request, which was to solicit her interests on behalf of the gamekeeper, whose own ruin and that of a large family must be, he said, the consequence of Mr. Western's pursuing his action against him.

Sophia presently recovered her composure, and with a smile full of sweetness said, "Is this the mighty favor you asked with so much gravity? I will do it with all my heart. I really pity the poor fellow, and no longer ago than yesterday sent a small matter to his wife." Our youth, now emboldened with his success, resolved to push the matter farther, and ventured to beg her recommendation of him to her father's service.

Sophia answered: "Well, I will undertake this too, but I cannot promise you as much success as in the former part, which I assure you I will not quit my father without obtaining."

Mr. Western's custom.

It was Mr. Western's custom every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpsichord; for he was a great lover of music, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have passed for a connoisseur; for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr. Handel. He never relished any music but what was light and airy; and indeed his most favorite tunes were "Old Sir Simon the King," "St. George he was for England," "Bobbing Joan," and some others.

His daughter, though she was a perfect mistress of music, and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was so devoted to her father's pleasure that she learnt all those tunes to oblige him. However, she would now and then endeavor to lead him into her own taste; and when he required the repetition of his ballads, would answer with a "Nay, dear sir," and would often beg him to suffer her to play something else.

Sophia uses diplomacy.

This evening, however, when the gentleman was retired from his bottle, she played all his favorites three times over without any solicitation. This so pleased the good squire that he started from his couch, gave his daughter a kiss, and swore her hand was greatly improved. She took this opportunity to execute her promise to Tom; in which she succeeded so well that the squire declared, if she would give him t'other bout of "Old Sir Simon," he would give the gamekeeper his deputation the next morning. "Sir Simon" was played again and again, till the charms of the music soothed Mr. Western to sleep. In the morning Sophia did not fail to remind him of his engagement; and his attorney was immediately sent for, ordered to stop any further proceedings in the action, and to make out the deputation.

The gamekeeper forgiven.

I have given so much space to the early love affairs of Tom and Sophia, because it is really the most simple and charming part of the book.

CHAPTER XV.

Tom Jones turned out of doors.

Tom's delinquencies and misdemeanors came to such a pass that he was turned out of doors, a result that would not have been reached but for the ill-will of Master Blifil and his mother, who were determined to get rid of him, and so misrepresented his conduct to Mr. Allworthy as to put everything in its worst light. That good gentleman gave Tom a well-filled pocket-book (which Tom immediately lost) and parted with him with honest regret.

Now begins a series of wonderful adventures, in the line of those of Don Quixote and Gil Blas, with the difference that they are described with an air of great freshness, and the events are all "up to date," to use a modern expression. Tom fell in with Partridge, the butt of the book, and they traveled together, stopping at bad inns and good inns, out of pocket, falling off horses, meeting villains and fine ladies, and entertaining angels unawares.

Sophia traveling on horseback.

Meanwhile Sophia, being urged, and threatened by force to marry Blifil, ran away from her father's house, accompanied by her maid Honour. These were therefore traveling round the country on horseback, meeting all sorts of adventures and falling into much ill-luck. Jones was constantly upon their tracks, but never coming up with them, although he knew they were on the road, and shaped his otherwise inexplicable course in the intent of following them. The picture we get of the difficulties of traveling in those days is not exaggerated, for no doubt the dangers of a real journey were as great as theirs.

The disasters which befel Tom Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the sage remarks of Partridge.

No road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and though neither Jones, nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever traveled it before, it would seem almost impossible for them to miss their way.

Circumstances, however, happening unfortunately to intervene, our travelers deviated into a much less frequented track; and after riding full six miles, instead of arriving at the stately spires of Coventry they found themselves still in a very dirty lane, where they saw no symptoms of approaching the suburbs of a large city.

Tom loses his way.

Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon was impossible; a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, sometimes, what hath certainly happened; an hyperbolical violence like that which is so frequently offered to the words infinite and eternal; by the former of which it is usual to express a distance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the case at present; for, notwithstanding all the confident assertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miser is in the right road to heaven.

The horror of Partridge.

It is not, perhaps, easy for a reader who hath never been in those circumstances to imagine the horror with which darkness, rain, and wind fill persons who have lost their way in the night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant prospect of warm fires, dry clothes, and other refreshments to support their minds in struggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the conceits which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more positive that they were out of their road; and the boy himself at last acknowledged he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the same time, it was impossible they should have missed the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He said, "When they first set out he imagined some mischief or other would happen. Did not you observe," said he to Jones, "that old woman who stood at the door just as you was taking horse? I wish you had given her a small matter, with all my heart; for she said then you might repent it; and at that very instant it began to rain, and the wind hath continued rising ever since. Whatever some people may think, I am very certain it is in the power of witches to raise the wind whenever they please. I have seen it happen very often in my time; and if ever I saw a witch in all my life, that old woman was certainly one. I thought so myself at that very time; and if I had had any halfpence in my pocket, I would have given her some; for, to be sure, it is always good to be charitable to those sort of people, for fear what may happen; and many a person hath lost his cattle by saving a halfpenny."

A witch.

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this mistake was likely to occasion in his journey, could not help smiling at the superstition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horse; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his clothes.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall to the witch.

He told Mr. Jones it would certainly be his own turn next, and earnestly entreated him to return back and find out the old woman and pacify her. "We shall very soon," added he, "reach the inn; for though we have seemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I dare swear, if it was daylight, we might now see the inn we set out from."

The genteel-looking man.

They were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the dusk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very shabby horse, rode up to Jones and asked him whether he was going to London; to which Jones answered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, "I should be obliged to you, sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a stranger to the road." Jones readily complied with the request; and on they traveled together, holding that sort of discourse which is usual on such occasions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic: upon which subject the stranger expressed great apprehensions; but Jones declared he had very little to lose and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. "Your honor," said he, "may think it a little, but I am sure if I had a hundred-pound bank-note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but for my own part, I never was less afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and if we all stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. Suppose he should have a pistol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—That's my comfort, a man can die but once."

Valor of Partridge.

Besides the reliance on superior numbers, a kind of valor which hath raised a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reason for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now discovered; for he had at present as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to bestow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the stranger turned short upon Jones, and pulling out a pistol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

This bank-note, referred to by Partridge, was in a little pocket-book they had picked up on their way. Tom recognized it as belonging to Sophia, and held it sacred, spite of Partridge's endeavors to make him spend its contents on their necessities.

Jones was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other answered with an oath, that would not do. Jones answered coolly, he was very sorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

Sophia's bank-note.

The highwayman then threatened if he did not deliver the bank-note that moment he must shoot him; holding his pistol at the same time very near to his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the pistol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to say the truth, he was in strength by no means a match for Jones. "Indeed, sir," says he, "I could have no intention to shoot you; for you will find the pistol was not loaded. This is the first robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven by distress to this."

Louder than the highwayman.

At this instant, at about a hundred and fifty yards distance, lay another person on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himself, who, endeavoring to make his escape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up and expecting every minute to be shot.

Jones having examined the pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up: namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of a wife and five hungry children, and in the utmost want and misery. The truth of all which the highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles off, saying, "That he desired no favor, but upon condition of proving all he had alleged."

Jones's compassion.

Jones at first pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring that his fate should depend entirely on the truth of his story. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expressed so much alacrity that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain sentiments of compassion for him. He returned the fellow his empty pistol, advised him to think of honester means of relieving his distress, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate support of his wife and his family; adding, "he wished he had more for his sake, for the hundred pound that had been mentioned was not his own."

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; some may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while those of a more saturnine temper will consider it as a want of regard to that justice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly saw it in that light; for he testified much dissatisfaction on the occasion, quoted an old proverb, and said, he should not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman's gratitude.

The highwayman was full of expressions of thankfulness and gratitude. He actually dropt tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterward commit such a transgression: whether he kept his word or no perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our travelers having remounted their horses, arrived in town without encountering any new mishap.

Now Sophia, strangely enough, had fallen in with a traveling lady who proved (really) to be her own cousin, one Mrs. Fitz Patrick, who was on her way to London with a certain nobleman, an Irish peer, of her neighborhood.

Sophia on her way to London.

We will therefore attend his lordship and his fair companions, who made such good expedition that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the second evening arrived in London without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this history to relate. Our pen, therefore, shall imitate the expedition which it describes, and our history shall keep pace with the travelers who are its subject. Good writers will, indeed, do well to imitate the ingenious traveler, in this instance, who always proportions his stay at any place to the beauties, elegancies, and curiosities which it affords. At Eshur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eastbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too short for the ravished imagination; while we admire the wondrous power of art in improving nature. In some of these, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applause; but, in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richest attire, and art, dressed with the modest-est simplicity, attends her benignant mistress. Here nature indeed pours forth the choicest treasures which she hath lavished on this world; and here human nature presents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The ingenious traveler.

The same taste, the same imagination, which luxuriously riots in these elegant scenes, can be amused with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and of Dorset, attract the eye of the ingenious traveler and retard his pace, which delay he afterward compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy heath of Bagshot, or that pleasant plain which extends itself westward from Stockbridge, where no other object than one single tree only in sixteen miles presents itself to the view, unless the clouds, in compassion to our tired spirits, kindly open their variegated mansions to our prospect.

The money-meditating tradesman.

Not so travels the money-meditating tradesman, the sagacious justice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulness. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows or over the barren heath, their horses measuring four miles and a half per hour with the utmost exactness; the eyes of the beast and of his master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same objects in the same manner. With equal rapture the good rider surveys the proudest boasts of the architect and those fair buildings with which some unknown name hath adorned the rich clothing town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument to show that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haste to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy sagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to those authors who are their opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this occasion; for, though we will always lend thee proper assistance in difficult places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the arts of divination to discover our meaning, yet we shall not indulge thy laziness where nothing by thy own attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy sagacity nothing to do; or that, without sometimes exercising this talent, thou will be able to travel through our pages with any pleasure or profit to thyself.

Tom arrived in London not long after his Sophia, but it was a long time before he succeeded in finding her, though his search was diligent. He managed to amuse himself and keep up his spirits with diversions not always creditable. Here is an account of one of the few unobjectionable things he did.

Tom's arrival in London.

This was to attend Mrs. Miller and her younger daughter into the gallery at the playhouse, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humor which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge, from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved, indeed, but likewise unadulterated, by art.

In the first row then of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out." While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam, the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book before the gunpowder-treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armor, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which

Partridge at the play.

The ghost.

he had denied to Jones and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "O la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything; for I know it is but a play. And if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay: go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such fool-hardiness?—Whatever happens, it is good enough for you.——Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the devil——for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases.—Oh! here he is again.——No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush! dear sir, don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open, the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

The scene is too long to make further extracts; and moreover has been so often quoted as to be pretty generally known, even now.

Preference of Partridge for the king.

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion of the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is, any good man that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

Squire Western in London.

Things are now drawing to an end, but gradually, after the fashion of all the old books. Squire Western came to town and discovered his daughter. Tom, after a duel with a gentleman which was near to proving fatal to his adversary, no other than Mr. Fitz Patrick, who encountered Tom coming away from his wife, whom, however, Tom had been innocently visiting on account of his Sophia, was discovered in prison and forgiven by the squire, Mr. Allworthy, and everybody. For Mr. Allworthy was also in town to press the suit of Mr. Blifil upon Sophia, but about this time it was proved beyond peradventure that Blifil was a wretch and full of every villainy; moreover, it came now to light that Tom Jones, the foundling, was the son of no other than Mr. Allworthy's sister, and therefore his elder nephew, having been born before her marriage with Blifil's father. Blifil was now turned out of doors and our hero reinstated.

Approaching the end.

Jones, being now completely dressed, attended his uncle to Mr. Western's. He was, indeed, one of the finest figures ever beheld, and his person alone would have charmed the greater part of womankind; but we hope it hath appeared already in this history that nature, when she formed him, did not totally rely, as she sometimes doth, on this merit only to recommend her work.

Sophia, who was likewise set forth to the best advantage, for which I leave my female readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful that even Allworthy, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering to Western that he believed she was the finest creature in the world.

The tea-table was scarce removed before Western lugged Allworthy out of the room, telling him he had business of consequence to impart, and must speak to him that instant in private, before he forgot it.

The happy marriage of Tom and Sophia.

All ends well, with the happy marriage of Tom and Sophia. The affairs of everybody of the slightest importance are wound up with careful detail.

To conclude, as there are not to be found a worthier man and woman than this fond couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They preserve the purest and tenderest affection for each other, an affection daily increased and confirmed by mutual endearments and mutual esteem. Nor is their conduct toward their relations and friends less amiable than toward one another. And such is their condescension, their indulgence, and their beneficence to those below them, that there is not a neighbor, a tenant, or a servant who doth not most gratefully bless the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

I reserve for the end, although Fielding introduces it at the beginning of the last book, this

Farewell to the reader.

Simile of the stage coach.

We are now, reader, arrived at the last stage of our long journey. As we have, therefore, traveled together through so many pages, let us behave to one another like fellow-travelers in a stage coach, who have passed several days in the company of each other; and who, notwithstanding any bickerings or little animosities which may have occurred on the road, generally make all up at last, and mount, for the last time, into their vehicle with cheerfulness and good-humor; since after this one stage it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this simile, give me leave to carry it a little farther. I intend, then, in this last book, to imitate the good company I have mentioned in their last journey. Now, it is well known that all jokes and raillery are at this time laid aside; whatever characters any of the passengers have for the jest-sake personated on the road are now thrown off, and the conversation is usually plain and serious.

In the same manner, if I have now and then, in the course of this work, indulged any pleasantry for thy entertainment, I shall here lay it down. The variety of matter, indeed, which I shall be obliged to cram into this book, will afford no room for any of those ludicrous observations which I have elsewhere made, and which may sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last book thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that nature. All will be plain narrative only; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great events which this book will produce, thou wilt think the number of pages contained in it scarce sufficient to tell the story.

Variety of matter.

And now, my friend, I take this opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee well. If I have been an entertaining companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in anything I have offended, it was really without any intention. Some things, perhaps, here said may have hit thee or thy friends; but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous fellow; but whoever told thee so did me an injury. No man detests and despises scurrility more than myself; nor hath any man more reason; for none hath ever been treated with more; and what is a very severe fate, I have had some of the abusive writings of those very men fathered upon me, who, in other of their works, have abused me themselves with the utmost virulence.

Hearty well-wishing.

All these works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this page shall offer itself to thy perusal; for however short the period may be of my own performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm author and the weakly productions of his abusive contemporaries.

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BOOK VI.

GOLDSMITH.

CHAPTER XVI.

Birth and parentage.

Oliver Goldsmith is another figure of the time among the most delightful; he was born in Ireland (which perhaps accounts for it) of Protestant parents. His father was a clergyman, his mother was the daughter of one. In Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose we may recognize the father; of his first school-teacher, Thomas Byrne, this may answer as the picture:

> A man severe he was, and stern to view;
> I knew him well, and every truant knew.
> Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face:
> Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
> Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
> Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
> Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
> The love he bore to learning was in fault:
> The village all declared how much he knew;
> 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
> Land he could measure, terms and tides presage;
> And even the story ran that he could gauge.

Goldsmith's arrival in London.

Every biography of Goldsmith is interesting, but we must postpone his acquaintance to his arrival in London. He was twenty-seven years and three months old when he first set his foot in London streets, and he was to be a Londoner and nothing else all the rest of his life.

London in 1756.

At that time, in 1756, the population of London was about 700,000. The reign of George II., which had already extended over nearly thirty years, was approaching its close. In home politics what was chiefly interesting was the persistence in office of the Duke of Newcastle's unpopular ministry—opposed, however, by Pitt (afterward Lord Chatham), and soon to give way before the genius of that statesman, and to be succeeded by that blaze of Pitt's ascendancy which makes the last years of George II. so brilliant a period in British annals. For Britain and Frederick the Great of Prussia were already on an understanding with each other, and the Seven Years' War was beginning. Not till 1757, indeed, when Pitt became prime minister, did the alliance begin to promise its splendid results—Clive's conquests in India, Wolfe's in America, etc. Just at present, while Newcastle was in power, things had a blacker look. Byng's blundering at Minorca, the all but certain loss of Hanover, and the like—these were the topics for the 700,000 Londoners; unless they chose to talk rather of such matters nearer home as the building of the new chapel for Whitefield in Tottenham Court Road, or the opening of the Foundling Hospital, or the proposed taking down of the old houses on London Bridge.

A busy time in literature.

To assist them to proper opinions on these and all other subjects there were the London newspapers—daily, weekly, and bi-weekly, Whig, Tory, and what not; as well as quite an abundance of critical journals, reviews, and magazines. For it was beginning to be a very busy time in British literature. It was no longer on the court, or on Whig and Tory ministers, or on the casual patronage of noblemen of taste, that men of letters depended, but on the demand of the general public of readers and book-purchasers, as it could be ascertained and catered for by booksellers making publishing their business. The center of this book-trade was naturally London; and here, accordingly, hanging on the booksellers, and writing for the newspapers and magazines, but with side glances also to the theaters and their managers, were now congregated such a host of authors and critics by profession as had never been known in London before, many of them now dismissed into oblivion as the smaller fry of this Grub Street world of London in the latter days of George II. Amongst them was Johnson, then forty-seven years of age. The poet Young was alive, in old age, and at least occasionally in London; and Londoners confirmed were Richardson, approaching his seventieth year, with all his novels published, and Smollett, not past his thirty-seventh year, but with some of his best novels published, and now working hard at histories, reviews, and all sorts of things. Fielding had been dead two years, and Sterne, though some years over forty, had not yet been heard of. The poet Collins was dying in madness at Chichester. Garrick, Chesterfield, Warburton, Shenstone, Gray, Horace Walpole, who were alive in England, could be and were in London if they liked. Burke, who was Goldsmith's junior, was already there.

Authors congregated in London.

Such was the state of the world of British letters at the end of the Second George's reign, when Goldsmith came to London. Colley Cibber was laureate, of whom Johnson had written:

State of the world of letters.

Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature formed the poet for the king.

But Cibber, who was now eighty-four years of age, did not live beyond 1757. He was succeeded by William Whitehead, whose laureateship extended from 1757 to

1788. The whole of Goldsmith's literary career, as it happened, and large portions also of the lives of others whom we now associate with him, fell within this memorable period.

Hack-work and drudgery.

For a long time Goldsmith's life in London was one of mere drudgery and literary hack-work. In 1758 he was living in No. 12, Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey —a dingy little old square, approached from Farringdon Street by a passage called Break-Neck Steps, now all demolished, and surviving only in Washington Irving's description of it when he visited it for Goldsmith's sake, and found it a colony of washerwomen, and slovenly with wash-tubs on the pavement and clothes hung to dry on lines from the windows.

About this time he writes in a letter to a friend :

> Alas ! I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time arrives when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> **Beginning the world at thirty-one.**
>
> It gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's illness since I saw you, I am not that strong, active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me ; yet I dare venture to say that, if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honors of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig ; and you have a perfect picture of my present appearance. . . . I can neither laugh nor drink ; have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself ; in short, I have thought myself into

a settled melancholy and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. . . . Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short; you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you. You remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat in this way:

Description of his room.

The window, patched with paper, lent a ray
That feebly showed the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The game of goose was there exposed to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch showed his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire;
An unpaid reckoning on the frieze was scored,
And five cracked teacups dressed the chimney-board.

A turn for the better.

This letter was written in February, 1759, and within a month or two after that date things took a turn for the better with Goldsmith.

Acquaintances were multiplying round him. Even in his worst distress the sociable creature had made himself at home with his landlord's family; his flute and sweetmeats, when he had them, were at the service of the children of Green Arbour Court, some of whom grew up to remember him and tell anecdotes of him; and we hear of one person, an ingenious watchmaker of the neighborhood, who used to spend evenings with him. Then, according to Thackeray's observation that there never was an Irishman so low in circumstances but there was some Irishman lower still and looking up to him and going errands for him, there were several fellow-countrymen of Goldsmith clinging to him, to be helped by him when he could hardly help himself—

especially a certain Ned Purdon, who had been his schoolfellow. At the Temple Coffee House, also, there were opportunities for something like general society. But in the course of 1759 we have more distinct traces of Goldsmith's contact with known men in London. It was in March in that year, just before the publication of Goldsmith's "Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning," that the Rev. Mr. Percy, afterward Bishop Percy of the ballads, paid that first memorable visit to him in Green Arbour Court, the queer incidents of which he used afterward to describe. From that day Percy and Goldsmith were friends for life.

General society.

Garrick's first encounter with Goldsmith was several months later, and much less pleasant. The secretaryship of the Society of Arts being vacant, Goldsmith was anxious to obtain the post, and waited on the great actor to solicit his vote and interest. Garrick, it is said, reminded him of a passage in his "Polite Learning," and asked how he could expect his support after that. It was a passage in which, while discussing the prospects of the drama, Goldsmith had expressed rather sharply the common complaint then made against theater managers, that they neglected contemporary talent and lived on old stock-plays which cost them nothing. "Indeed," said he bluntly, "I spoke my mind, and believe I said what was very right." And so they parted civilly, and it was long before Garrick and Goldsmith came really together. Quite otherwise it was between Goldsmith and Smollett. It is pleasant to think of these two, perhaps the most strongly contrasted humorists and men of genius of their day—the simple, gentle-hearted, sweet-styled Irishman, and the bold, splenetically-independent, irascible, richly-inventive, rough-writing, but somber and melancholic Scotchman—as knit together by some mu-

Garrick and Goldsmith.

tual regard, when Smollett was already in the full bustle of his fame and industry, and Goldsmith struggling and in need of employment. During the whole of 1759, as we have seen, they had been, to some extent, fellow-workmen. And in the end of that year there was a visit of Smollett, along with the bookseller Newbery of St. Paul's Churchyard, to Goldsmith's lodgings in Green Arbour Court, which led to important results.

Bookseller Newbery.

Newbery was the famous printer in those days of all children's books, and as it is well known that he employed him for much of his hack-work, there is a sort of vague suspicion that Goldsmith may have been the author of "Goody Two Shoes."

CHAPTER XVII.

It was in the *Public Ledger* that Goldsmith made his great hit. He had been engaged by Newbery to furnish for this newspaper an article of some amusing kind twice a week, to be paid for at the rate of a guinea per article. He had already written one or two articles to suit, when the idea struck him of bringing on the scene an imaginary philosophic Chinaman, resident in London after long wanderings from home, and of making the adventures of this Chinaman, and his observations of men and things in the western world, as recorded in letters supposed to be written by him to friends in China, together with the replies of these friends, the material for a series of papers which should consist of character sketches, social satire, and whimsical reflection on all sorts of subjects, connected by a slight thread of story. He had always had a fancy for China and the Chinese. This is the style of them :

The Chinaman in London.

> Were we to estimate the learning of the English by the number of books that are every day published among them, perhaps no country, not even China itself, could equal them in this particular. I have reckoned not less than twenty-three new books published in one day, which upon computation makes eight thousand three hundred and ninety-five in one year. Most of these are not confined to one single science, but embrace the whole circle. History, politics, poetry, mathematics, metaphysics, and the philosophy of nature, are all comprised in a manual not larger than that in which our children are taught the letters. If, then, we suppose the learned of England to read but an eighth part of the works which daily come from the press (and sure none can pretend to learning upon less easy terms), at this rate every scholar will read a

Twenty-three new books a day.

thousand books in one year. From such a calculation you may conjecture what an amazing fund of literature a man must be possessed of, who thus reads three new books every day, not one of which but contains all the good things that ever were said or written.

English limitations and liberties.

And yet I know not how it happens, but the English are not, in reality, so learned as would seem from this calculation. We meet but few who know all arts and sciences to perfection; whether it is that the generality are incapable of such extensive knowledge, or that the authors of those books are not adequate instructors. In China the emperor himself takes cognizance of all the doctors in the kingdom who profess authorship. In England every man may be an author that can write; for they have by law a liberty, not only of saying what they please, but of being also as dull as they please. . . .

When a man has once secured a circle of admirers, he may be as ridiculous here as he thinks proper; and it all passes for elevation of sentiment or learned absence. If he transgresses the common forms of breeding, mistakes even a teapot for a tobacco-box, it is said that his thoughts are fixed on more important objects: to speak and to act like the rest of mankind is to be no greater than they. There is something of oddity in the very idea of greatness; for we are seldom astonished at a thing very much resembling ourselves.

The Lama an idol.

When the Tartars make a Lama, their first care is to place him in a dark corner of the temple: here he is to sit half concealed from view, to regulate the motion of his hands, lips, and eyes; but, above all, he is enjoined gravity and silence. This, however, is but the prelude to his apotheosis: a set of emissaries are despatched among the people, to cry up his piety, gravity, and love of raw flesh; the people take them at their word, approach the Lama, now become an idol, with the most humble prostration; he receives their addresses without motion, commences a god, and is ever after fed by his priests with the spoon of immortality. The same receipt in this country serves to make a great man. The idol only keeps close, sends out his little emissaries to be hearty in his praise; and straight, whether statesman or author, he is set down in the list of fame, continuing to be praised while it is fashionable to praise, or while he prudently keeps his minuteness concealed from the public.

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men; all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of these domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world; till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment; by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

Little great men.

FROM "THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD."

The princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their subjects who have behaved well, by presenting them with about two yards of blue ribband, which is worn about the shoulder. They who are honored with this mark of distinction are called knights, and the king himself is always the head of the order. This is a very frugal method of recompensing the most important services; and it is very fortunate for kings that their subjects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in a battle, the king presents him with two yards of ribband, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an embassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honor of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of ribband, which is to be considered as an equivalent to his estate. In short, while an European king has a yard of blue or green ribband left he need be under no apprehensions of wanting statesmen, generals, and soldiers.

Order of knights.

I cannot sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men with large patrimonial estates are willing thus to undergo real hardships for empty favors. A person, already possessed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition, feels many real inconveniences from his station, while it procures him no real happiness that he was not possessed of before. He could eat, drink, and sleep before he became a courtier, as well, perhaps better, than when invested with his authority. He could command flatterers in a private station, as well as in his public capacity, and indulge at home every favorite inclination, uncensured and unseen by the people.

Empty favors.

I look upon these courtiers as a set of good-natured, misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbrous heap of finery; for our pleasure, the lacquied train, the slow-parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review: a single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty may be said to keep one for their own pleasure and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confucius, "That we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than in endeavoring to think so ourselves."

Observation of Confucius.

But though this desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignities of an exalted station, be troublesome enough to the ambitious, yet it is well for society that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety for danger and a ribband. We lose nothing by their vanity, and it would be unkind to endeavor to deprive a child of its rattle. If a duke or a duchess are willing to carry a long train for our entertainment, so much the worse for themselves; if they choose to exhibit in public, with a hundred lacquies and mamelukes in their equipage, for our entertainment, still so much the worse for themselves; it is the spectators alone who give and receive the pleasure; they only are the sweating figures that swell the pageant.

. . . . . .

New books.

There are numbers in this city who live by writing new books; and yet there are thousands of volumes in every large library unread and forgotten. This, upon my arrival, was one of those contradictions which I was unable to account for. "Is it possible," said I, "that there should be any demand for new books, before those already published are read? Can there be so many employed in producing a commodity with which the market is already overstocked—and with goods also better than any of modern manufacture?"

What at first view appeared an inconsistence is a proof at once of this people's wisdom and refinement. Even allowing the works of their ancestors better written than theirs, yet those of the moderns acquire a real value by being marked with the impression of the times. Antiquity has been in the possession of others; the present is our own: let us first, therefore, learn to know what belongs to ourselves and then, if we have leisure, cast our reflections back to the reign of Shonou, who governed twenty thousand years before the creation of the moon.

Modern and ancient works compared.

The volumes of antiquity, like medals, may very well serve to amuse the curious; but the works of the moderns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate use: the former are often prized above their intrinsic value, and kept with care; the latter seldom pass for more than they are worth, and are often subject to the merciless hands of sweating critics and clipping compilers: the works of antiquity are ever praised, those of the moderns read: the treasures of our ancestors have our esteem, and we boast the passion; those of contemporary genius engage our heart, although we blush to own it. The visits we pay the former resemble those we pay the great—the ceremony is troublesome, and yet such as we would not choose to forego: our acquaintance with modern books is like sitting with a friend—our pride is not flattered in the interview, but it gives more internal satisfaction.

The press and the pulpit.

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary. Savage rusticity is reclaimed by oral admonition alone; but the elegant excesses of refinement are best corrected by the still voice of studious inquiry. In a polite age almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit. The preaching bonze may instruct the illiterate peasant; but nothing less than the insinuating address of a fine writer can win its way to an heart already relaxed in all the effeminacy of refinement.

Instead, then, of thinking the number of new publications here too great, I could wish it still greater, as they are the most useful instruments of reformation. Every country must be instructed either by writers or preachers; but as the number of readers increases, the number of hearers is proportionally diminished; the writer becomes more useful and the preaching bonze less necessary.

"The Citizen of the World" was published complete in 1762, and Goldsmith received five guineas for the new copyright.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Goldsmith's receipts.

Goldsmith's receipts at this time, and chiefly from Newbery, may be calculated at what would be equivalent now to about £250 or £300 a year; and, though he was generally on the debtor side in Newbery's books, for work paid for in part beforehand, there is yet evidence that the Goldsmith of Wine Office Court was, socially, in a different plight from the Goldsmith of Green Arbour Square. Not only does he frequent the theaters and taverns, attend meetings of the Society of Arts, and drop in on Monday evenings at the famous Robin Hood Debating Society in Butcher Row, he even "receives" in his own lodging, is sponged upon there for guineas and half-guineas by rascals that know his good-nature, and sometimes gives literary suppers. One such supper, given by him in Wine Office Court, is memorable. It was on the 31st of May, 1761. Whether Johnson had met Goldsmith before is uncertain; most probably he had, for the author of the "Inquiry into Polite Learning" and the "Chinese Letters" can hardly have remained a stranger to him; but this, at all events, was their first meeting not merely casual. Johnson had accepted Goldsmith's invitation to meet a party of friends, and Percy was to accompany him. As the two were walking to Wine Office Court, Percy observed, to his surprise, that Johnson had on "a new suit of clothes," with "a new wig nicely powdered," and everything in style to match. Struck with such a variation from Johnson's usual habits, he ventured a remark

Meeting with Johnson.

on the subject. "Why, sir," said Johnson in reply, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." And so the two went in, and the door was shut behind them and the others; and there was, no doubt, much noise and splendid talk far into the night; but it has not been reported, for there was no Boswell there.

Remark of Johnson.

From that day began the immortal intimacy of the gentle Goldsmith with the great Johnson, and all that peculiar radiance over the London of the eighteenth century which we still trace to the conjunction of their figures in its antique streets. Of only three of his contemporaries in the English world of letters had Goldsmith written with admiration approaching to enthusiasm—Smollett, the poet Gray, and Johnson. A recluse at Cambridge, Gray was inaccessible. With Smollett an acquaintance had already been established; but the resident London life of the overworked and melancholic novelist was nearly over, and he was about to be a wanderer thenceforth in search of health. But at last Goldsmith had happened on that most massive and central of the three, toward whom in any case all intellectual London consciously or unconsciously gravitated. Johnson was then in his fifty-second year, living in chambers in Inner Temple Lane—not yet "Dr.," and not yet pensioned, though on the point of being so; but already with much of his greatest work done, and firm in his literary dictatorship. Goldsmith was nineteen years younger, and with the best of his work before him.

Goldsmith's intimates.

This acquaintance with Johnson led to his introduction to Reynolds (not yet Sir Joshua), then forty years of age,

Joshua Reynolds.

living in his mansion in Leicester Square, and hospitable, with his kind serenity of attached disposition and his £6,000 a year, to the largest circle of friends that any man ever drew around him. To these occasions Goldsmith was certainly welcome. Here he would meet Edmund Burke, who barely remembered him at Trinity College, Dublin ; and sometimes he and Johnson, leaving Reynolds's, and parting with Burke at the door, would go down the Strand to Johnson's chambers in Inner Temple Lane, or perhaps (for, as we know, Johnson hated early hours) drop in for more talk at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street.

The Mitre Tavern.

On the site of Johnson's Mitre Tavern stands Hoare's Bank, which dates from 1680 ; the sign of the Golden Bottle, still preserved over the door (a leathern bottle such as was used by haymakers for their ale), represents the flask carried by the founder when he came up to London to seek his fortune.

It was either at some now unknown lodging in town, occupied for some little time, or, more probably, at the Islington apartments in Mrs. Fleming's house, that there occurred late in 1764 an incident in Goldsmith's life of which very varying versions have been given, but of which the true account is indubitably Dr. Johnson's.

> I received one morning [Johnson long afterward told Boswell] a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then

told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I would soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.

"The Vicar of Wakefield."

This was the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield." At this very time he had another thing by him, written for his own pleasure, and according to his own best ideas of literary art. This was his poem of "The Traveller," the idea of which had occurred to him nine years before, during his own continental wanderings, and some fragments of which he had then written and sent home from Switzerland to his brother Henry. On this poem, as well as on "The Vicar of Wakefield," he had been for some time engaged in his Islington lodgings, writing it slowly and bringing it to the last degree of finish, but so diffident of its success as to say nothing about it to his friends. Reynolds, indeed, once visiting him, found him bending over something at his desk, and at the same time holding up his finger in rebuke every now and then to a little dog he was teaching to sit on its haunches in a corner of the room; and, on looking over his shoulder at the manuscript, he could see that it was a poem, and was able to read and remember one couplet. At length, probably at the very time of Johnson's visit of rescue, Goldsmith took Johnson into his confidence in the matter of the poem too. It was highly approved by that judge, who even added a line or two of his own; the elder Newbery, who may already have been spoken to about it, did not mind promising twenty guineas for it; and on the 19th of December, 1764, it was published, price one shilling and sixpence, with this title, "A Traveller; or a Prospect of Society: A Poem. By

Publication of "The Traveller."

Oliver Goldsmith, M. B.". It was the first publication of Goldsmith's that bore his name, and it was dedicated, in terms of beautiful affection, to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith.

An epoch in his life.

The publication of "The Traveller" was an epoch in Goldsmith's life. Now at last, at the age of six-and-thirty, he stood forth, not as an essayist, compiler, and anonymous prose-humorist, but avowedly as a candidate for those higher and finer honors that belong to the name of English poet.

Popularity of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

As by his "Traveller" Goldsmith had taken his place among English poets, so by "The Vicar of Wakefield" he took a place, if not as one of the remarkable group of English novelists that distinguished the middle of the eighteenth century, at least with peculiar conspicuousness near that group. Richardson had been five years dead; Fielding twelve years; only Smollett of the old three remained, with his "Humphry Clinker" still to be written. How simple this "Vicar of Wakefield" was, how humorous, how pathetic, how graceful in its manner, how humane in every pulse of its meaning, how truly and deeply good! So said everybody; and gradually into that world of imaginary scenes and beings made familiar to British readers by former works of fiction, and the latest additions to which had been Smollett's and Sterne's inventions, a place of especial regard was found for the ideal Wakefield, the Primrose family, and all their belongings.

Everybody, even in our time, has read, or must read, "The Vicar of Wakefield"; but I select some passages as pictures of the period, especially those that give an idea of simple country life as contrasted with the city manners of Evelina's friends given later.

CHAPTER XIX.

The vicar describes his new home.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor, but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

. . . . . .

Laws of the little republic.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played the other would sing some soothing ballad—Johnny Armstrong's "Last Good-Night," or "The Cruelty of Barbara Allen." The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

Sunday a day of finery.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbands, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

Vanity reproved.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behavior served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters dressed out in all their former splendor, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. "Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now."—"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us."—"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."—"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings and pinkings and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

Change of dress.

This remonstrance had the proper effect: they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

. . . . . .

There were a couple of *soi-disant* fine ladies from the town, whose arrival had rather turned the heads of the ladies of the vicar's family. Through their influence

the sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses; and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modeling their old gauzes or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life, and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

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Family portraits.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbor Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who traveled the country and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too.

Having, therefore, engaged the limner—for what could I do? —our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbor's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style; and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the Squire that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and, it must be owned, he did not spare his colors; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance which had not occurred till the picture was finished now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen

Independent historical pictures.

Large size of the picture.

wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbors. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed ; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle ; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

And so on ; but enough. The story is too pathetic, and moreover too familiar, to find a place here—like Goldsmith's own story, which I have dealt with only in explanation of my extracts, and in connection with the men of his time.

Years of labor in compiling.

In 1774 Goldsmith had come to the end of some years of labor in compiling ; and now, if ever, was the time for carrying into effect the resolution, to which he had been persuading himself, of retiring permanently into some quiet part of the country and coming to London only for two months every year. But, in fact, either to go or stay would have been difficult for him. All his resources were gone ; his feet, as he walked in the streets, were in a meshwork of debt, to the extent of about £2,000 ; and all that he could look forward to, with any promise of relief in it, was the chance of a new stretch of some ten thousand acres of additional hack-work and compilation, for some bookseller who would not mind prepaying for the labor in part.

Goldsmith's last illness.

He went in March, for a week or two, to his retreat at Hyde on the Edgeware Road, when an attack of a local complaint to which he had for some time been subject brought him back to his chambers in the Temple. The immediate illness passed off, but a kind of nervous fever followed ; doctors were sent for, but without avail. "Your pulse," said one of them to the patient, "is in greater disorder than it should be from the state of your fever : is your mind at ease?" "It is *not*," said Goldsmith. And so, with varying symptoms, he lay on in his chambers in Brick Court till Monday, the 4th of April, 1774, on which day it was known through town that Goldsmith was dead. He died at half-past four that morning in strong convulsions.

His death.

When Burke was told the news, he burst into tears. When Reynolds was told it, he left his painting-room, where he then was, and did no more work that day. How Johnson was affected at the moment we can only guess; but three months afterward he wrote as follows to Bennet Langton, in Lincolnshire:

> Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much farther. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man.

When Goldsmith died he was forty-five years and five months old. His body was buried, on the 9th of April, in the burying-ground of the Temple Church. The monument to him in Westminster Abbey, with the Latin inscription by Johnson, was erected in 1776.

In the Temple Church there is a modern monument to Oliver Goldsmith erected in 1860.

Sir Walter Scott's epitaph for him is:

Scott's epitaph.

> The wreath of Goldsmith is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors.

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BOOK VII.

HORACE WALPOLE AND GRAY.

CHAPTER XX.

The correspondence.

THE correspondence of Horace Walpole is a great mine of facts and fancies, too extensive to explore for any one without ample leisure and strong inclination to the task. These letters were pronounced by Walter Scott to be the best in our language, and Lord Byron declared them to be incomparable. Since these verdicts, the collections of letters by Walpole that were known to Scott and Byron have received the addition of several others, published at different times, besides many separate letters which have come to light. The total number of Walpole's published letters cannot now fall much short of three thousand ; the earliest of these is dated in November, 1735, the latest in January, 1797. Thus we see that the correspondence extends nearly over our period. Throughout all these sixty years, the writer, to use his own phrase, lived always in the big, busy world, and whatever there passed before him, his restless fingers, restless even when stiffened by the gout, recorded and commented on for the amusement of his correspondents. It is a serious piece of work to attack this mass of narrative and description, anecdotes and criticisms, and very much of it is irrelevant to our purpose, and has ceased to be interesting.

Its extent.

Mr. Seeley's excellent, and not too large, book gives admirable selections from the letters, with reference to just those things that are interesting to my subject, and it is from his careful selections that I further condense.

Birth and parentage.

Horace Walpole was born on the 24th of September, 1717, the youngest son of the foremost Englishman of his time, Sir Robert Walpole. Walpole tells us that in the first years of his life he was much indulged both by his mother and Sir Robert, being a delicate child ; and he relates the story of being carried, on account of his longing to see the king, to St. James's to kiss the hand of George I., just before His Majesty began his last journey to Hanover. He was sent to Eton and from there to King's College, Cambridge. As soon as he became of age he was put in the possession of a handsome income, from several purely sinecure offices procured for him by his father, all capable of being executed by deputy, and leaving him with plenty of money and nothing to do.

Traveling with Gray.

Thus at leisure, he set out on the continental tour which was then considered indispensable for a man of fashion. His companion was the poet Gray, with whom Walpole then formed a friendship which lasted through their lives, in spite of the interruption caused by a slight dissension that came up between them in traveling, as so often happens in the midst of the fatigues of journeys.

Walpole took his seat in Parliament, and delivered his maiden speech in 1742, but it does not appear that he acquired any reputation in debate. His constant attendance at the House had the chief merit, it would seem, for furnishing material for his correspondence, and the same may be said for his wide acquaintance with fashionable society.

During his active life the war of parties was largely carried on by anonymous pamphlets, and Walpole gave powerful help in this way to the subjects which aroused his interest.

Art and literature his chief employment.

But he found in art and literature his chief employment. He read widely, especially in the line of history and archæology, and thus developed a passion for collecting and imitating antiquities and curiosities of all kinds. For this he had means and leisure, as his duties, for instance as Usher of the Exchequer, were nominally to shut the gates of the Exchequer, and to provide the Exchequer and Treasury with the paper, parchment, pens, ink, sand, wax, tape, and other articles of the sort used in their department.

His chief amusement for many years was the erection and adornment of his villa at Twickenham, an eccentric little building on the Thames, in which he gathered a collection of pictures and all sorts of curiosities. He called it Strawberry Hill.

He bought the place with only a cottage on it from Mrs. Chenevix, who kept a fashionable toy-shop, and he writes:

Villa at Twickenham.

> It's a little plaything house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble that ever you saw. It is set in enameled meadows, with filagree hedges:
>
> A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
> And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Walpole had acquired in his antiquarian research a fatal fondness for Gothic architecture; but his zeal was not according to much knowledge, not guided by a very pure taste. The cottage grew into a strange nondescript edifice, half castle, half cloister, still small in its proportions, with all kinds of grotesque decorations, with a library, refectory, gallery, round tower, hexagon closet—titles to make the mouth water of an Ann Radcliffe. In a small cloister, outside the house, stood the blue and white china bowl in which Walpole's cat was really drowned, so worthily celebrated by Gray's poem.

The buildings were not solid in construction, and to this day their "ginger-bread Gothic" and "pie-crust battlements" are subjects for ridicule, but I think it was charming of Walpole to amuse himself exactly as he pleased in the matter of building him a house, without the slightest deference to his neighbor's opinions or any feeling that he must be and do like the rest of the world. In fact, he rather enjoyed the defects in his work and was as well aware as anybody of its flimsiness.

The place was filled with all sorts of wonderful objects. Lord Macaulay says:

A curiosity shop.

> In his villa every apartment is a museum, every piece of furniture is a curiosity; there is something strange in the form of the shovel, there is a long story belonging to the bell-rope. We wander among a profusion of rarities of trifling intrinsic value, but so quaint in fashion or connected with such remarkable names and events that they may well detain our attention a moment. A moment is enough. Some new relic, some new unique, some new carved work, some new enamel, is forthcoming in an instant. One cabinet of trinkets is no sooner closed than another is opened.

Walpole established a printing press, amongst other things, on the grounds, with which he amused the company who came incessantly to visit him.

Mode of existence.

Thus employed, and always actively in society, and always writing away at his letters, this remarkable man passed a cheerful, airy kind of existence. When he was seventy-four he became by the death of his nephew Earl of Oxford, but he never took his seat in the House of Lords and seldom used the new title. Some of his letters after the succession are signed "the late H. W.," and some of them "the uncle of the late Earl of Oxford." He died in 1797 in his eightieth year, in the full possession of his faculties, though for a long time he had suffered greatly from the effects of gout, to which he was a martyr.

Walpole was unpopular in his time, and the comments upon him by his contemporaries are severe; unnecessarily so, it seems to us, who read him through his letters at this distance. Inconsistency, caprice, eccentricity, affectation are charged against him. No doubt his pride of rank, his strong likes and dislikes, freely displayed, made him enemies.

"Castle of Otranto."

He wrote and published a good many things, but his novel, the "Castle of Otranto," although highly praised, is extremely dull, and his other publications are as nearly as possible forgotten. It is pleasant to say that in the dispute with America he maintained, from the first, the right of our colonies to liberty and independence.

There is no doubt that Walpole regarded letter-writing as an art, and that he counted on being remembered by his letters far more than by any other of his writings. Meanwhile he himself is better than anything he writes.

CHAPTER XXI.

I PASS over Walpole's earliest letters, and those written during his travels. The following is written to his friend John Chute, whose acquaintance he made at Florence, from his father's seat at

Houghton, August 20, 1743.

INDEED, MY DEAR SIR: You certainly did not use to be stupid, and till you give me more substantial proof that you are so, I shall not believe it. As for your temperate diet and milk bringing about such a metamorphosis, I hold it impossible. I have such lamentable proofs every day before my eyes of the stupefying qualities of beef, ale, and wine that I have contracted a most religious veneration for your spiritual nouriture. Only imagine that I here every day see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant-rock at Pratolino! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do if yonder alderman at the lower end of the table was to stick his fork into his neighbor's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs, or the latter is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask so many questions. I have an aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbors. She wore me so down yesterday with interrogatories that I dreamt all night she was at my ear with "who's" and "why's" and "when's" and "where's," till at last in my very sleep I cried out, "For heaven's sake, madam, ask me no more questions!"

Country manners.

Oh, my dear sir, don't you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with that

> tenth part? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders. I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in town, because one can avoid it there and has more resources, but it is there too. I fear 'tis growing old; but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me. They say there is no English word for *ennui;* I think you may translate it most literally by what is called "entertaining people" and "doing the honors," that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don't know and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish questions, which all begin with, "I think you live a good deal in the country," or, "I think you don't love this thing or that." Oh! 'tis dreadful.

Definition of *ennui.*

Horace was soon in the full tide of fashion, not to say dissipation; for a good many years the opera, plays, balls, routs, and other diversions, public and private, mingled with accounts of journeys to visit great houses in the country, fill up the letters, together with abundance of scandal and playful jesting on the follies of the day. Here is an amusing account of the sensation produced by the earthquake which alarmed London in 1750.

Earthquake of 1750.

> Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent that they have lost their name.
>
> My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go toward lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last (exactly a month since the first shock), the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had fol-

lowed I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses; in an instant we heard all the windows of the neighborhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done; there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys and much china-ware. The bells rang in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London; they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "Why, one can't help going out into the country!" The only visible effect it has had was on the ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people.

Slight damage done.

A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment." If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water: I am already planning a terreno for Strawberry Hill.

Betting upon the subject.

I told you the women talked of going out of town; several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you think I am laughing at you: but it is so true, that Arthur of White's told me last night that he should put off the last ridotto, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake." But I have done with this ridiculous panic; two pages were too much to talk of it.

Ridiculous panic.

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park Corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day:

"On Monday next will be published, price 6*d*., a true and exact List of all the Nobility and Gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another Earthquake."

Several women have made earthquake gowns; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose; she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catharine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?

Not long after the earthquake we find Walpole engaged in a frolic at Vauxhall, in the best of company, a gay party "parading up" the river in a barge, a boat of French horns attending, and the young ladies singing.

A frolic at Vauxhall.

At last we assembled in our booths, Lady Caroline in the front with the visor of her head erect and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pots of butter and a flagon of water, stirring and rattling and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. . . . In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you may imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank their healths.

Royal marriage.

After the king's marriage (George III. to Queen Charlotte) he writes:

When we least expected the queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half an hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin open. They made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday and on Monday morning she landed at Harwich; so prosperously has Lord Anson executed his commission. She lay that night at your old friend Lord Abercorn's at Witham in Essex; and, if she judged by her host, must have thought she was coming to reign in the realm of taciturnity. She arrived at St. James's a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the palace she turned pale; the Duchess of Hamilton smiled.

"My dear duchess," said the princess, "*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me."

Anecdotes of the queen.

Is this a bad proof of her sense? On the journey they wanted to curl her toupet.

"No, indeed," said she, "I think it looks as well as those of the ladies who have been sent for me: if the king would have me wear a periwig, I will; otherwise I shall let myself alone."

The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden gate; her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the king met her; she would have fallen at his feet; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta: these three princesses only dined with the king. At ten the procession went to chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of peers and peeresses in plenty. The new princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William; the archbishop married them; the king talked to her the whole time with great good-humor, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall, nor a beauty; pale, and very thin; but looks sensible, and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably; possesses herself, is frank, but with great respect to the king. After the ceremony the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-colored velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes half way down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth three-score thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the coronation too. Her train was borne by the ten bridesmaids; their heads crowned with diamonds, and in robes of white and silver.

Her appearance.

The peace of Paris brought many French people over to join the society of London. Walpole gave an entertainment to some of these guests at Strawberry Hill.

. . . We breakfasted in the great parlor, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionettes. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-house I carried them into mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:

French guests.

THE PRESS SPEAKS FOR MADAME DE BOUFFLERS.

The graceful fair, who loves to know,
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;
Who bids her polish'd accent wear
The British diction's harsher air;
Shall read her praise in every clime
Where types can speak or poets rhyme.

FOR MADAME DUSSON.

Feign not an ignorance of what I speak;
You could not miss my meaning were it Greek:
'Tis the same language Belgium uttered first,
The same which from admiring Gallia burst.
True sentiment a like expression pours;
Each country says the same to eyes like yours.

You will comprehend that the first speaks English, and that the second does not; that the second is handsome, and the first not; and that the second was born in Holland.

A fortnight afterward he writes:

June 7th.

Entertainment at Richmond House.

Last night we had a magnificent entertainment at Richmond House, a masquerade and fireworks. A masquerade was a new sight to the young people, who have dressed themselves charmingly, without having the fear of an earthquake before their eyes, though Prince William and Prince Henry were not suffered to be there. The Duchesses of Richmond and Grafton, the first as a Persian sultana, the latter as Cleopatra—and such a Cleopatra!—were glorious figures, in very different styles. Mrs. Fitzroy in a Turkish dress, Lady George and Lady Bolingbroke as Grecian girls, Lady Mary Coke as Imoinda, and Lady Pembroke as a pilgrim, were the principal beauties of the night. The whole garden was illuminated, and the apartments. An encampment of barges decked with streamers in the middle of the Thames kept the people from danger, and formed a stage for the fireworks, which were placed, too, along the rails of the garden. The ground rooms lighted, with supper spread, the houses covered and filled with people, the bridge, the garden full of masks.

Duchess of Queensberry.

Last Thursday the Duchess of Queensberry gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances: as she had enjoined everybody to be with her by six, to sup at twelve, and go away directly. The only extraordinary thing the duchess did was to do nothing extraordinary, for I do not call it very mad that some pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent to her,

Come with a whistle, and come with a call,
Come with a good-will, or come not at all.

. . . If it was not too long to transcribe, I would send you an entertaining petition of the periwig-makers to the king, in which they complain that men will wear their own hair. Should one almost wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no more demand for wooden legs? Apropos, my Lady Hertford's friend, Lady Harriot Vernon, has quarreled with me for smiling at the enormous head-gear of her daughter, Lady Grosvenor. She came one night to Northumberland House with such a display of frizz that it literally spread beyond her shoulders. I happened to say it looked as if her parents had stinted her in hair before marriage and that she was determined to indulge her fancy now.

Strawberry Hill, March 9, 1765.

Note with the "Castle of Otranto."

I had time to write but a short note with the "Castle of Otranto," as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head like mine filled with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armor. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was glad to think of anything rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

Habits of Walpole.

A large part of Walpole's correspondence was despatched at night after his return from the theater or a reception. His habits were late. He was a late riser, and he often played cards till two or three o'clock in the morning. Whist he disliked, but gave himself to faro while that game was in vogue, and afterward to loo, with all the fervor of a devotee. But when not thus occupied the hours observed by the fashionable world allowed him to retire early to his desk. How different those hours were then from what they are now may be gathered from Walpole's amusing sketch of a retarded dinner, at which he was a sufferer, in 1765:

A retarded dinner.

> Now for my disaster; you will laugh at it, though it was woful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland House, and went a little after hour; there I found the countess, Lady Betty Mackenzie, Lady Strafford; my Lady Finlater, who was never out of Scotland before; a tall lad of fifteen, her son; Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley. At five arrived Mr. Mitchell, who said the Lords had begun to read the Poor-bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterward. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen—no such thing. Six o'clock came—seven o'clock came—our coaches came—well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the opera and play, Mrs. Cornely's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented—in vain. The clock struck eight: my lady at last said she would go and order dinner; but it was a good half-hour before it appeared. We then sat down to a table for fourteen covers: but instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red, green, and yellow, gilt plates, blacks, and uniforms! My Lady Finlater, who had never seen these embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the lords; so did the second. The dessert arrived at last, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay arrived! Would you believe it?—the dessert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again. . . . When the clock struck eleven I said I was engaged to supper and came home to bed.

Famished guests.

In 1770, Walpole descants on the extravagance of the age.

Extravagance of the age.

> What do you think of a winter-Ranelagh erecting in Oxford Road, at the expense of sixty thousand pounds? The new bank, including the value of the ground and of the houses demolished to make room for it, will cost three hundred thousand; and erected, as my Lady Townley says, *by sober citizens, too!* I have touched before to you on the incredible profusion of our young men of fashion. I know a younger brother who literally gives a flower-woman half a guinea every morning for a bunch of roses for the nose-gay in his button-hole. There has lately been an auction of stuffed birds; and, as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty and fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant; you may buy a live one for five. After this, it is not extraordinary that pictures should be dear. We have at present three exhibitions. One West, who paints history in the taste of Poussin, gets three hundred pounds for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney. He has merit, but is hard and heavy, and far unworthy of such prices. The rage to see these exhibitions is so great that sometimes one cannot pass through the streets where they are. But it is incredible what sums are raised by mere exhibitions of anything—a new fashion; and to enter at which you pay a shilling or half a crown. Another rage is for prints of English portraits: I have been collecting them for over thirty years, and originally never gave for a mezzotinto above one or two shillings. The lowest are now a crown; most, from half a guinea to a guinea. Then we have Etruscan vases, made of earthenware, in Staffordshire (by Wedgwood) from two to five guineas; and *or moulu*, never made here before, which succeeds so well that a tea-kettle, which the inventor offered for one hundred guineas, sold by auction for one hundred and thirty. In short, we are at the height of extravagance and improvements, for we do improve rapidly in taste as well as in the former. I cannot say so much for our genius. Poetry is gone to bed, or into our prose; we are like the Romans in that too. If we have the arts of the Antonines, we have the fustian also.

Its improvements.

In July, 1770, Walpole received a command to attend the Princess Amelia on a visit to Stowe. He describes what occurred to George Montagu :

Princess Amelia.

> We breakfasted at half an hour after nine ; but the princess did not appear till it was finished ; then we walked in the garden, or drove about in cabriolets till it was time to dress ; dined at three, which, though properly proportioned to the smallness of the company to avoid ostentation, lasted a vast while, as the princess eats and talks a great deal ; then again into the garden till past seven, when we came in, drank tea and coffee, and played at pharaoh till ten, when the princess retired, and we went to supper, and before twelve to bed. You will see there was great sameness and little vivacity in all this. It was broken a little by fishing, and going round the park one of the mornings ; but, in reality, the number of buildings and variety of scenes in the garden made each day different from the rest, and my meditations on so historic a spot prevented my being tired. Every acre brings to one's mind some instance of the parts or pedantry, of the taste or want of taste, of the ambition or love of fame, or greatness or miscarriages, of those that have inhabited, decorated, planned, or visited the place.

A small Vauxhall.

> On Wednesday night a small Vauxhall was acted for us at the grotto in the Elysian Fields, which was illuminated with lamps, as were the thicket and two little barks on the lake. With a little exaggeration I could make you believe that nothing ever was so delightful. The idea was really pretty ; but as my feelings have lost something of their romantic sensibility, I did not quite enjoy such an entertainment *al fresco* so much as I should have done twenty years ago. The evening was more than cool and the destined spot anything but dry. There were not half lamps enough, and no music but an ancient militiaman, who played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe. As our procession descended the vast flight of steps into the garden, in which was assembled a crowd of people from Buckingham and the neighboring villages to see the princess and the show, the moon shining very bright, I could not help laughing as I surveyed our troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an Arcadian entertainment, were hobbling down by the balustrades, wrapped up in cloaks and great-coats, for fear of catching cold. The earl, you know, is bent double, the countess very lame ; I am a miserable walker, and the princess, though as

strong as a Brunswick lion, makes no figure in going down fifty stone stairs. Except Lady Anne, and by courtesy Lady Mary, we were none of us young enough for a pastoral. We supped in the grotto, which is as proper to this climate as a sea-coal fire would be in the dog-days at Tivoli.

Slight annoyances.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN 1773 Walpole gives an anecdote about Garrick and Goldsmith; it is the year before Goldsmith died.

Anecdote of Garrick and Goldsmith.

> I dined and passed Saturday at Beauclerks' with the Edgecombes, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tried, as I knew I should be, I who hate playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearying for having some sense. It was the night of a new comedy, called "The School for Wives," which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick has at least the chief hand in it. I never saw anybody in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned, for he went to the play-house at half past five, and we sate waiting for him till tea, when he was to act a speech in "Cato" with Goldsmith! That is, the latter sate in t'other's lap, covered with a cloak, and while Goldsmith spoke Garrick's arms, that embraced him, made foolish actions. How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours!

In a letter to Horace Mann, dated November 24, 1774, he writes:

A prophecy.

> Don't tell me I am grown old and peevish and supercilious—name the geniuses of 1774 and I submit. The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and in time a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra; but am I not prophesying, contrary to my usual prudence, and casting horoscopes of empires like Rousseau? 'Tis well, I will go and dream my visions.

Walpole's traveler from Lima has often been quoted as the original of Macaulay's "New Zealander," standing on London Bridge in a vast solitude to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. But Macaulay invented his New Zealander in 1840, whereas the extract above given is taken from Walpole's correspondence with Mann and was first published from the original manuscripts only in 1843.

Macaulay's "New Zealander."

The letters keep on, with the same persevering liveliness, from year to year; in 1781 he writes:

> I saw Dr. Johnson last night (then seventy-two years old) at Lady Lucan's, who had assembled a blue-stocking meeting in imitation of Mrs. Vesey's babels. It was so blue, it was quite Mazarine blue. Mrs. Montagu kept aloof from Johnson, like the West from the East.

This is not our Lady Mary (who died in 1762), but a lady who originated the "Blue-stocking Club," one of the pet dislikes of Horace. He writes about the same time:

The "Blue-stocking Club."

> I met Mrs. Montagu t'other night at a visit. She said she had been alone the whole preceding day, *quite hermetically sealed*. I was very glad she was uncorked, or I might have missed that piece of nonsense. She is one of my principal entertainments at Mrs. Vesey's, who collects all the graduates and candidates for fame, where they vie with one another till they are as unintelligible as the good folks at babel.

From Strawberry Hill, in August, 1782, he writes:

> Drowned as we are, the country never was in such beauty; the herbage and leafage are luxurious. The Thames gives itself Rhone airs, and almost foams; it is none of your home-brewed rivers that Mr. Brown makes with a spade and a watering-pot. Apropos, Mr. Duane, like a good housewife, in the middle of his grass-plot, has planted a pump and watering trough for his cow, and I suppose on Saturdays dries his towels and neckcloths on his orange-trees; but I must have done, or the post will be gone.

. . . . . .

At the end of 1782 Mrs. Siddons was the talk of the town. Prejudiced as Walpole was apt to be in his judg-

Mrs. Siddons the talk of the town.

ments of actors, as of authors, his impressions of this famous actress will be read with interest.

Walpole's opinion of her.

I have been in town two days, and seen Mrs. Siddons. She pleased me beyond my expectation, but not up to the admiration of the *ton*, two or three of whom were in the same box with me. Mr. Crawford asked me if I did not think her the best actress I ever saw? I said, "By no means; we old folks were apt to be prejudiced in favor of our first impressions." She is a good figure, handsome enough, though neither nose nor chin according to the Greek standard, beyond which they both advance a good deal. Her hair is either red, or she has no objection to its being thought so, and had used red powder. Her voice is clear and good; but I thought she did not vary its modulations enough, nor ever approach enough to the familiar—but this may come when more habituated to the awe of the audience of the capital. Her action is proper, but with little variety; when without motion, her arms are not genteel. Thus you see all my objections are very trifling; but what I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say that were I one and twenty, I should have thought her marvelous; but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil—and remember every accent of the former in the very same part. Yet this is not entirely prejudice: don't I equally recollect the whole progress of Lord Chatham and Charles Townshend, and does it hinder my thinking Mr. Fox a prodigy? Pray don't send him this paragraph.

Again:

Modest and sensible.

Mrs. Siddons continues to be the mode, and to be modest and sensible. She declines great dinners, and says her business and the cares of her family take up her whole time. When Lord Carlisle carried her the tribute money from Brooks's, he said she was not *maniérée* enough. "I suppose she was grateful," said my niece, Lady Maria. Mrs. Siddons was desired to play "Medea" and "Lady Macbeth." "No," she replied, "she did not look on them as female characters." She was questioned about her transactions with Garrick: she said, "He did nothing but put her out; that he told her she moved her right hand when it should have been her left. In short," said she, "I found I must not shade the tip of his nose."

Invention of air balloons.

The recent invention of air balloons (1784) was at this time exciting general interest. He says:

> This enormous capital that must have some occupation is most innocently amused with those philosophic playthings. An Italian, one Lunardi, is the first *air-go-naut* that has mounted into the clouds in this country. He is said to have bought three or four thousand pounds in the stocks, by exhibiting his person, his balloon, and his dog and his cat, at the Pantheon for a shilling a visitor. Blanchard, a Frenchman, is his rival; and I expect that they will soon have an air fight in the clouds like a stork and a kite.

In 1785 he reports from Strawberry Hill:

> Dr. Burney and his daughter Evelina-Cecilia have passed a day and a half with me. He is lively and agreeable; she half and half sense and modesty, which possess her so entirely that not a cranny is left for affectation or pretension. Oh! Mrs. Montagu, you are not above half as accomplished.

A visit from Queen Charlotte.

To the end of his life, although much crippled by gout, Walpole retained his love for life and movement. He received a visit from Queen Charlotte at Strawberry Hill as late as the summer of 1795. He sends an account of it to Conway:

> *Strawberry.*
>
> As you are, or have been in town, your daughter (Mrs. Damer) will have told you in what a bustle I am, preparing, not to visit, but to receive an invasion of royalties to-morrow; and cannot even escape them, like Admiral Cornwallis, though seeming to make a semblance; for I am to wear a sword, and have appointed my two aides-de-camp, my nephews, George and Horace Churchill. If I *fall*, as ten to one but I do, to be sure it will be a superb tumble, at the feet of a queen, and eight daughters of kings; for besides the six princesses, I am to have the Duchess of York and the Princess of Orange! Woe is me, at seventy-eight, and with scarce a hand and foot to my back! Adieu! Yours, etc.,
>
> A POOR OLD REMNANT.

He adds later :

> I am not dead of fatigue with my royal visitors, as I expected to be, though I was on my poor lame feet three whole hours. Your daughter, who kindly assisted me in doing the honors, will tell you the particulars, and how prosperously I succeeded. The queen was uncommonly condescending and gracious, and deigned to drink my health when I presented her with the last glass, and to thank me for all my attentions. Indeed, my memory *de la vieille cour* was but once in default. As I had been assured that Her Majesty would be attended by her chamberlain, yet was not, I had no glove ready when I received her at the step of her coach ; yet she honored me with her hand to lead her up stairs ; nor did I recollect my omission when I led her down again. Still, though gloveless, I did not squeeze the royal hand, as vice-chamberlain did to Queen Mary.

The last letter.

The last letter from Horace Walpole was addressed to Lady Ossory, then almost the sole survivor of his early friends :

> My Dear Madam : You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honor me with writing, but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have anything particular to say ; I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything, and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffee-houses ; consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about four-score nephews and nieces of various ages, who are brought to me about once a year, to stare at me as the Methusaleh of the family, and they can speak only of their contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats and balls. Must not the result of this, madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent ? And can such letters be worth showing ? or can I have any spirit when so old, and am reduced to dictate ?
>
> Oh ! my good madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shown. Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no

His retired life.

more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel, and stuck on twelfth cakes that lie on the shop-boards of pastry-cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then, pray, madam, accept the resignation of your ancient servant, ORFORD.

. . . . . .

Personal appearance.

Walpole in 1772 was thus described: His figure was not merely tall, but more properly long and slender to excess. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, his voice extremely pleasant. He always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy which fashion had then made almost natural, *chapeau bas* between his hands, or under his arm, knees bent, and feet on tiptoe as if afraid of a wet floor. His dress in summer was a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worked in the tambour; partridge silk stockings, and gold buckles, ruffles and frills, generally lace. In summer no powder, but his wig combed straight and queued behind, showing his very smooth forehead.

CHAPTER XXIII.

By the side of Horace Walpole's butterfly existence the even tenor of the ways of Thomas Gray is in contrast. His life was passed in alternating between Cambridge and Stoke, where his home was, West End House, a simple farmstead of two stories, with a rustic porch before the front door. It was here that he finished the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and here that he received the visit which made him write "The Long Story," for a long time unpublished, as Gray considered its allusions too personal for the public. It is, as Mr. Gosse says, "excellent fooling," and interesting as a picture of Gray's home life.

Ways of Thomas Gray.

In his "Life of Gray" Mr. Gosse goes on to tell how, at the manor house at Stoke, Lady Cobham, who seems to have known Horace Walpole, read the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" in manuscript before it had been many months in existence, and conceived a violent desire to know the author. So quiet was Gray, and so little inclined to assert his own personality, that she was unaware that he and she had lived in the same country parish for several years, until Rev. Mr. Robert Purt, a Cambridge fellow, settled at Stoke, told her that "thereabouts there lurked a wicked imp they call a poet." Mr. Purt, however, enjoyed a very slight acquaintance with Gray (he was offended shortly afterward at the introduction of his name into "The Long Story" and very properly died of small-pox immediately), and could not venture to introduce him to her ladyship. Lady Cobham, however, had a guest staying

Manuscript of the "Elegy."

with her, a Lady Schaub, who knew a friend of Gray's, a Lady Brown. On this very meager introduction Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, the niece of Lady Cobham, were persuaded by her ladyship, who shot her arrow like Teucer from behind the shield of Ajax, to call boldly upon Gray. They did so in the summer of 1751, but when they had crossed the fields to West End House they found that the poet had gone out for a walk. They begged the ladies to say nothing of their visit, but they left amongst the papers in Gray's study this piquant little note : "Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray ; she is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is quite well."

Lady Cobham and her guest.

This little adventure assumed the hues of mystery and romance in so uneventful a life as Gray's, and curiosity combined with good manners to make him put his shyness in his pocket and return Lady Schaub's polite but eccentric call. That far-reaching spider, the Viscountess Cobham, had now fairly caught him in her web, and for the remaining nine years of her life she and her niece, Miss Speed, were his fast friends. Indeed, his whole life might have been altered if Lady Cobham had had her way, for it seems certain that she would have been highly pleased to have seen him the husband of Harriet Speed and inheritor of the fortunes of the family. At one time Gray seems to have been really frightened lest they should marry him suddenly, against his will ; and perhaps he almost wished they would. At all events, the only lines of his which can be called amatory were addressed to Miss Speed. She was seven years his junior, and when she was nearly forty she married a very young French officer, and went to live abroad.

Caught in a web.

The romantic incidents of the call just described inspired Gray with his fantastic account of them given in

"The Long Story."

"The Long Story." He dwells on the ancient seat of the Huntingdons and Hattons, from the door of which one morning issued

A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-à-pie from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
Had armed with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipped her arrows with good-nature.

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armor;
And veiled their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Amazon warriors.

These warriors sallied forth in the cause of a lady of high degree, who had just heard that the parish contained a poet, and who

Swore by her coronet and ermine
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

At last they discovered his lowly haunt, and bounce in without so much as a tap at his door:

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle;
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up-stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester chamber.

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio;

Under a teacup he might lie,
  Or creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio.

The pitying Muses, however, have conveyed him away, and the proud Amazons are obliged to retreat; but they have a malignity to leave a spell behind them, which their victim finds when he slinks back to his home:

Their retreat.

The words too eager to unriddle
  The poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime formed the middle,
  And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
  The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he nill he, to the great house.
  He went as if the devil drove him.

When he arrives at the manor house, of course, he is dragged before the great lady, and is only saved from destruction by her sudden fit of clemency:

The ghostly prudes with haggard face
  Already had condemned the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace—
  She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

To show how playful Gray could be on occasions the delightful letter to Walpole is quoted entire in which first appeared the lines "on a favorite cat," drowned in a tub of gold-fishes.

Cambridge, March 1, 1747.

As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a letter of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me, before I testify my sorrow and the sincere part I take in your misfortune, to know for whom it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima (Selima, was it? or Fatima?), or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your "handsome cat," the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one loves best; or if one be alive and one dead, it is usually the latter which is the handsomest. Besides, if the

Gray's letter to Walpole.

point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor; oh, no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with sad accident. Till this matter is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry—"Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris." Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives me time to rejoice with you on your new honors [Walpole had just been elected F. R. S.]. This is only a beginning; I reckon next week we shall hear you are a Freemason. Heigh-ho! I feel (as you, to be sure, have long since) that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your cat, *feue* Mademoiselle Selime, whom I am about to immortalize for one week or fortnight, as follows:

Lines on the death of a favorite cat.

Twas on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
  The azure flowers that blow,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
  Gazèd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
  The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
  She saw and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
  The genii of the stream;
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
  Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw
  With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise?
  What cat's averse to fish?

The fatal slip.

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,
  Nor knew the gulf between—
(Malignant fate sat by and smiled)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled;
  She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to ev'ry wat'ry god
  Some speedy aid to send:—
No dolphin came, no nereid stirr'd,
No cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
  What favorite has a friend!

From hence, ye beauties! undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
  And be with caution bold:
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
  Nor all that glisters, gold!

"Castle of Otranto."

Here is an extract from Walpole's "Castle of Otranto." One is enough to give a hint of its terrors.

Young Conrad's birthday was fixed for his espousals. The company was assembled in the chapel of the castle, and everything ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himself was missing. Manfred, impatient of the least delay, and who had not observed his son retire, despatched one of his attendants to summon the young prince. The servant, who had not staid long enough to have crossed the court to Conrad's apartment, came running back breathless, in a frantic manner, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. He said nothing, but pointed at the court. The company were struck with terror and amazement. The Princess Hippolita, without knowing what was the matter, but anxious for her son, swooned away. Manfred, less apprehensive than enraged at the procrastination of the nuptials, and at the folly of his domestic, asked imperiously what was the matter? The fellow made no answer, but continued pointing toward the court-yard; and at last, after repeated questions put to him, cried out, "Oh! the helmet! the helmet!" In the meantime some of the company had run into the court, from whence was heard a confused noise of shrieks, horror, and surprise. Manfred, who began to be alarmed at not seeing his son, went himself to get information of what occasioned this strange confusion. Matilda remained, endeavoring to assist her mother, and Isabella staid for the same purpose, and to avoid showing any impatience for the bridegroom, for whom, in truth, she had conceived little affection.

The terrible helmet.

The first thing that struck Manfred's eyes was a group of his servants endeavoring to raise something that appeared to him a mountain of sable plumes. He gazed without believing his sight. "What are ye doing?" cried Manfred wrathfully; "where is my son?" A volley of voices replied, "Oh! my lord! the prince! the prince! the helmet! the helmet!" Shocked with these lamentable sounds, and dreading he knew not what, he advanced hastily—but what a sight for a father's eyes! he beheld his child dashed to pieces, and almost buried under an enormous helmet, an hundred times more large than any casque ever made for human beings, and shaded with as proportionable number of black feathers.

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BOOK VIII.

EVELINA AND DR. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Queen Anne Street, London, Saturday, April 2d.

THIS moment arrived. Just going to Drury Lane Theater. The celebrated Mr. Garrick performs Ranger. I am quite in ecstasy. So is Miss Mirvan. How fortunate that he should happen to play! We would not let Mrs. Mirvan rest till she consented to go. Her chief objection was to our dress, for we have had no time to *Londonize* ourselves; but we teased her into compliance, and so we are to sit in some obscure place that she may not be seen. As to me, I should be alike unknown in the most conspicuous or most private part of the house.

Opening chapter of "Evelina."

I can write no more now. I have hardly time to breathe—only just this, the houses and streets are not quite so superb as I expected. However, I have seen nothing yet, so I ought not to judge.

Well; adieu, my dearest sir, for the present; I could not forbear writing a few words instantly on my arrival, though I suppose my letter of thanks for your consent is still on the road.

Saturday night.

O, my dear sir, in what raptures am I returned! Well may Mr. Garrick be so celebrated, so universally admired—I had not any idea of so great a performer.

Performance of Garrick.

Such ease! such vivacity in his manner! such grace in his motions! such fire and meaning in his eyes!—I could hardly believe he had studied a written part, for every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment.

His action—at once so graceful and so free!—his voice—so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully various in its tones!—Such animation!—every look *speaks!*

I would have given the world to have had the whole play acted over again. And when he danced—O, how I envied Clarinda! I almost wished to have jumped on the stage and joined them.

I am afraid you will think me mad, so I won't say any more; yet, I really believe Mr. Garrick would make you mad too if you could see him. I intend to ask Mrs. Mirvan to go to the play every night while we stay in town. She is extremely kind to me; and Maria, her charming daughter, is the sweetest girl in the world.

Garrick took leave of the stage on the 10th of June, 1776, one year and a half before the publication of "Evelina." Ranger and Clarinda are characters in "The Suspicious Husband," a comedy by Dr. Benjamin Hoadley. Garrick died in 1779; with him, according to Dr. Burney, "Nature and Shakespeare together expired."

Garrick's death.

Monday, April 4th.

We are to go this evening to a private ball, given by Mrs. Stanley, a very fashionable lady of Mrs. Mirvan's acquaintance.

We have been a *shopping*, as Mrs. Mirvan calls it, all this morning, to buy silks, caps, gauzes, and so forth.

The shops are very entertaining, especially the mercers; there seem to be six or seven men belonging to each shop; and every one took care, by bowing and smirking, to be noticed. I thought I should never have chosen a silk, for they produced so many, I knew not which to fix upon; and they recommended them all so strongly, that I fancy they thought I only wanted persuasion to buy everything they showed me. And indeed they took so much trouble that I was almost ashamed I could not.

I have just had my hair dressed. You can't think how oddly my head feels; full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on the top of it. I believe you would hardly know me, for my face looks quite different to what it did before my hair was dressed.

Pins and powder.

I am half afraid of this ball to-night, for you know I have never danced but at school; however, Miss Mirvan says there is nothing in it. Adieu, my dear sir. Poor Miss Mirvan cannot wear one of her caps, because they dress her hair too large.

Queen Anne Street, April 5, Tuesday morning.

I have a vast deal to say, and shall give all this morning to my pen. As to my plan of writing every evening the adventures of the day, I find it impracticable; for the diversions here are so very late that if I begin my letters after them I could not go to bed at all.

A private ball.

We passed a most extraordinary evening. A *private* ball this was called, so I expected to have seen about four or five couple, but Lord! my dear sir, I believe I saw half the world! Two very large rooms were full of company; in one were cards for the elderly ladies, and in the other were the dancers. My mamma Mirvan, for she always calls me her child, said she would sit with Maria and me till we were provided with partners, and then join the card-players.

The gentlemen, as they passed and repassed, looked as if they thought we were quite at their disposal, and only waiting for the honor of their commands; and they sauntered about, in a careless, indolent manner, as if with a view to keep us in suspense. I don't speak of this in regard to Miss Mirvan and myself only, but to the ladies in general; and I thought it so provoking that I determined in my own mind that, far from humoring such airs, I would rather not dance at all than with any one who should seem to think me ready to accept the first partner who would condescend to take me.

The fop Lovel.

Not long after, a young man who had for some time looked at us with a kind of negligent impertinence advanced on tiptoe toward me; he had a set smile on his face, and his dress was so foppish that I really believe he even wished to be stared at; and yet he was very ugly.

Bowing almost to the ground with a sort of swing and waving his hand with the greatest conceit, after a short and silly pause, he said, "Madam—may I presume?"—and stopt, offering to take my hand. I drew it back, but could scarce forbear laughing. "Allow me, madam," continued he, affected by breaking off every half moment, "the honor and happiness—if I am not so unhappy as to address you too late—to have the happiness and honor—"

Again he would have taken my hand, but, bowing my head, I begged to be excused, and turned to Miss Mirvan to conceal my laughter. He then desired to know if I had already engaged myself to some more fortunate man? I said, No, and that I believed I should not dance at all. He then retreated.

Lord Orville.

Very soon after another gentleman who seemed about six and twenty years old, gaily but not foppishly dressed, and indeed extremely handsome, with an air of mixed politeness and gallantry desired to know if I was engaged, or would honor him with my hand.

Well, I bowed, and I am sure I colored—for indeed I was frightened at the thoughts of dancing before so many people all strangers, and, which was worse, with a stranger. But he took my hand, and led me to join in the dance.

The minuets were over before we arrived, for we were kept late by the milliners making us wait for our things.

He seemed very desirous of entering into conversation with me; but I could hardly speak a word, and nothing but shame prevented my returning to my seat and declining to dance at all.

Evelina's shyness.

He appeared to be surprised at my terror, which I believe was but too apparent: however, he asked no questions, though I fear he must think it very strange, for I did not choose to tell him it was owing to my never before dancing but with a school-girl.

His conversation was sensible and spirited; his air and address were open and noble; his manners gentle, attentive, and infinitely engaging; his person is all elegance, and his countenance the most animated and expressive I have ever seen.

In a short time we were joined by Miss Mirvan, who stood next couple to us. But how was I startled when she whispered me that my partner was a nobleman! This gave me a new alarm: how will he be provoked, thought I, when he finds what a simple rustic he has honored with his choice! one whose ignorance of the world makes her perpetually fear doing something wrong!

That he should be so much my superior every way quite disconcerted me; and you will suppose my spirits were not much raised when I heard a lady, in passing us, say, "This is the most difficult dance I ever saw."

"O dear, then," cried Maria to her partner, "with your leave, I'll sit down till the next."

"So will I too, then," cried I, "for I am sure I can hardly stand."

"But you must speak to your partner first," answered she; for he had turned aside to talk with some gentlemen. However, I had not sufficient courage to address him; and so away we all three tript and seated ourselves at another end of the room.

Unintentional rudeness.

This brought Evelina into difficulties, for her partner was seeking for her, and before long found and approached her.

He begged to know if I was not well? You may easily imagine how much I was embarrassed. I made no answer; but hung my head like a fool and looked on my fan.

Consequent embarrassment.

He then, with an air the most respectfully serious, asked if he had been so unhappy as to offend me?

"No, indeed!" cried I; and in hopes of changing the discourse, and preventing his further inquiries, I desired to know if he had seen the young lady who had been conversing with me?

No;—but would I honor him with any commands to her?

"O, by no means!"

Was there any other person with whom I wished to speak?

I said No, before I knew I had answered at all.

Should he have the pleasure of bringing me any refreshment?

I bowed, almost involuntarily. And away he flew.

I was quite ashamed of being so troublesome, and so much *above* myself as these seeming airs made me appear; but indeed I was too much confused to think or act with any consistency.

Gallantry of Lord Orville.

If he had not been as swift as lightning, I don't know whether I should not have stolen away again; but he returned in a moment. When I had drank a glass of lemonade, he hoped, he said, that I would again honor him with my hand, as a new dance was just begun. I had not the presence of mind to say a single word, and so I let him once more lead me to the place I had left.

When the dance was over, seeing me still very much flurried, he led me to a seat, saying that he would not suffer me to fatigue myself from politeness.

We were sitting in this manner, he conversing with all gaiety, I looking down with all foolishness, when that fop, his name was Lovel, who had first asked me to dance, with a most ridiculous solemnity approached, and, after a profound bow or two, said, "I humbly beg pardon, madam—and of you too, my lord—for breaking in upon such agreeable conversation—which must, doubtless, be more delectable—than what I have the honor to offer—but—"

The fop again.

I interrupted him—I blush for my folly—with laughing; yet I could not help it; for, added to the man's stately foppishness (and he actually took snuff between every three words), when I looked round at Lord Orville, I saw such extreme surprise in his face, the cause of which appeared so absurd that I could not for my life preserve my gravity.

I had not laughed before from the time I had left Miss Mirvan, and I had much better have cried then; Lord Orville actually stared at me; the beau, I know not his name, looked quite enraged. "Refrain—madam," said he, with an important air, "a few moments refrain!—I have but a sentence to trouble you with.—May I know to what accident I must attribute not having the honor of your hand?"

"Accident, sir!" repeated I, much astonished.

"Yes, accident, madam;—for surely—I must take the liberty to observe—pardon me, madam—it ought to be no common one—that should tempt a lady—so young a one too—to be guilty of ill manners."

A confused idea now for the first time entered my head, of something I had heard of the rules of an assembly; but I was never at one before—I have only danced at school—and so giddy and heedless I was, that I had not once considered the impropriety of refusing one partner and afterward accepting another. I was thunderstruck at the recollection: but, while these thoughts were rushing into my head, Lord Orville, with some warmth, said, "This lady, sir, is incapable of meriting such an accusation!"

Rules of an assembly.

Evelina, indeed, had showed ignorance of the first rules of politeness, and Lord Orville, later, had some trouble with Lovel, the fop, but it occasioned no serious difficulty.

The creature—for I am very angry with him—made a low bow, and with a grin the most malicious I ever saw, "My lord," said he, "far be it from me to accuse the lady for having the discernment to distinguish and prefer the superior attractions of your lordship."

Again he bowed and walked off.

Was ever anything so provoking? I was ready to die with shame. "What a coxcomb!" exclaimed Lord Orville; while I, without knowing what I did, rose hastily, and moving off, "I can't imagine," cried I, "where Mrs. Mirvan has hid herself!"

"Give me leave to see," he answered. He returned in a moment, and told me that Mrs. Mirvan was at cards but would be glad to see me, and I went immediately. There was but one chair vacant; so, to my great relief, Lord Orville presently left us. In a short time, however, he returned. I consented with the best grace I could to go down another dance, for I had had time to recollect myself; for it occurred to me that, insignificant as I was, compared to a man of his rank and figure, still as he had chosen me for a partner, why, I should endeavor to make the best of it.

Another dance.

After the dance, tired, ashamed, and mortified, I begged to sit down, and soon after we returned home. Lord Orville did me the honor to hand me to the coach. Oh, these fashionable people!

CHAPTER XXV.

Although Evelina was thus introduced into very good society in London she had to associate with some dreadfully vulgar relations, or at least connections, her second cousins, the Branghtons; she was obliged to be civil to them on account of their aunt, who was her grandmother, an underbred little old French woman, Madame Duval. Evelina was portionless, and it was hoped that Madame Duval might make her heiress of her considerable fortune.

Vulgar connections.

One evening, while Miss Mirvan and Evelina were dressing for the opera in high spirits, a carriage was heard to stop at the door, and in a few moments their chamber door was flung open, and they saw the two Miss Branghtons enter the room.

"We're come to take you to the opera, Miss; papa and my brother are below, and we are to call for your grandmama as we go along."

Invitation to the opera.

"I am very sorry," answered I, "that you should have taken so much trouble, as I am engaged already."

"Engaged! Lord, Miss, never mind that," cried the youngest; "this young lady will make your excuses I dare say; it's only doing as one would be done by, you know."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Miss Mirvan, "I shall myself be very sorry to be deprived of Miss Anville's company this evening."

"Well, Miss, that is not so very good-natured in you," said Miss Branghton, "considering we only come to give our cousin pleasure; it's no good to us; it's all upon her account; for we came, I don't know how much round about to take her up."

"I am extremely obliged to you," said I, "and very sorry you have lost so much time; but I cannot possibly help it, for I engaged myself without knowing you would call."

"Lord, what signifies that?" said Miss Polly, "you're no old maid, and so you needn't be so very formal; besides, I dare say those you are engaged to a'n't half so near related to you as we are."

"I must beg you not to press me any further, for I assure you it is not in my power to attend you."

"Why, we came all out of the city on purpose; besides, your grandmama expects you;—and, pray, what are we to say to her?"

"Tell her, if you please, that I am much concerned—but that I am pre-engaged."

"And who to?" demanded the abrupt Miss Branghton.

"To Mrs. Mirvan—and a large party."

"And, pray, what are you all going to do, that it would be such a mighty matter for you to come along with us?"

"We are all going to—to the opera."

"O dear, if that be all, why can't we go altogether?"

Ignorant behavior.

I was extremely disconcerted at this forward and ignorant behavior, and yet their rudeness very much lessened my concern at refusing them. Indeed, their dress was such as would have rendered their scheme of accompanying our party impracticable, even if I had desired it; and this, as they did not themselves find it out, I was obliged, in terms the least mortifying I could think of, to tell them.

They were very much chagrined, and asked where I should sit.

"In the pit," answered I.

"In the pit!" repeated Miss Branghton; "well, really, I must own, I should never have supposed that my gown was not good enough for the pit; but come, Polly, let's go; if Miss does not think us fine enough for her, why to be sure she may choose."

Surprised at this ignorance, I would have explained to them that the pit at the opera required the same dress as the boxes; but they were so much affronted they would not hear me; and, in great displeasure, left the room, saying they would not have troubled me, only they thought I should not be so proud with my own relations, and that they had at least as good a right to my company as strangers.

I endeavored to apologize, and would have sent a long message to Madame Duval; but they hastened away without listening to me; and I could not follow them down stairs, because I was not dressed. The last words I heard them say were, "Well, her grandmama will be in a fine passion, that's one good thing."

Madame Duval in a passion.

And sure enough, while they were sitting at tea the old lady burst in furious, and insisted on carrying Evelina off with her.

When we came to her lodgings, we found all the Branghtons in the passage, impatiently waiting for us with the door open.

"Only see, here's Miss!" cried the brother.

"Well, I declare, I thought as much!" said the younger sister.

"Why, Miss!" said Mr. Branghton, "I think you might as well have come with your cousins at once; it's throwing money in the dirt to pay two coaches for one fare."

"Lud, father," cried the son, "make no words about that for I'll pay for the coach that Miss had."

While this passed the Miss Branghtons were examining my dress, which, indeed, was very improper for my company, and as I was extremely unwilling to be so conspicuous amongst them, I requested Madame Duval to borrow a hat or bonnet for me of the people of the house. But she never wears either herself, and thinks both very English and barbarous, therefore she insisted that I should go full dressed, as I had prepared myself for the pit, though I made many objections.

If I had not been too much chagrined to laugh, I should have been diverted at their ignorance of whatever belongs to an opera. They could not tell at what door we ought to enter and wandered about for some time without knowing which way to turn.

Mr. Branghton refused to pay half a guinea a piece for tickets to the pit, so they finally found themselves in the gallery, where their amazement and disappointment became general. For a few instants they looked at one another without speaking, and then they all broke silence at once.

One-shilling gallery.

"Lord, papa," exclaimed Miss Polly, "why, you have brought us to the one-shilling gallery!"

They continued to express their dissatisfaction till the curtain drew up, after which their observations were very curious. They made no allowance for the customs, or even for the language, of another country; but formed all their remarks upon comparisons with the English theater.

Notwithstanding my vexation at having been forced into a party so very disagreeable, and that, too, from one so much —so very much—the contrary, yet, would they have suffered me to listen, I should have forgotten everything unpleasant, and felt nothing but delight in hearing the sweet voice of Signor Millico, the first singer; but they tormented me with continual talking.

Voice of Signor Millico.

"What a jabbering they make!" cried Mr. Branghton, "there's no knowing a word they say. Pray, what's the reason they can't as well sing in English?—but I suppose the fine folks would not like it, if they could understand it."

"How unnatural their action is!" said the son; "why, now, who ever saw an Englishman put himself in such out-of-the-way postures?"

"For my part," said Miss Polly, "I think it's very pretty, only I don't know what it means."

"Lord, what does that signify?" cried her sister; "mayn't one like a thing without being so very particular? You may see that Miss likes it, and I don't suppose she knows more of the matter than we do."

Comments of the cousins.

A gentleman, soon after, was so obliging as to make room in the front row for Miss Branghton and me. We had no sooner seated ourselves than Miss Branghton exclaimed, "Good gracious! only see!—why, Polly, all the people in the pit are without hats, dressed like anything!"

"Lord, so they are," cried Miss Polly; "well, I never saw the like!—it's worth coming to the opera, if one saw nothing else."

When the curtain dropped they all rejoiced. Miss Branghton looking at me declared that she was not *genteel* enough to admire it. Miss Polly confessed that if they would but sing English she would like it very well. The brother wished he could raise a riot in the house, because then he might get his money again. And finally they all agreed it was monstrous dear.

This seems to us poor fun, but it was the delight of all London. Dr. Johnson loved his Branghtons, and considered them a wonderful piece of work.

Marylebone Garden.

Another time Evelina went with these same cousins to Marylebone Garden. Pepys had walked in it, and John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; and here it was also that Mrs. Fountain, the famous beauty of her day, was once saluted by Dick Turpin, who said, "Be not alarmed, madam, you may now boast that you have been kissed by Turpin."

> This garden, as it is called, is neither striking for magnificence nor for beauty; and we were all so dull and languid, that I was extremely glad when we were summoned to the orchestra, upon the opening of a concert; in the course of which I had the pleasure of hearing a concerto on the violin by Mr. Barthelemon, who to me seems a player of exquisite fancy, feeling, and variety.
>
> When notice was given us that the fireworks were preparing, we hurried along to secure good places for the sight; but very soon we were so encircled and incommoded by the crowd that Mr. Smith proposed the *ladies* should make interest for a form to stand upon: this was soon effected: and the men then left us to accommodate themselves better; saying they would return the moment the exhibition was over.
>
> The firework was really beautiful; and told, with wonderful ingenuity, the story of Orpheus and Eurydice: but at the moment of the fatal look which separated them forever there was such an explosion of fire, and so horrible a noise, that we all, as of one accord, jumpt hastily from the form, and ran away some paces, fearing that we were in danger of mischief, from the innumerable sparks of fire which glittered in the air.

Fireworks.

Mr. Smith was lodger on the first floor in the house inhabited by the Branghtons. They thought him very fine; he soon fell a victim to Evelina's charms.

Another day they went in a hackney coach to Piccadilly,

> and then had a walk through Hyde Park; which in any other company would have been delightful. I was much pleased

with Kensington Gardens, and think them infinitely preferable to those of Vauxhall.

Young Branghton was extremely troublesome; he insisted upon walking by my side, and talked with me almost by compulsion. Once, indeed, when I was accidentally a few yards before the rest, he said, "I suppose, Miss, aunt has told you about—you know what?—ha'n't she, Miss?"

Madame Duval planned a match between Evelina and young Branghton, and as she had money to leave, the plan was encouraged by all her cousins.

Lord Orville in the distance.

While we were strolling round the garden, I perceived, walking with a party of ladies at some distance, Lord Orville! I instantly retreated behind Miss Branghton, and kept out of sight till we had passed him; for I dreaded being seen by him again in a public walk with a party of which I was ashamed.

Happily I succeeded in my design, and saw no more of him; for a sudden and violent shower of rain made us all hasten out of the gardens. We ran till we came to a small green-shop, where we begged shelter. Here we found ourselves in company with two footmen, whom the rain had driven into the shop. Their livery I thought I had before seen; and, upon looking from the window, I perceived the same upon a coachman belonging to a carriage which I immediately recollected to be Lord Orville's.

Unwise caution.

Fearing to be known, I whispered Miss Branghton not to speak my name. Had I considered but a moment, I should have been sensible of the inutility of such a caution, since not one of the party call me by any other appellation than that of *Cousin* or of *Miss;* but I am perpetually involved in some distress or dilemma from my own heedlessness.

"Miss has danced with a lord!"

This request excited very strongly her curiosity: and she attacked me with such eagerness and bluntness of inquiry that I could not avoid telling her the reason of my making it, and, consequently, that I was known to Lord Orville: an acknowledgment which proved the most unfortunate in the world; for she would not rest till she had drawn from me the circumstances attending my first making the acquaintance. Then, calling to her sister, she said, "Lord, Polly, only think! Miss has danced with a lord!"

"Well," cried Polly, "that's a thing I should never have thought of! And pray, Miss, what did he say to you?"

This question was much sooner asked than answered; and they both became so very inquisitive and earnest that they soon drew the attention of Madame Duval and the rest of the party; to whom, in a very short time, they repeated all they had gathered from me.

"Goodness, then," cried young Branghton, "if I was Miss, if I would not make free with his lordship's coach, to take me to town."

"Why, ay," said the father, "there would be some sense in that; that would be making some use of a lord's acquaintance, for it would save us coach-hire."

"Lord, Miss," cried Polly, "I wish you would; for I should like of all things to ride in a coronet-coach."

A coronet-coach.

"I promise you," said Madame Duval, "I'm glad you've thought of it, for I don't see no objection;—so let's have the coachman called."

"Not for the world," cried I, very much alarmed; "indeed, it is utterly impossible."

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Branghton; "pray, where's the good of your knowing a lord if you're never the better for him?"

"*Ma foi*, child," said Madame Duval, "you don't know no more of the world than if you was a baby. Pray, sir (to one of the footmen), tell that coachman to draw up, for I wants to speak to him."

To the despair of Evelina a footman ran to ask the permission of his lordship.

He returned in a few minutes; and, bowing to me with the greatest respect, said, "My lord desires his compliments, and his carriage will be always at Miss Anville's service."

Evelina almost in tears.

I was so much affected by this politeness, and chagrined at the whole affair, that I could scarce refrain from tears. Madame Duval and the Miss Branghtons eagerly jumped into the coach, and desired me to follow. I would rather have submitted to the severest punishment; but all resistance was vain.

During the whole ride I said not a word; however, the rest of the party were so talkative that my silence was very immaterial. We stopped at our lodgings; but when Madame Duval and I alighted, the Branghtons asked if they could not be carried on to Snow Hill? The servants, now all civility, made no objection. Remonstrances from me would, I too well knew, be fruitless; and therefore, with a heavy heart, retired to my own room and left them to their own direction.

Broken glass.

There was further trouble, for going up Snow Hill the coach came up against a cart with a jog that almost pulled the wheel off, and young Branghton, inobservant of the glass being up, poked his head through the window. Probably Lord Orville's coach had never before been seen in so vulgar a part of London as "the city."

The viaduct from Holborn has made people forget the steepness of Snow Hill, down which Mohocks in Queen Anne's time used to amuse themselves by rolling defenseless women in barrels. Gay, in "Trivia," writes:

> Who has not heard the scorner's midnight fame?
> Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
> I pass their desperate deeds, and mischief done,
> Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run,
> How matrons, hooped within the hogshead's womb,
> Were tumbled furious thence.

The last of the Branghtons.

This is the last we shall see of the Branghtons, for Madame Duval, upon discovering an old beau she considered her own at the feet of Evelina, fell into a rage, and swore to take no further interest in her affairs unless she would instantly agree to marry young Branghton.

This of course was out of the question, and whatever expectations of advantage from Madame Duval had been entertained by Evelina's well-wishers being now at an end, Evelina returned to her guardian, the Reverend Mr. Villars, an excellent clergyman, who had been the tutor of Evelina's grandfather, Mr. Evelyn (hence her name). Mr. Evelyn, after the death of his first (and lovely) wife, foolishly married Madame

Evelina's antecedents.

Duval, who was then a waiting girl at a tavern. He survived this second marriage only two years, a period quite long enough to reveal to him that this second wife was no suitable guardian for the daughter left him by the first. He bequeathed his daughter, therefore, to the care of Villars, who brought her up tenderly, strangely enough to be later called upon to perform the same offices for her daughter, Evelina, the granddaughter of his pupil and friend. As Evelina was an orphan, poor and nameless, it was thought advisable if possible to make up the long quarrel with Madame Duval, her grandmother, and this was one reason why she was allowed to go to London.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was rather hard on old Mr. Villars, after having the charge of Evelyn's daughter during her youth, again to find himself, through circumstances which happened before the beginning of the book, burdened with the responsibility of another girl to be educated, but he did not shirk the obligation.

Rev. Mr. Villars.

Mr. Villars writes to Evelina :

Berry Hill, July 7th.

Welcome, thrice welcome, my darling Evelina, to the arms of the truest, the fondest of your friends ! Mrs. Clinton [a trusty old housekeeper], who shall hasten to you with these lines, will conduct you directly hither ; for I can consent no longer to be parted from the child of my bosom !—the comfort of my age !—the sweet solace of all my infirmities !

I have much to say to you, many comments to make upon your late letters, some parts of which give me no little uneasiness ; but I will reserve my remarks for our future conversations. Hasten, then, to the spot of thy nativity, the abode of thy youth, where never yet care or sorrow had power to annoy thee. O that they might ever be banished this peaceful dwelling.

His tenderness for Evelina.

Adieu, my dearest Evelina ! I pray but that thy satisfaction at our approaching meeting may bear any comparison with mine !

Arthur Villars.

Evelina was now at home, but her correspondent, Miss Mirvan (the book is all in letters), chides her with a lack of her usual liveliness. In time the cause of her evident depression comes to light.

I know not how to come to the point ; twenty times have I attempted it in vain ;—but I will *force* myself to proceed.

Depression of Evelina.

Oh, Miss Mirvan, could you ever have believed that one who seemed formed as a pattern for his fellow-creatures, as a model of perfection—one whose elegance surpassed all description—whose sweetness of manners disgraced all comparison;—oh, Miss Mirvan, could you ever have believed that *Lord Orville* would have treated me with indignity?

Never, never again will I trust to appearances;—never confide in my own weak judgment;—never believe that person to be good who seems to be amiable! What cruel maxims are we taught by a knowledge of the world!—But while my own reflections absorb me, I forget you are still in suspense.

I had just finished the last letter which I wrote to you from London when the maid of the house brought me a note. It was given to her, she said, by a footman, who told her he would call the next day for an answer.

This note—but let it speak for itself.

Its cause.

"To Miss Anville: With transport, most charming of thy sex, did I read the letter with which you yesterday morning favored me. I am sorry the affair of the carriage should have given you any concern, but I am highly flattered by the anxiety you express so kindly. Believe me, my lovely girl, I am truly sensible of the honor of your good opinion, and feel myself deeply penetrated with love and gratitude. The correspondence you have so sweetly commenced I shall be proud of continuing; and I hope the strong sense I have of the favor you do me will prevent your withdrawing it. Assure yourself that I desire nothing more ardently than to pour forth my thanks at your feet, and to offer those vows which are so justly the tribute of your charms and accomplishments. In your next I intreat you to acquaint me how long you shall remain in town. The servant, whom I shall commission to call for an answer, has orders to ride post with it to me. My impatience for his arrival will be very great, though inferior to that with which I burn to tell you, in person, how much I am, my sweet girl, your grateful admirer, "Orville."

Evelina's letter was a note hastily written to Lord Orville in her anguish on hearing the injury caused to his coach, by the carelessness of her cousins. She had given it to the maid to post.

Her first impression on reading his note was one of delight.

> Unsuspicious of any impropriety from Lord Orville, I perceived not immediately the impertinence it implied—I only marked the expressions of his own regard; and I was so much surprised that I was unable for some time to compose myself, or read it again:—I could only walk up and down the room, repeating to myself, "Good God, is it possible?—am I then loved by Lord Orville?"

First emotions.

> But this dream was soon over, and I awoke to far different feelings. Upon a second reading I thought every word changed—it did not seem the same letter—I could not find one sentence that I could look at without blushing: my astonishment was extreme, and it was succeeded by the utmost indignation.
>
> If, as I am very ready to acknowledge, I erred in writing to Lord Orville, was it for *him* to punish the error? If he was offended, could he not have been silent? If he thought my letter ill-judged, should he not have pitied my ignorance? have considered my youth, and allowed for my inexperience?

Evelina's depression of spirits could not fail to attract the anxious attention of her kind guardian. She writes:

Anxiety of Mr. Villars.

> Mr. Villars himself was grave, and I had not sufficient spirits to support a conversation merely by my own efforts. As soon as dinner was over, he took a book, and I walked to the window. I believe I remained near an hour in this situation. All my thoughts were directed to considering how I might dispel the doubts which I apprehended Mr. Villars had formed, without acknowledging a circumstance which I had suffered so much pain merely to conceal. But while I was thus planning for the future, I forgot the present; and so intent was I upon the subject which occupied me that the strange appearance of my unusual inactivity and extreme thoughtfulness never occurred to me. But when, at last, I recollected myself and turned round, I saw that Mr. Villars, who had parted with his book, was wholly engrossed in attending to me. I started from my reverie, and, hardly knowing what I said, asked if he had been reading?
>
> He paused a moment, and then replied, "Yes, my child—a book that both afflicts and perplexes me,"

He means *me*, thought I; and therefore I made no answer.

"What if we read it together?" continued he, "will you assist me to clear its obscurity?"

"If—if you please;—I believe—" said I, stammering.

Evelina's confession.

"Well, then, my love, I was thinking of the regret it was natural you should feel upon quitting those from whom you had received civility and kindness, with so little certainty of ever seeing them again, or being able to return their good offices. These are circumstances that afford but melancholy reflections to young minds; and the affectionate disposition of my Evelina, open to all social feelings, must be hurt more than usual by such considerations.—You are silent, my dear. Shall I name those whom I think most worthy the regret I speak of? We shall then see if our opinions coincide."

Still I said nothing, and he continued.

"In your London journal, nobody appears in a more amiable, a more respectable light than Lord Orville; and perhaps——"

"I knew what you would say," cried I hastily, "and I have long feared where your suspicions would fall; but indeed, sir, you are mistaken; I hate Lord Orville—he is the last man in the world in whose favor I should be prejudiced."

I stopped; for Mr. Villars looked at me with such infinite surprise that my own warmth made me blush.

"You *hate* Lord Orville!" repeated he.

The letter shown in explanation.

I could make no answer; but took from my pocket-book the letter, and giving it to him, "See, sir," said I, "how differently the same man can *talk* and *write!*"

He read it three times before he spoke; and then said, "I am so much astonished that I know not what I read. When had you this letter?"

I told him. Again he read it, and, after considering its contents some time, said, "I can form but one conjecture concerning this most extraordinary performance; he must certainly have been intoxicated when he wrote it."

"Lord Orville intoxicated!" repeated I; "once I thought him a stranger to all intemperance;—but it is very possible, for I can believe anything now."

"That a man who had behaved with so strict a regard to delicacy," continued Mr. Villars, "and who, as far as occasion had allowed, manifested sentiments the most honorable, should thus insolently, thus wantonly, insult a modest young woman, in his perfect senses, I cannot think possible. But, my dear, you should have enclosed this letter in an empty cover, and have returned it to him again; such a resentment would at once have become your character, and have given him an opportunity, in some measure, of clearing his own. He could not well have read this letter the next morning without being sensible of the impropriety of having written it."

Excellent Mr. Villars! Here shines the man of the world, as well as the solicitous guardian. But what a world, when such an explanation of an ungentlemanly action should be possible but satisfactory! Of course Evelina had not thought of returning the letter. The good old gentleman further provided for the well-being of his Evelina by sending her to Bristol Hot-wells, with his friend, Mrs. Selwyn, by her cordial invitation.

Hot-wells of Bristol.

The Hot-wells of Bristol, which have been known for four hundred years, enjoyed a great reputation in the days of Evelina, now completely out-lived. The situation of "Clifton Downs" is mentioned in Miss Edgeworth's "Waste Not, Want Not," as well as in the books of our period. It is extremely picturesque; the Avon here flows through a deep gorge now crossed by a suspension bridge. "St. Vincent's Rocks" and "The Giant's Cave" and "Nightingale Valley" are names remaining from the fashionable era of the locality. There is, and doubtless was in Evelina's time, a plateau dotted with fine trees and the villas of well-to-do citizens of Bristol.

Evelina writes:

Bristol Hot-wells, August 28th.

You will be again surprised, my dear Maria, at seeing whence I date my letter: but I have been very ill, and Mr. Villars was so much alarmed that he not only insisted upon my accompanying Mrs. Selwyn hither, but earnestly desired she would hasten her intended journey.

A delightful spot.

> We traveled very slowly, and I did not find myself so much fatigued as I expected. We are situated upon a most delightful spot; the prospect is beautiful, the air pure, and the weather very favorable to invalids. I am already better, and I doubt not but I shall soon be well; as well, in regard to mere health, as I wish to be.

Here she passed a fortnight so quiet, so serene, that it gave her reason to expect a settled calm, but lo! who should arrive upon the scene but Lord Orville, to wait upon his very pretty sister, Lady Louisa Larpent. Whereon her next letter to Mr. Villars begins:

Lord Orville himself again.

> Oh, sir, Lord Orville is still himself! still what, from the moment I beheld, I believed him to be—all that is amiable in man! and your happy Evelina, restored at once to spirits and tranquillity, is no longer sunk in her own opinion, nor discontented with the world;—no longer, with dejected eyes, sees the prospect of passing her future days in sadness, doubt, and suspicion!—with revived courage she now looks forward, and expects to meet with goodness, even among mankind:—though still she feels, as strongly as ever, the folly of hoping, in any *second* instance, to meet with *perfection.*
>
> Your conjecture was certainly right; Lord Orville, when he wrote that letter, could not be in his senses. Oh, that intemperance should have power to degrade so low a man so noble!

This brother and sister, Lord Orville and Lady Louisa, were staying with Mrs. Beaumont, at her beautiful home upon Clifton Hill; fortunately Mrs. Selwyn knew Mrs. Beaumont, and so, with Evelina, she waited upon her at once. They were invited into the garden.

Mrs. Beaumont's garden.

> We had not walked long ere, at a distance, I perceived Lord Orville, who seemed just dismounted from his horse, enter the garden. All my perturbation returned at the sight of him!—yet I endeavored to repress every feeling but resentment. As he approached us, he bowed to the whole party; but I turned away my head to avoid taking any share in his civility. Addressing himself immediately to Mrs. Beaumont, he was beginning to inquire after his sister: but, upon seeing my face, he

suddenly exclaimed, "Miss Anville!" and then he advanced and made his compliments to me—not with an air of vanity or impertinence, nor yet with a look of consciousness or shame; —but with a countenance open, manly, and charming!—with a smile that indicated pleasure, and eyes that sparkled with delight!—on *my* side was all that consciousness; for by him, I really believe, the letter was, at that moment, entirely forgotten.

With what politeness did he address me! with what sweetness did he look at me! the very tone of his voice seemed flattering! he congratulated himself upon his good fortune in meeting with me;—hoped I should spend some time in Bristol, and inquired, even with anxiety inquired, if my health was the cause of my journey; in which case his satisfaction would be converted into apprehension.

The same old charm.

Yet, struck as I was with his manner, and charmed to find him such as he was wont to be, imagine not, my dear sir, that I forgot the resentment I owe him, or the cause he has given me of displeasure; no, my behavior was such as I hope, had you seen, you would not have disapproved: I was grave and distant; I scarce looked at him when he spoke, or answered him when he was silent.

As he must certainly observe this alteration in my conduct, I think it could not fail making him both recollect and repent the provocation he had so causelessly given me; for surely he was not so wholly lost to reason as to be now ignorant he had ever offended me.

I may as well here explain that Lord Orville never wrote the offending letter at all. It was a piece of malice on the part of Sir Clement Willoughby, another admirer, who was in fact the villain no self-respecting novel in those days could be without. Sir Clement had intercepted Evelina's note on its way to the post, opened it, and answered it in the manner we have seen. This all came out later.

A piece of malice.

Lord Orville was beloved not only by Evelina but by all Miss Burney's readers; the world accepted him more readily even than it did Sir Charles. He was the pattern-lover of all the young ladies of that generation. I am fond

A pattern lover.

of him myself. He was evidently a gentleman, for even the reproach of over-drinking is removed from him. No doubt Evelina's conduct at their first ball amused him, and he may have begun the acquaintance with a certain condescending pity for the country girl, but instead of being disgusted by the vulgarity of her companions, his real kindness of heart seems to have led him to protect her, at first with no other motive than that of good-breeding; but her simplicity and vivacity and especially her sincerity created a warmer feeling, which perhaps was increased by her coldness of manner, for which there appeared to him to be no reasonable ground.

Complications cleared up.

But these little matters were easily straightened out, and here the book might end, but for the mystery of Evelina's birth, and a quantity of complications on side issues I have not thought worth while to mention, which have to be cleared up. Mrs. Beaumont invited them to Clifton. "Here I am, my dear sir," writes Evelina, "under the same roof, an inmate of the same house as Lord Orville."

Sir John Belmont, who appears on the scene at Clifton, was the father of Evelina. Having abandoned his wife not long after the birth of a daughter, he had always refused to believe that Evelina was his child, having been convinced by the wicked Dame Green, Evelina's first nurse, that another young lady bore that title. All these difficulties are now overcome, the father's heart softened, Evelina recognized. Lord Orville's time was come. Before leaving Mrs. Beaumont's, on the last day of Evelina's visit, they all went after dinner to the drawing-room.

Evelina recognized.

> Mrs. Selwyn said she must prepare for her journey, and begged me to see for some books she had left in the parlor.
>
> And here while I was looking for them, I was followed by

Lord Orville. He shut the door after he came in, and said, "Is this true, Miss Anville, are you going?"

Miss Anville was the name borne by Evelina during her life while her father refused to recognize her.

"I believe so, my lord," said I, still looking for the books.

"So suddenly, so unexpectedly must I lose you?"

"No great loss, my lord," cried I, endeavoring to speak cheerfully.

The offer.

"Is it possible," said he gravely, "Miss Anville can doubt my sincerity?"

"I can't imagine," cried I, "what Mrs. Selwyn has done with these books."

"Would to heaven," continued he, "I might flatter myself you would allow me to prove it!"

"I must run up stairs," cried I, greatly confused, "and ask what she has done with them."

"You are going, then," cried he, taking my hand, "and you give me not the smallest hope of your return!—will you not, then, my too lovely friend!—will you not, at least, teach me, with fortitude like your own, to support your absence?"

"My lord," cried I, endeavoring to disengage my hand, "pray let me go!"

"I will," cried he, to my inexpressible confusion dropping on one knee, "if you wish to leave me!"

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed I, "rise, I beseech you, rise!—such a posture to me!—surely your lordship is not so cruel as to mock me!"

"Mock you!" repeated he earnestly, "no, I revere you! I esteem and I admire you above all human beings! you are the friend to whom my soul is attached as to its better half! you are the most amiable, the most perfect of women! and you are dearer to me than language has the power of telling."

Agitation of Evelina.

I attempt not to describe my sensations at that moment; I scarce breathed; I doubted if I existed—the blood forsook my cheeks, and my feet refused to sustain me; Lord Orville, hastily rising, supported me to a chair, upon which I sunk, almost lifeless.

For a few minutes we neither of us spoke; and then seeing me recover, Lord Orville, though in terms hardly articulate, entreated my pardon for his abruptness. The moment my strength returned, I attempted to rise, but he would not permit me. . . .

His protestations, his expressions, were too flattering for repetition; he drew from me the most sacred secret of my heart.

Still upon his knees.

He was still upon his knees when the door opened and Mrs. Selwyn entered.

I snatched my hand from Lord Orville; he, too, started and rose, and Mrs. Selwyn stood facing us in silence.

"At last, my lord," said she sarcastically, "have you been so good as to help Miss Anville look for my books?"

"Yes, madam," answered he, attempting to rally, "and I hope we shall soon be able to find them."

"Your lordship is extremely kind," said she drily, "but I can by no means consent to take up any more of your time." Then looking on the window-seat, she presently found the books, and added, "Come, here are just three; this important affair may give employment to us all." She then presented one of them to Lord Orville, another to me, and taking a third herself, with a most provoking look she left the room.

He detained Evelina for a few natural questions, which he offered with much delicacy, thus:

"My lord, I can stay no longer—Mrs. Selwyn will lose all patience."

"Deprive her not of the pleasure of her *conjectures*—but tell me, are you under Mrs. Selwyn's care?"

"Only for the present, my lord."

An important question.

"Not a few are the questions I have to ask Miss Anville: among them, the most important is, whether she depends wholly on herself, or whether there is any other person for whose interest I must solicit?"

This was surely a mild manner of finding out whether she had any father, or even any name to speak of. She replied:

"I hardly know, my lord; I hardly know myself to whom I most belong."

"Suffer, suffer me then," cried he with warmth, "to hasten the time when your grateful Orville may call you all his own!"

The subject of the improper letter was cleared up before they parted. Her note he had never received, never answered, as he assured her in the most solemn manner.

Marriage to take place at once.

It was now settled by all the advisers and guardians that the marriage should take place at once.

> Lord Orville executed his utmost eloquence to reconcile me to this hasty plan; but how was I startled when he told me that next Tuesday was the day appointed by my father to be the most important of my life!

But she consented, with great sweetness, although she must have had in mind the long delays imposed by Harriet Byron upon her suitor under similar circumstances.

Meeting with her father.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Lord Orville went to wait upon her father, while she went to walk with Mrs. Beaumont and the rest.

> Lord Orville was not long absent: he joined us in the garden with a look of gaiety and good humor that revived us all. "You are just the party," said he, "I wished to see together. Will you, madam (taking my hand), allow me the honor of introducing you, by your real name, to two of my nearest relations? Mrs. Beaumont, give me leave to present to you the daughter of Sir John Belmont, a young lady who, I am sure, must long since have engaged your esteem and admiration, though you were a stranger to her birth."

The good Villars again.

Sir John's settlements were perfectly satisfactory; in fact, he was so delighted with his real daughter, now he had found her, that he was most amiable. And now it ends. There is no thought of going to Berry Hill to be married, and no account whatever of the wedding, but the good Villars is asked for his consent. He replies:

> Every wish of my soul is now fulfilled—for the felicity of my Evelina is equal to her worthiness!
>
> Yes, my child, thy happiness is engraved in golden charac-

ters upon the tablets of my heart; and their impression is indelible: for, should the rude and deep-searching hand of misfortune attempt to pluck them from their repository, the fleeting fabric of life would give way; and in tearing from my vitals the nourishment by which they are supported, she would but grasp at a shadow insensible to her touch.

Give thee my consent?—Oh, thou joy, comfort, and pride of my life, how cold is that word to express the fervency of my approbation! Yes, I do indeed give thee my consent; and so thankfully, that, with the humblest gratitude to providence, I would seal it with the remnant of my days.

Hasten then, my love, to bless me with thy presence, and to receive the blessings with which my fond heart overflows!

The story ends thus:

LETTER LXXXIV.

EVELINA TO THE REV. MR. VILLARS.

Close of the book.

All is over, my dearest sir; and the fate of your Evelina is decided! This morning, with fearful joy and trembling gratitude, she united herself forever with the object of her dearest, her eternal affection.

I have time for no more; the chaise now waits which is to conduct me to dear Berry Hill, and to the arms of the best of men.

EVELINA.

Throughout the book there is a good deal of horse-play, which I have here left out entirely, between Madame Duval and Captain Mirvan, and between Captain Mirvan and the fop named Lovel, whose conduct was shown in the first chapter. I dislike this feature in the book, and it is altogether unsuited to the modern taste; but it was to such scenes that "Evelina" owed its first popularity.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THIS was the novel which created such a sensation when it first appeared anonymously in London in 1778. In her diary, which Fanny Burney began at the age of fifteen, she thus records the event :

Fanny Burney.

> This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January the literary world was favored with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island!
>
> This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance, "Evelina; or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World."

The manuscript was secretly sent to a publisher, by the way of a frolic of the young people, and rather to the surprise of the young author accepted.

Her birth and childhood.

Frances Burney, who was born in June, 1752, had a happy childhood and youth in her London home, in Poland Street, where Dr. Burney lived with his several children, in an atmosphere of reading, music, and intelligent occupation. The house was full of books; and people who talked about them easily came and went, for Dr. Burney's miscellaneous society included eminent men in literature not only English, but many accomplished foreigners, and the house was a place where such people liked to come and were welcome. By the time Fanny was fourteen she had, it is said, studied many of the best authors of her father's library, of which she had the uncontrolled range. Whether she had or not, she

Her father's library.

was familiar with the backs of these books, which is something in itself, implying a sense of acquaintance and familiarity with great authors, just as a child feels at home with the grown people about him, without having very much conversation with them. Dr. Burney's second wife, Fanny's step-mother, brought into the family several children by her former marriage who had been always friends and playmates of the young Burneys. These all went to live with them in St. Martin's Street, making a large and congenial circle. Among the names of the friends who used to assemble round their tea-table and join their simple early suppers could be found all the interesting literary, musical, and artistic people of their time. London was smaller than it is now, and the literary and intelligent people found each other readily.

Society at home.

Fanny, one of the younger ones, used to sit and listen or watch, then slip away and write for her own amusement in a little play-room there was up two pairs of stairs, where the toys of the little children were lying round. This pursuit was a secret; only her sister Susan was in it, until the new mother, discovering the practice, was worried about it, and in a friendly manner advised little Fanny to give it up. The female writer of novels and romances was at that time in but poor repute in the literary world, and Mrs. Burney was probably right from her point of view.

The good little girl was so wrought upon in her sense of duty and obedience that she resolved to make an *auto de fe* of all her manuscripts, and, if possible, to throw away her pen. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when Dr. and Mrs. Burney were from home, she made over to a bonfire in a paved play-court her whole stock of prose compositions, while her faithful Susanna

Burning her manuscripts.

stood by, weeping at the conflagration. Among the works thus immolated was one tale of considerable length, the "History of Caroline Evelyn," the mother of Evelina.

This sacrifice was made in the young authoress's fifteenth year, and for some weeks she probably adhered to her resolution of composing no more works of fiction, and began, perhaps as a less objectionable employment, the journal which she continued during so many years. But the perennial fountain could not be restrained; her imagination was haunted by the singular situations "to which Caroline Evelyn's infant daughter might be exposed, from the unequal birth by which she hung suspended between the elegant connections of her mother and the vulgar ones of her grandmother"; thus presenting contrasts and mixtures of society so unusual, yet, under the supposed circumstances, so natural, that irresistibly, and almost unconsciously, the whole story of "Evelina; or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World," was pent up in the inventor's memory ere a paragraph was committed to paper.

Fanny's imagination.

Writing was to her always more difficult than composing, because her time and her pen found ample employment in transcribing for her father, who was occupied at every spare moment with preparations for his great work, "The General History of Music."

Absence of Dr. Burney.

In the summer of 1770 Fanny obtained several months of leisure for her own studies and compositions, as Dr. Burney then set out on a solitary tour through France and Italy, for the purpose of collecting materials for his history; but on his return in the spring of 1771 she was employed as his principal amanuensis, in preparing the minutes of his tour for the press. All his daughters, however, shared in this service, copying his numerous manuscripts, tracing over and over again the same page when his nicety of judgment suggested alterations; while their patient and affectionate assiduity brought its own reward, in the extension of knowledge and improvement of taste which accrued from such labors.

A conscientious scruple.

Before she consented to prepare her manuscript for publication, a difficulty occurred, for she felt a conscientious scruple whether it would be right to allow herself such an amusement unknown to her father. She had never taken any important step without his sanction, and had now refrained from asking it through confusion at acknowledging her authorship and dread of his desiring to see her performance. However, in this, as in every instance during her life, she no sooner saw what was her duty than she honestly performed it. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity when her father was away somewhere, she avowed to him, with many blushes, "her secret little work, and her odd inclination to see it in print"; adding, that her brother Charles would transact the affair with a bookseller at a distance, so that her name could never transpire, and only entreating that he would not himself ask to see the manuscript. "His amazement was even surpassed by his amusement; and his laugh was so gay that, revived by its cheering sound, she lost all her fears and embarrassment, and heartily joined in it, though somewhat at the expense of her new author-like dignity."

Dr. Burney's consent.

Dr. Burney thought her project as innocent as it was whimsical, and kindly embracing her, enjoined her to be careful in guarding her own *incognita*, and then dropped the subject without even asking the name of her book.

With heightened spirits she now sent the manuscript to the publisher, who, in a few days, signified his approbation, proposing to pay twenty pounds for it—

"an offer which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence!"

In the ensuing January, 1778, "Evelina" was published, a fact which only became known to its writer from her hearing the newspaper advertisement read accidentally at breakfast-time, by her step-mother, Mrs. Burney.

Sudden celebrity.

The immediate advantage that Miss Burney derived from her sudden celebrity as the authoress of "Evelina" was her acquaintance with the great Dr. Johnson. He was delighted with the book, and still more delighted when he learned that it was written by the daughter of his friend Dr. Burney, who had desired early in the matter that Mrs. Thrale should be let into the secret. Fanny writes to her father upon this.

> As to Mrs. Thrale—your wish of telling *her* quite *unmans* me; I shook so when I read it that, had anybody been present, I must have betrayed myself.
>
> But if you do tell Mrs. Thrale, won't she think it strange where I can have kept company, to describe such a family as the Branghtons, Mr. Smith, and some others? Indeed (thank heaven!), I don't myself recollect ever passing half-an-hour at a time with any *one* person *quite* so bad; so that I am afraid she will conclude I must have an innate vulgarity of ideas, to assist me with such coarse coloring for the objects of my imagination. Not that I suppose the book would be better received by her for having characters very pretty and all alike.

And when the lady's approbation was secure, she writes to Susan:

Mrs. Thrale's approbation.

> Mrs. Thrale! she—she is the goddess of my idolatry!—What an *éloge* is hers!—an *éloge* that not only delights at first, but proves more and more flattering every time it is considered!
>
> I often think when I am counting my laurels, what a pity it would have been had I popped off in my last illness, without knowing what a person of consequence I was!—and I sometimes think that, were I now to have a relapse, I could never go

off with so much *éclat!* I am now at the summit of a high hill; my prospects on one side are bright, glowing, and invitingly beautiful; but when I turn round, I perceive, on the other side, sundry caverns, gulfs, pits, and precipices, that, to look at, make my head giddy and my heart sick. I see about me, indeed, many hills of far greater height and sublimity; but I have not the strength to attempt climbing them; if I move, it must be downwards. I have already, I fear, reached the pinnacle of my abilities, and therefore to stand still will be my best policy.

Dining at Streatham.

Mrs. Thrale soon invited her, with her father, to dine at Streatham.

LONDON, AUGUST.—I have now to write an account of the most consequential day I have spent since my birth; namely, my Streatham visit.

Our journey to Streatham was the least pleasant part of the day, for the roads were dreadfully dusty, and I was really in the fidgets from thinking what my reception might be, and from fearing they would expect a less awkward and backward kind of person than I was sure they would find.

Mr. Thrale's house is white, and very pleasantly situated, in a fine paddock. Mrs. Thrale was strolling about, and came to us as we got out of the chaise.

"Ah," cried she, "I hear Dr. Burney's voice! and you have brought your daughter?—well, now you are good!"

She then received me, taking both my hands, and with mixed politeness and cordiality welcoming me to Streatham. When we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and me sit on each side of her. I said that I hoped I did not take Dr. Johnson's place—for he had not yet appeared.

"No," answered Mrs. Thrale, "he will sit by you, which I am sure will give him great pleasure."

Dr. Johnson at dinner.

Soon after we were seated this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place.

We had a noble dinner and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"Mutton," answered she, "so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it."

"No, madam, no," cried he; "I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day!"

. . . . . .

Some time after the doctor began laughing to himself, and then, suddenly turning to me, he called out, "Only think, Polly! Miss has danced with a lord!"

Evelina again.

"Ah, poor Evelina!" cried Mrs. Thrale, "I see her now in Kensington Gardens. What she must have suffered! Poor girl! what fidgets she must have been in! And I know Mr. Smith, too, very well;—I always have him before me at the Hampstead Ball, dressed in a white coat and tambour waistcoat, worked in green silk. Poor Mr. Seward! Mr. Johnson made him so mad t'other day! 'Why, Seward,' said he, 'how smart you are dressed! why, you only want a tambour waistcoat to look like Mr. Smith!' But I am very fond of Lady Louisa; I think her as well drawn as any character in the book; so fine, so affected, so languishing, and, at the same time, so insolent!"

She then ran on with several of her speeches.

Some time after, she gave Dr. Johnson a letter from Dr. Jebb, concerning one of the gardeners who is very ill. When he had read it, he grumbled violently to himself, and put it away with marks of displeasure.

"What's the matter, sir?" said Mrs. Thrale; "do you find any fault with the letter?"

"No, madam, the letter is well enough, if the man knew how to write his own name; but it moves my indignation to see a gentleman take pains to appear a tradesman. Mr. Branghton would have written his name with just such beastly flourishes."

Talk about the book.

As everybody was talking about her book, while Fanny was still unknown as its author, she heard many amusing comments from such visitors at Mrs. Thrale's as these:

"A gentleman whom we know very well," said Miss Palmer, "when he could learn nothing at the printer's, took the trouble to go all about Snow Hill, to see if he could find any silversmith's."

"Well, he was a cunning creature!" said Mrs. Thrale; "but Dr. Johnson's favorite is Mr. Smith."

"So he is of everybody," answered she; "he and all that family: everybody says such a family never was drawn before. But Mrs. Cholmondeley's favorite is Madame Duval; she acts her from morning to night, and *ma-foi's* everybody she sees. But though we all want so much to know the author, both Mrs. Cholmondeley and my uncle himself say they should be frightened to death to be in her company, because she must be such a very nice observer that there would be no escaping her with safety."

What strange ideas are taken from a mere book reading! But what follows gave the highest delight I can feel.

Opinion of Edmund Burke.

"Mr. Burke," she continued, "doats on it: he began it one morning at seven o'clock and could not leave it a moment; he sat up all night reading it. He says he has not seen such a book he can't tell when."

Mrs. Thrale gave me involuntarily a look of congratulation, and could not forbear exclaiming, "How glad she was Mr. Burke approved it!"

I make these quotations from Miss Burney's diary, which has page upon page of such description, to show how the polite world was delighted with the vulgar folks in "Evelina," and also for the glimpse they give of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson with the Thrales.

This great big celebrated man was now firmly established in the house of the Thrales, who with much good nature allowed him to be there. Mr. Thrale, in the beginning, was much charmed with Johnson's conversation and apparently commanded, rather than persuaded, his wife to add him to their household if possible as a permanent inmate. The great man availed himself of the hospitality held out to him, and in 1766 began a tenancy of sixteen years under their roof.

He was therefore absolutely a fixture in the family when Fanny Burney met him there in 1778. When he first came to the Thrales' he was fifty-six, short-sighted, afflicted with stertorous breathing ; he dressed shabbily and seldom attended to the cleanliness of his linen. His wigs were so scrubby and so burnt away in front by contact with candles, that Mr. Thrale's valet had much ado to make him presentable for the dinner-table. At any meal he usually busied himself so intently that the veins in his forehead swelled, and the perspiration broke out upon him. His voice was loud, and of course his manners were dictatorial. He was so fond of late hours that the servants of the house looked upon him as the curse of the establishment.

Personal habits.

"I lie down," he used to say, "that my acquaintances may sleep ; but I lie down to endure oppressive misery and soon rise again to pass the night in anxiety and pain." When the candles did not burn brightly he would seize them and turn them upside down till they improved, the droppings falling to the carpet. He never was in time for breakfast. He was ever quarreling with Mrs. Thrale's mother, who was also an inmate of the house, and whom he loved to irritate. He likewise would be very rude, on occasion, to visitors whom the Thrales might ask to their table. All this, together with Johnson's frequent illnesses, these generous hosts tolerated for so many years, in order to cherish a man who was great at the bottom of his heart, and whom they had the sense and charity to rate at his inner worth. There is no record of Mrs. Thrale's having once lost her temper with the shaggy philosopher, irritating to any hostess as his habits must have been. She herself records with a pardonable pride that she had never anything to blame herself for in her attentions to him.

Sleepless nights.

Mrs. Thrale's good-nature.

But Samuel Johnson was a great man, and it is a proof of it that everybody tolerated his eccentricities, condoned his untidiness, and—loved him.

He wrote a quantity of things, now generally conceded to be dull ; to quote from his "Rasselas" would add nothing to our knowledge of the manners of his own time ; while his own manners, as we have seen, must be taken as an exception from the general rule of the day, which was in favor of elegance and punctilio. I will give this passage of his too heavily loaded style as a specimen of what is meant by "Johnsonese."

Specimen of Johnsonese.

> The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life ; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

A simple writer would have expressed this in some such way as the following :

> Take care of the pennies, says the thrifty old proverb, and the pounds will take care of themselves. In like manner we might say, Take care of the minutes and the years will take care of themselves.

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BOOK IX.

BEAU NASH AND BATH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ONE of the good-natured things, among those that Goldsmith was doing all the time, was to write a life of Beau Nash, the monarch of Bath. Besides being a truthful biography of that singular man, it is interesting for its description of how things were carried on in the leading watering place of the eighteenth century.

A fashionable watering place.

Bath at that time was what Newport was in our own country fifty years ago, and what Narragansett Pier fain would be to-day—the resort of the fashionable people in the season when they wished to divert themselves away from London. It was so well known, and so indispensable, so to speak, that all the real people we are now reading about are mentioned as resorting thither and all the make-believe people in the novels make a point of doing so. Some account of Bath, therefore, seems an important detail in our study of the manners of the century.

This is what Baedeker's Great Britain (1894) says about it :

> Bath, the chief place in Somerset, is a handsome town of 51,844 inhabitants, beautifully situated in the valley of the Avon and on the slopes of the surrounding hills, and is perhaps unrivaled among provincial English towns for its combination of archæological, historic, scenic, and social interests. It is a city of crescents and terraces, built in a very substantial manner of fine gray limestone, and rising tier above tier to a height of

Some facts concerning it.

about six hundred feet. Among the most characteristic streets are the Royal Lansdown and Camden Crescents, the Circus and Pulteney Street, all of which recall similar streets in Edinburgh. Milsom Street is the fashionable street.

Traditional discovery of Bath.

Tradition ascribes the discovery of the springs of Bath to an ancient British prince named Bladud who was afflicted with leprosy and observed their beneficial effects on a herd of swine suffering from a similar disease. The therapeutic value of the waters did not escape the eyes of the bath-loving Romans, who built here a large city, with extensive baths and temples, of which numerous remains have been discovered.

So much for Baedeker. We will now turn to Goldsmith's more genial, though less statistic style.

Goldsmith's intentions.

I profess to write the history of a man placed in the middle ranks of life; of one whose vices and virtues were open to the eye of the most undiscerning spectator; who was placed in public view without power to repress censure or command admiration; who had too much merit not to be remarkable, yet too much folly to arrive at greatness. I attempt the character of one who was just such a man as probably you or I may be, but with this difference, that he never performed an action which the world did not know, or ever formed a wish which he did not take pains to divulge. In short I have chosen to write the life of the noted Mr. Nash, as it will be the delineation of a mind without disguise, of a man ever assiduous without industry and pleasing to his superiors without any superiority of genius or understanding.

Family of Beau Nash.

It is a matter of very little importance who were the parents, or what was the education, of a man who owed so little of his advancement to either. He seldom boasted of family or learning, and his father's name and circumstances were so little known that Dr. Cheyne used frequently to say that Nash had no father. The Duchess of Marlborough one day rallying him in public company upon the obscurity of his birth, compared him to Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father. "No, madam," said Nash, "I seldom mention my father in company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me."

. . . . . .

His father had strained his little income to give his son such an education, but from the boy's natural vivacity, he hoped a recompense from his future preferment. In college, however, he soon showed that though much might be expected from his genius, nothing could be hoped from his industry. A mind strongly turned to pleasure always is first seen at the university: there the youth first found himself freed from the restraint of tutors, and being treated by his friends in some measure as a man, assumes the passions and desires of a ripe age, and discovers in the boy what are likely to be the affections of his maturity.

Early education.

. . . When King William was on the throne, Mr. Nash was a member of the Middle Temple. It had long been customary for the Inns of Court to entertain our monarchs upon their accession to the crown, or some such remarkable occasion, with a revel and pageant. In the earlier periods of our history, poets were the conductor of these entertainments; plays were exhibited and complimentary verses were then written; but by degrees the pageant alone was continued, Sir John Davis being the last poet that wrote verses upon such an occasion, in the reign of James I.

Member of Middle Temple.

This ceremony, which has been at length totally discontinued, was last exhibited in honor of King William, and Mr. Nash was chosen to conduct the whole with proper decorum. He was then but a very young man; but we see at how early an age he was thought proper to guide the amusements of his country, and be the *arbiter elegantiarum* of his time; we see how early he gave proofs of that spirit of regularity for which he afterward became famous, and showed an attention to those little circumstances, of which, though the observance be trifling, the neglect has often interrupted men of the greatest abilities in the progress of their fortunes.

Conducts a pageant.

Nash was now fairly for life entered into a course of gaiety and dissipation, and steady in nothing but the pursuit of variety. He was thirty years old, without fortune, or useful talents to acquire one. He had hitherto only led a life of expedients; he thanked chance alone for his support, and having been long precariously supported, he became at length totally a stranger to prudence or precaution. Not to disguise any part of his character, he was now by profession a gamester, and went on from day to day, feeling the vicissitudes of rapture and anguish in proportion to the fluctuations of fortune.

Gaming in London.

At this time London was the only theater in England for pleasure or intrigue. A spirit of gaming had been introduced in the licentious age of Charles II. and had by this time thriven surprisingly. Yet all its devastations were confined to London alone. So this great mart of every folly sharpers from every country daily arrived for the winter; but were obliged to leave the kingdom at the approach of summer, in order to open a new campaign at Aix, Spa, or The Hague. Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, and other places of the same kind here, were then frequented only by such as really went for relief; the pleasures they afforded were merely rural; the company splenetic, rustic, and vulgar. In this situation of things people of fashion had no agreeable summer retreat from the town, and usually spent that season amidst a solitude of country squires, parsons' wives, and visiting tenants or farmers; they wanted some place where they might have each other's company, and win each other's money, as they had done during the winter in town.

Queen Anne at Bath.

Queen Anne visited Bath in 1702 and this set the fashion. There were so few people that they danced in the bowling-green to the music of the fiddle and hautboy, and sauntered about under the sycamore trees.

Still the amusements of the place were neither elegant nor conducted with delicacy. General society among people of rank or fortune was by no means established. The nobility still preserved a tincture of Gothic haughtiness, and refused to keep company with the gentry at any of the public entertainments of the place. Smoking in the rooms was permitted; gentlemen and ladies appeared in a disrespectful manner at public entertainments in aprons and boots. With an eagerness common to those whose pleasures come but seldom, they generally continued them too long; and thus they were rendered disgusting by too free an enjoyment. If the company liked each other, they danced till morning; if any person lost at cards, he insisted on continuing the game till luck should turn.

The lodgings for visitants were paltry, though expensive; the dining-rooms and other chambers were floored with boards colored brown with soot and small beer to hide the dirt; the walls were covered with unpainted wainscot; the furniture corresponded with the meanness of the architecture ; a few oak-chairs, a small looking glass, with a fender and tongs, composed the magnificence of these temporary habitations. The city was in itself mean and contemptible ; no elegant buildings, no open streets, no uniform squares. The pump-house was without any director ; the chairmen permitted no gentlemen or ladies to walk home by night without insulting them, and to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of his age conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of the waters. It was from a resultment of some affronts he had received there that he took this resolution, and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which he said "he would cast a toad into the spring."

Character of the city.

In this situation it was that Nash first arrived in Bath. He promised to charm away the toad. He hired a band of music. The company increased. Nash triumphed and became the monarch of the little state of Bath.

The balls began at six and ended at eleven. Everything was performed in proper order. The ball opened with a minuet danced by the two persons of highest distinction present. When the minuet was over the lady returned to her seat, and Nash took the gentleman to a new partner, every gentleman being obliged to dance twice, until the minuets were over, which generally lasted two hours. At eight began the country dances, ladies of quality according to their rank standing up first. At nine o'clock was a short interval for rest, when the gentlemen helped their partners to tea. After this the dancing continued till the clock struck eleven, when the master of ceremonies entered the ball-room and ordered the music to desist by lifting up his finger. This stopped the dancing, and, some time allowed for becoming cool, the ladies were handed to their chairs.

Conduct of the balls.

He was not less strict with regard to the dresses. He had the strongest aversion to a white apron and abso-

Swords and boots forbidden.

lutely excluded them. He had still more trouble with the gentlemen, in stopping the use of the sword, but in this he triumphed at last, as well as concerning boots, which he would not permit to be worn. By ridicule he succeeded in breaking up this custom, and few men ventured to be seen at the assembies in Bath in a riding dress. If any gentleman through ignorance or haste appeared in the rooms in boots, Nash, bowing, would tell him that "he had forgot his horse."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE city of Bath, by such assiduity, soon became the theater of summer amusements for all people of fashion; and the manner of spending the day there must amuse any but such as disease or spleen had made uneasy to themselves. The following is a faint picture of the pleasures that scene affords. Upon a stranger's arrival at Bath he is welcomed by a peal of the abbey bells, and, in the next place, by the voice and music of the city waits. For these civilities, the ringers have generally a present made them of half a guinea, and the waits of half a crown or more, in proportion to the person's fortune, generosity, or ostentation. These customs, though disagreeable, are, however, liked, or they would not continue. The greatest incommodity attending them is the disturbance the bells must give the sick. But the pleasure of knowing the name of every family that comes to town recompenses the inconvenience. Invalids are fond of news, and upon the first sound of the bells everybody sends out to inquire for whom they ring.

Bath the resort of people of fashion.

After the family is thus welcomed to Bath, it is the custom for the master of it to go to the public places, and subscribe two guineas at the assembly houses toward the balls and music in the pump-house, for which he is entitled to three tickets every ball night. His next subscription is a crown, half a guinea, or a guinea, according to his rank and quality, for the liberty of walking in the private walks belonging to Simpson's assembly house; a crown or half a guinea is also given to the booksellers, for which the gentleman is to have what books he pleases to read at his lodgings, and at the coffee-house another subscription is taken for pen, ink, and paper, for such letters as the subscriber shall write at it during his stay. The ladies, too, may subscribe to the booksellers, and to a house by the pump-room, for the advantage of reading the news and for enjoying each other's conversation.

Subscriptions to amusements.

Things being thus adjusted, the amusements of the day are generally begun by bathing, which is no unpleasing method of passing away an hour or so.

The hours for bathing are commonly between six and nine in the morning, and the baths are every morning supplied with fresh water; for when the people have done bathing, the sluices in each bath are pulled up, and the water is carried off by drains into the river Avon.

In the morning the lady is brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the bath; and, being in the water, the woman who attends presents her with a little floating dish like a basin; into which the lady puts a handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. She then traverses the bath; if a novice, with a guide; if otherwise, by herself; and having amused herself thus while she thinks proper, calls for her chair, and returns to her lodgings.

Program of pleasure.

The amusement of bathing is immediately succeeded by a general assembly of people at the pump-room; some for pleasure, and some to drink the hot waters. Three glasses at three different times is the usual portion for every drinker; and the intervals between every glass are enlivened by the harmony of a small band of music, as well as by the conversation of the gay, the witty, or the forward.

From the pump-room the ladies, from time to time, withdraw to a female coffee-house, and from thence return to their lodgings to breakfast. The gentlemen withdraw to their coffee-houses, to read the papers, or converse on the news of the day, with a freedom and ease not to be found in the metropolis.

People of fashion make public breakfasts at the assembly houses, to which they invite their acquaintances, and they sometimes order private concerts; or, when so disposed, attend lectures on the arts and sciences, which are frequently taught there in a pretty superficial manner, so as not to tease the understanding, while they afford the imagination some amusement. The private concerts are performed in the ball-rooms; the tickets a crown each.

Concert breakfasts.

Concert breakfasts at the assembly house sometimes make also a part of the morning's amusement here, the expenses of which are defrayed by a subscription among the men. Persons of rank and fortune who can perform are admitted into the orchestra, and find a pleasure in joining with the performers.

Thus we have the tedious morning fairly over. When noon approaches, and church (if any please to go there) is done, some of the company appear upon the parade, and other public walks, where they continue to chat and amuse each other, till they have formed parties for the play, cards, or dancing for the evening. Another part of the company divert themselves with reading in the booksellers' shops, or are generally seen taking the air and exercise, some on horseback, some in coaches. Some walk in the meadows round the town, winding along the side of the river Avon and the neighboring canal; while others are seen scaling some of those romantic precipices that overhang the city.

The dinner-hour.

When the hour of dinner draws nigh, and the company are returned from their different recreations, the provisions are generally served with the utmost elegance and plenty. Their mutton, butter, fish, and fowl, are all allowed to be excellent, and their cookery still exceeds their meat.

Evening diversions.

After dinner is over, and evening prayers ended, the company meet a second time at the pump-house. From this they retire to the walks, and from thence go to drink tea at the assembly houses, and the rest of the evenings are concluded either with balls, plays, or visits. A theater was erected in the year 1705, by subscription, by people of the highest rank, who permitted their arms to be engraven on the inside of the house, as a public testimony of their liberality toward it. Every Tuesday and Friday evening is concluded with a public ball, the contributions to which are so numerous that the price of each ticket is trifling. Thus Bath yields a continued rotation of diversions, and people of all ways of thinking, even from the libertine to the Methodist, have it in their power to complete the day with employments suited to their inclinations.

The equipage of Beau Nash was sumptuous, and he usually traveled to Tunbridge in a post chariot and six grays, with outriders, footmen, French horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat, and to apologize for this singularity said he did it purely to secure it from being stolen; his dress was tawdry, though not perfectly genteel; he might be considered as a beau of several generations, and in his appearance he in some measure mixed the fashions of the last age with those of the present. He perfectly understood elegant expense, and generally passed his time in the very best company, if persons of the first distinction deserve that title.

For all this display Nash had no other resource but gambling, to which he devoted all his talents. Long practice had given him immense skill, although he was not a gamester by temperament; he was too emotional and generous to preserve the phlegmatic coolness necessary for perfection in the art.

Prevalence of gambling.

Moreover, gaming had reached such extremes that in the twelfth year of George II. the prevalent games were decreed fraudulent and unlawful. Pharaoh, basset, and hazard were now condemned, but the law was scarcely made before new games were invented to elude it, and rolly-polly, Marlborough's battles came up; but especially the E. O. tables, which, by the way, plays a conspicuous part in Miss Edgeworth's "Belinda," half a century later.

By the profits of such a table Nash succeeded in existing, being mean enough to enter into a confederacy with creatures lower than himself to evade the law and share the plunder. His transactions in this matter Goldsmith calls "the greatest blot in his life; and this, it is hoped, will find pardon." He was cheated by his confederates and in time ruined, and began to decline from his former favor and esteem, "the just consequence of his quitting, though but ever so little, the paths of honor."

Old age of the Beau.

He lived to become an old man. As Nestor was a man of three ages, so Nash sometimes called himself a beau of three generations.

As he grew old and poor, he became garrulous, people grew tired of him; a variety of causes concurred to embitter his departing life, such as the weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature; the admonitions of the grave, which aggravated his follies into vices; the ingratitude of his dependents, who formerly flattered his fortunes; but particularly the contempt of the great, many of whom quite forgot him in his wants. Yet his death was sincerely regretted by the city to which he had been so long and so great a benefactor.

He died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, on the 12th of February, 1761, aged eighty-seven years, three months, and some days. The day after his death, the mayor called the corporation together, when they granted fifty pounds toward burying their sovereign with proper respect. After the corpse had lain four days, it was conveyed to the abbey church in that city, with a solemnity somewhat peculiar to his character. About five the procession moved from his house; the charity girls, two and two, preceded; next the boys of the charity school, singing a solemn occasional hymn. Next marched the city music, and his own band, sounding at proper intervals a dirge. Three clergymen immediately preceded the coffin, which was adorned with sable plumes, and the pall supported by the six senior aldermen. The masters of the assembly rooms followed as chief mourners; the beadles of that hospital which he had contributed so largely to endow went next; and last of all the poor patients themselves, the lame, the emaciated, and the feeble, followed their old benefactor to his grave, shedding unfeigned tears, and lamenting themselves in him.

His death.

It would seem that Tunbridge Wells was a sort of dependence of Bath, as we may learn by the state in which he has been said to drive thither. I have a colored picture (in Richardson's life) of Tunbridge Wells in 1748. It represents the broad parade ground before the buildings of the place, a street in fact, but more a mall, for there is a row of tremendously tall trees on one side, on the other a row of low houses with steep slanting, apparently tiled, roofs. An arcade with pillars runs along the row, with shops behind, and ladies and gentlemen of fashion are parading about the walks, the ladies in huge hoops, the men in wigs and cocked hats.

Tunbridge Wells.

CHAPTER XXX.

Arabella at Bath.

ALL of our friends, real or unreal, at any rate those of any quality, were at Bath sooner or later. Perhaps the first to arrive, in 1752, was Arabella, the heroine of "The Female Quixote." Let us read a few of her experiences, as her eccentricities throw some light on the manners of the place.

After the death of her father, the marquis, Mr. Glanville's father and sister visited Arabella at the castle, now her own, and accompanied by Mr. Glanville they all set out in a coach and six, attended by several servants on horseback. You remember her home was in Wales.

> The ladies, their lodgings having been provided beforehand, retired to their different chambers to repose themselves after the fatigue of their journey. Miss Glanville the next morning prest Arabella to go to the pump-room, assuring her she would find a very agreeable amusement.

Arabella appears at the pump-room.

> Arabella accordingly consented to accompany her, and being told the ladies went in an undress of a morning she accommodated herself to the custom, and went in a negligent dress; but instead of a capuchin she wore something very like a veil of black gauze which covered almost all her face and part of her waist, and gave her a very singular appearance. Miss Glanville was too envious of her cousin's superiority in point of beauty to inform her of any oddity in her dress, which she thought might expose her to the ridicule of those that saw her, and Mr. Glanville was too little a critic in ladies' apparel to be sensible that Arabella was not in the fashion; and since everything she wore became her extremely, he could not choose but think she dressed admirably well; he handed her therefore with a great deal of satisfaction into the pump-room, which happened to be greatly crowded that morning.

Her singular dress.

The attention of most part of the company was immediately engaged by the appearance Lady Bella made. Strangers are here most strictly criticized, and every new object affords a delicious feast of raillery and scandal.

The ladies, alarmed at the singularity of her dress, crowded together in parties; and the words, "Who can she be? Strange creature! Ridiculous!" and other exclamations of the kind were whispered, very intelligibly. The men were struck by her figure, veiled as she was. Her fine stature, the beautiful turn of her person attracted all their notice. Her name and quality were presently whispered all over the room. The men, hearing she was a great heiress, found greater beauties to admire in her person; the ladies, awed by the sanction of quality, dropped their ridicule on her dress, and began to quote examples of whims full as inexcusable. One remembered that Lady I. F. always wore her ruffles reversed; that the Countess of ——— went to court in a farthingale, etc.

Costume after the model of Princess Julia.

Having consulted her fancy in a rich silver stuff she bought for the dress she should wear the next ball night, a person was sent for to make it; and Arabella, who followed no fashion but her own taste, which was formed on the manners of the heroines, ordered the woman to make her a robe after the same model as the Princess Julia's. The mantua-maker, who thought it might do her great prejudice with her new customer to acknowledge she knew nothing of the Princess Julia, or the fashion of her gown, replied at random and with great pertness that that taste was quite out, and she would advise her ladyship to have her clothes made in the present mode, which was far more becoming.

"You can never persuade me," said Arabella, "that any fashion can be more becoming than that of the Princess Julia's, who was the most gallant princess upon earth, and knew better than any other how to set off her charms. It may be a little obsolete now," pursued she, "for the fashion could not but alter a little in the compass of two thousand years."

Surprise of the dressmaker.

"Two thousand years, madam!" said the woman, in a great surprise. "Lord help us trades-people if they did not alter a thousand times in as many days. I thought your ladyship was speaking of the last month's taste, which, as I said before, is quite out now."

"Well," replied Arabella, "let the present mode be what it will, I insist on having my clothes made after the pattern of the beautiful daughter of Augustus, being convinced that none other can be half so becoming."

"What fashion was that, pray, madam?" said the woman; "I never saw it."

"How!" replied Arabella, "have you already forgot the fashion of the Princess Julia's robe, which you said was worn but last month? or are you ignorant that the Princess Julia and the daughter of Augustus is the same person?"

"I protest, madam," said the woman, extremely confused, "I had forgot that till you called it to my mind."

"Well," said Arabella, "make me a robe in the same taste."

The dress is described at length and wonderful it was, if only that she wore no hoop at that period. The tale of the Princess Julia had spread, and all were disposed for jesting, but "her noble air and the inexpressible grace which accompanied all her movements drew the admiration of the whole assembly."

Departure of Arabella.

They had stayed a long time in Bath, when Sir Charles, having affairs that required his presence in London, proposed to his niece the leaving Bath in a few days, to which she consented, and accordingly they set out for London in Arabella's coach and six, attended by the servants on horseback, her women having been sent away before in the stage.

Nothing very remarkable happened during this journey, with the exception of several small mistakes of Arabella's, such as her supposing a neat country girl, who was riding behind a man, to be some lady or princess in disguise forced away by a lover she hated, and entreating Mr. Glanville to attempt her rescue, who could not be persuaded to believe it was as she said, and forbade his son to meddle in other people's affairs.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AMONG the books of this time now forgotten is "Pompey the Little, or the Life and Adventures of a Lap-dog"; it was written by Coventry, about 1750, and survived long enough to find a place in Mrs. Barbauld's "British Novelists." Lady Mary calls it

"Pompey the Little."

> a real and exact representation of life, as it is now acted in London, as it was in my time, and as it will be I do not doubt a hundred years hence, with some little variation of dress and perhaps of government. I found in it many of my acquaintances. Lady T. and Lady O. are so well painted, I fancied I heard them talk, and have heard them say the very things there repeated.

On such good authority, I take from "Pompey" as a specimen of real manners this description of a fine gentleman, with the account of a fashionable visit and the latest news from Bath. The little book is written satirically, and this is of course exaggerated.

Description of a fine gentleman.

> Dress was his darling vanity; and consequently his rooms were more filled with clothes than curiosities: there all the pride of Paris was exhibited to view; suits of velvet and embroidery, sword hilts, red-heeled shoes, and snuff boxes, lay about in negligent confusion. Nor did he appear with less *éclat* without doors; for he had shown his gilt chariot and bay horses in all the streets of gay resort, and was allowed to have the most splendid brilliant equipage in London. The club at White's voted him a member; and there was a rivalry among the ladies of fashion, who should first engage him to their assemblies. Not any one came into the side-box at a playhouse with so graceful a negligence; and it was generally confessed that he had the most accomplished manner of talking nonsense of any man of quality in London.
>
> The two sisters had lain longer in bed than usual the morn-

ing after their arrival in town, which was owing to the fatigue of their journey. They had but just finished their breakfast at twelve o'clock; Aurora was sitting down to her harpsichord and Theodosia reading the play bills for the evening, when the door opened and the count was ushered by a servant into the room.

When the first ceremonies were over, and the count had expressed the prodigious satisfaction he felt in seeing them returned to town, he inquired what kind of a season they had at Bath.

The season at Bath.

"Why, really," said Theodosia, "a very good one: there were many agreeable people there, and all of them easy and sociable; which made our time pass away cheerfully and pleasantly."

"You amaze me!" cries the count. "Impossible, madam! How can it be, ladies? I had letters from Lord Marmozet and Lady Betty Scornful, assuring me that, except you and themselves, there were not three decent creatures in the place. I have Lady Betty's letter in my pocket, I believe at this moment—Oh, no, upon recollection, I put it this morning into my cabinet, where I preserve all my letters from people of quality."

Aurora, smothering a laugh, said she was extremely obliged to Lord Marmozet and Lady Betty for ranking her and her sister in the catalogue of decent beings; "But surely," added she, "they must have been delirious when they wrote their letters, for the Bath was extremely full."

"Full," cries the count, interrupting her; "oh, madam, that is very possible, and yet there might be no company, that is none of us; nobody that one knows; for as for all the tramontanes that come by the cross post, we never reckon them anything but monsters in human shape that serve to fill up the stage of life, like ciphers in a play. For instance, you often see an awkward girl appear in the rooms with a frosty face, as if she was just come from feeding poultry in her father's yard; or you see a booby squire, with a head resembling a stone-ball over a gate-post. Now it would be the most ridiculous thing in life to call such people company. 'Tis the want of titles and not the want of faces that makes a place empty; for if there is nobody one knows, if there is none of us in a place, we esteem all the rest as mob and rabble."

In Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," written in 1766, there is a good deal about Bath. We saw something of Smollett in connection with Goldsmith, as one of the set of brilliant writers of our period. His books are little read now, and almost forgotten, but, like himself, found favorites during his life. The omnivorous Lady Mary enjoyed him; she writes, after receiving his translation of "Don Quixote":

"Humphrey Clinker."

> I am sorry my friend Smollett loses his time in translations. He has certainly a talent for invention, though I think it flags a little in his last work ("Count Fathom"). "Don Quixote" is a difficult undertaking. I shall never desire to read any attempt to new-dress him. I had rather take pains to understand him in the original Spanish than sleep over a stupid translation.

"Humphrey Clinker" is all in letters; and the different characters recount their impressions in characteristic ways. This is the description which the sentimental, languishing heroine, Miss Lydia Medford, sends to her friend. As Beau Nash had died in 1761, at a great age, the "pretty little Master of Ceremonies" must have been his successor.

Bath, April 26, 1766.

TO MISS WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER.

My Dearest Companion: The pleasure I received from yours, which came to hand yesterday, is not to be expressed. Love and friendship are, without doubt, charming passions; which absence serves only to heighten and improve. Your kind present of the garnet bracelets I shall keep as carefully as I preserve my own life; and I beg you will accept, in return, of my heart house-wife, with the tortoise-shell memorandum book, as a trifling pledge of my unalterable affection.

Letter from Lydia Medford.

Bath is to me a new world—all is gaiety, good humor, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with splendor of dress and equipage; and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages. The merry bells ring round from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city waits in our own lodgings; we have music in the pump-room every morning, cotillions every forenoon in the room, balls twice a week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies and parties without number. As soon as we were settled in our lodgings, we were visited by the Master of the Ceremonies; a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil, and polite, that in our country he might pass for the Prince of Wales: then he talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse; for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage. He did us the favor to dine with us by my uncle's invitation; and the next day squired my aunt and me to every part of Bath; which, to be sure, is an earthly paradise. The Square, the Circus, and the Parades put you in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Princes-row, Harlequin's-row, Bladud's-row, and twenty other rows, look like so many enchanted palaces raised on hanging terraces.

The Master of Ceremonies.

At eight in the morning we go in dishabille to the pump-room; which is crowded like a Welch fair; and there you see the highest quality and the lowest trades-folk jostling each other, without ceremony, hail-fellow well-met. The noise of the music playing in the gallery, the heat and flavor of such a crowd, and the hum and buzz of their conversation, gave me the headache and vertigo the first day; but afterward all these things became familiar, and even agreeable. Right under the pump-room windows is the King's Bath; a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or to the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all three causes together, they look so flushed, and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way.

Ladies in the bath.

For my part, I content myself with drinking about half a pint of the water every morning. The pumper, with his wife and servant, attend within a bar; and the glasses, of different sizes, stand ranged in order before them, so that you have nothing to do but to point at that which you choose, and it is filled immediately, hot and sparkling from the pump. It is the only water I could ever drink without being sick. Far from

The pump-room.

having that effect, it is rather agreeable to the taste, grateful to the stomach, and reviving to the spirits. You cannot imagine what wonderful cures it performs. My uncle began with it the other day, but he made wry faces in drinking, and I am afraid he will leave it off.

Coffee-house.

Hard by the pump-room is a coffee-house for the ladies; but my aunt says young girls are not admitted, inasmuch as the conversation turns upon politics, scandal, philosophy, and other subjects above our capacity; but we are allowed to accompany them to the booksellers' shops, which are charming places of resort, where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and newspapers, for so small a subscription as a crown a quarter; and in these offices of intelligence (as my brother calls them), all the reports of the day, and all the private transactions of the Bath, are first entered and discussed. From the booksellers' shop we make a tour through the milliners and toy-men; and commonly stop at Mr. Gills, the pastry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a small basin of vermicelli. There is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other side of the river, opposite the Grove, to which the company cross over in a boat. It is called the Spring Gardens; a sweet retreat, laid out in walks and ponds, and parterres of flowers; and there is a long room for breakfasting and dancing. As the situation is low and damp, and the season has been remarkably wet, my uncle won't suffer me to go thither, lest I should catch cold; but my aunt says it is all a vulgar prejudice; and, to be sure, a great many gentlemen and ladies of Ireland frequent the place without seeming to be the worse for it. They say dancing at Spring Gardens, when the air is moist, is recommended to them as an excellent cure for rheumatism. I have been twice at the play, and the decorations of the theater are very fine.

Spring Gardens.

After all, the great scenes of entertainment at Bath are the two public rooms, where the company meet alternatively every evening. They are spacious, lofty, and when lighted up appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit or chat together, just as they are disposed. Twice a week there is a ball, the expense of which is defrayed by a voluntary subscription among the gentlemen, and every subscriber has three tickets. I was there Friday last with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a subscriber. The

The ball-room.

place was so hot and the smell so different from what we are used to in the country that I was quite feverish when we came away. Aunt says it is the effect of a vulgar constitution, reared among woods and mountains, and that, as I become accustomed to genteel company, it will wear off. But I am afraid I have put you out of all patience with this long, unconnected scrawl; which I shall therefore conclude, with assuring you that neither Bath nor London, nor all the diversions of life, shall ever be able to efface the idea of my dear Letty from the heart of your ever affectionate,

LYDIA MEDFORD.

Evelina at Bath.

Evelina, just before she became Lady Orville, was taken to Bath, in company with some of her friends, amongst them the beau who tormented her at the ball. She writes:

The charming city of Bath answered all my expectations. The Crescent, the prospect from it, and the elegant symmetry of the Circus, delighted me. The Parades, I own, rather disappointed me; one of them is scarce preferable to some of the best paved streets in London; and the other, though it affords a beautiful prospect, a charming view of Prior Park and of the Avon, yet wanted something in *itself* of more striking elegance than a mere broad pavement, to satisfy the ideas I had formed of it.

At the pump-room, I was amazed at the public exhibition of the ladies in the bath; it is true, their heads are covered with bonnets; but the very idea of being seen in such a situation by whoever pleases to look is indelicate.

The bathing costume.

"Really now," cried Mr. Lovel, looking into the bath, "I must confess it is, to me, very incomprehensible why the ladies choose that frightful unbecoming dress to bathe in! I have often pondered very seriously upon the subject, but could never hit upon the reason."

"Well, I declare," said Lady Louisa, "I should like of all things to set something new a-going; I always hated bathing, because one can get no pretty dress for it! now do, there's a good creature, try to help me to something."

"Who, me!—O dear, ma'am," said he, simpering, "I can't pretend to assist a person of your ladyship's taste; besides I have not the least head for fashions. I really don't think I ever invented above three in my life! but I never had the least turn for dress—never any notion of fancy or elegance."

"Oh, fie, Mr. Lovel! how can you talk so?"

"The Bath amusements," said Lord Orville, "have a sameness in them, which, after a short time, renders them rather insipid; but the greatest objection that can be made to the place is the encouragement it gives to gamesters."

Gaming.

"Why, I hope, my lord, you would not think of abolishing *gaming*," cried Lord Merton, "'tis the very *zest* of life! Devil take me if I could live without it."

"I am sorry for it," said Lord Orville gravely.

"Evelina" was written in 1778, yet the same singular customs of the pump-room were still extant.

Horace Walpole had a low opinion of the place, and as far as we know avoided it.

In Miss Austen's "Persuasion," written in 1816, the characters visit Bath, no longer in its early splendor, and settled into an agreeable resort for people in search of health and variety, rather than the excesses of fashion.

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BOOK X.

MRS. RADCLIFFE AND HER FOLLOWERS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Ann Radcliffe.

THE immense success of Walpole's original and really clever "Castle of Otranto" encouraged other and more accomplished artists to follow in the same track. The first name on the list is Ann Radcliffe, whose romances exhibit a surprising power over the emotions of fear and undefined mysterious suspense. Her two greatest works are "The Romance of the Forest" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho." Her favorite scenery is that of Italy and the south of France, the ruined castles of the Pyrenees and the Apennines form the theater, and the dark passions of profligate Italian counts the principal moving power, of her wonderful fictions. The substance of them is all pretty much the same ; mystery is the spell ; the personages are made to suffer such extremities of terror and intense suffering, and, above all, suspense, that we sympathize with their fate as if they were real.

Birth and death.

Ann Radcliffe was born in London in 1764 ; she died there in 1823. Her maiden name was Ward. At the age of twenty-two she married Mr. William Radcliffe, a law student, who afterward became the editor and proprietor of a weekly newspaper, *The English Chronicle.* Her first novel, called the "Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," I have never seen. Probably it no longer exists. It is said to have given no great indication of her future powers, though it presented the wild, improbable plot and unnatural characters of her later writings. "The Sicilian Romance" is better, and "The Romance of the Forest" is sufficient of itself to put her at the head of all writers of melodramatic romance. "The Mysteries of Udolpho" (1790), however, is undoubtedly her masterpiece. Her last novel, "The Italian," deals with racks, tortures, dungeons, and confessionals, and is not equal to the others.

Peculiarity of Mrs. Radcliffe's work.

The chief peculiarity of Mrs. Radcliffe's work, in which it differs from the plan of the "Castle of Otranto," is that, toward the close of all her stories, she carefully explains away all the mysteries as incidents produced by natural and generally insignificant agencies. This gives the writer a great deal of trouble, and detracts from the effect of her powerful descriptions. The strange part of it is that her contemporaries remained just as much frightened after the horrors were explained as they were before, and real young ladies continued to tremble at mysterious sounds and subterranean passages, after Mrs. Radcliffe had told them over and over again that there was nothing in them.

Mrs. Radcliffe's work had many imitators; and thus was inaugurated a period of intense sentiment and effusion of style which produced a quantity of rubbish much beloved by our grandmothers.

But I still find a great charm in Mrs. Radcliffe's description of scenes she never saw, and must confess being able to thrill with the terrors she desires to excite. She was an indefatigable writer, and I think her plan was to publish a book once in two years or thereabouts. I imagine her sitting comfortably in London and writing about crags and ravines in Southern France without any real knowledge of landscape outside of England. It seems that she made once a tour through Germany; it is strange that all her novels are laid elsewhere. I do not believe she ever saw Gascony or the Apennines. Evidently she was a diligent reader, and wrote with the map before her.

Three thick volumes.

"The Mysteries of Udolpho" is immensely long, three thick volumes, of which the plot is most complicated. The character of the heroine is sweet and attractive. I find her quite human. As for Valancourt, who is, in fact, out of the book most of the time, either at the wars, or in prison for other people's crimes, he was the idol of all novel readers of his day and generation.

I must limit my extracts chiefly to the description of the castle of Udolpho, a universal synonym for terror in the latter part of the eighteenth century; but I cannot resist transcribing the opening of the tale, for its really graceful expression. Every chapter, by the way, has a poetic quotation at its head, and original poems by Mrs. Ann are scattered through all her books.

> . . . Home is the resort
> Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
> Supporting and supported, polished friends
> And dear relations mingle into bliss.
>
> —*Thomson.*

Opening of "The Mysteries of Udolpho."

On the pleasant banks of the Garonne, in the province of Gascony, stood, in the year 1584, the chateau of Monsieur St. Aubert. From its windows were seen the pastoral landscapes of Guienne and Gascony stretching along the river, gay with luxuriant woods and vines, and plantations of olives. To the south the view was bounded by the majestic Pyrenees, whose summits veiled in clouds, or exhibiting awful forms, seen, and lost again, as the partial vapors rolled along, were sometimes barren, and gleamed through the blue tinge of air, and sometimes frowned with forests of gloomy pine, that swept downward to their base. These tremendous precipices were contrasted by the soft green of the pastures and woods that hung upon their skirts; among whose flocks and herds and simple cottages, the eye, after having scaled the cliffs above, delighted to repose. To the north and to the east, the plains of Guienne and Languedoc were lost in the mist of distance; on the west Gascony was bounded by the Bay of Biscay.

There were stirring times in France and Navarre at the end of this sixteenth century, but I have never encountered any reference in "The Mysteries" to the political situation.

Among the Apennines.

We must leave the pleasant banks of the Garonne and convey the reader by force, as Emily was taken, to the neighborhood of the castle which gives its name to the book, situated somewhere among the Apennines.

Wild and romantic as were these scenes, their character had far less of the sublime than had those of the Alps which guard the entrance of Italy. Emily was often elevated, but seldom felt those emotions of indescribable awe which she had so continually experienced in her passage over the Alps.

Toward the close of day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains whose shaggy steeps seemed to be inaccessible almost surrounded it. To the east a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stranger image of grandeur than any Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley, but his sloping rays shooting through an opening of the cliff touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendor upon the towns and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendor of these illuminated objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

Udolpho.

"There," said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, "is Udolpho."

Montoni is the villain who is in possession of Emily for the moment, having suddenly married her aunt.

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle which she understood to be Montoni's—for though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its moldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapor crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendor. From these too the rays soon faded and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. . . .

Fearful emotions of Emily.

At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tones of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the mossy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. While Emily gazed with awe upon the scene, footsteps were heard within the gates, and the undrawing of bolts; after which an ancient servant of the castle appeared, forcing back the huge folds of the portal to admit his lord. As the carriage-wheels rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart sunk, and she seemed as if she was going into her prison.

Another gate delivered them into the second court, grass-grown and more wild than the first.

Her timid wonder.

The servant who came to light Montoni bowed in silence, and the muscles of his countenance relaxed with no symptom of joy. Montoni noticed the salutation by a slight motion of his head, and passed on; while his lady [the aunt was with them] followed, looking round with a degree of surprise and discontent which she seemed fearful of expressing, and Emily, surveying the extent and grandeur of the hall in timid wonder. They approached a marble staircase, where the arches opened to a lofty vault from the center of which hung a tripod lamp which a servant was hastily lighting, and the rich fret-work of the roof, a corridor leading into several upper apartments and a painted window, stretching nearly from the pavement to the ceiling of the hall, became gradually visible.

These people were entirely unexpected by their vassals at the castle, which explains the lack of preparation.

The arrival unexpected.

Having crossed the foot of the staircase and passed through an ante-room, they entered a spacious apartment whose walls, wainscoted with black larch wood, the growth of the neighboring mountains, were scarcely distinguishable from darkness itself.

"Bring more light," said Montoni as he entered. The servant, setting down his lamp, was withdrawing to obey him, when Madame Montoni observing that the evening air of this mountainous region was cold, and that she should like a fire, Montoni ordered that wood should be brought.

While he paced the room with thoughtful steps, and Madame Montoni sate silently on a couch at the upper end of it, waiting till the servant returned, Emily was observing the singular solemnity and desolation of the apartment viewed as it now was by the glimmer of the single lamp, placed near a large Venetian mirror that duskily reflected the scene, with the tall figure of Montoni passing slowly along, his arms folded, and his countenance shaded by the plume that waved in his hat.

An impressive scene.

This made a terrible impression on the grandmothers.

From the contemplation of this scene, Emily's mind proceeded to the apprehension of what she might suffer in it, till the remembrance of Valancourt, far, far distant! came to her heart, and softened it into sorrow. . . .

Emily rose to withdraw. "Goodnight, madame," she said to her aunt. "But you do not know the way to your chamber," said the aunt. As this was obvious, a servant was sent for. This was Madame Montoni's maid, Annette, a nice prattling person, who seemed to have been finding her way about the castle, and listening to alarming tales from the servants.

They went through corridors and passage-ways, losing their way, calling in vain for assistance, and finding themselves at last at the head of the marble staircase where they started. Annette now found a servant, who conducted Emily to her chamber.

Emily's chamber.

It was in a remote part of the castle at the very end of the corridor from which the suite of apartments opened through which they had been wandering. The lonely aspect of her room made Emily unwilling that Annette should leave her immediately, and the dampness of it chilled her with more than fear. She entreated Caterina to bring some wood and light a fire, of which the bright blaze somewhat dispelled the gloom of the chamber. The maid dismissed, Emily examined her room and its furniture. It was lofty and spacious, like those she had passed through, and like many of them had its walls lined with dark larch wood. The bed and other furniture was very ancient, and had an air of gloomy grandeur, like all that she had seen in the castle. One of the high casements which she opened overlooked a rampart, but the view beyond was hid in darkness.

A steep, narrow staircase.

As she walked round it, she passed a door that was not quite shut; and perceiving that it was not the one through which she entered, she brought the light to discover whither it led. She opened it, and going forward had nearly fallen down a steep, narrow staircase that wound from it, between two stone walls. She wished to know to what it led, and was the more anxious since it communicated so immediately with her apartment; but in the present state of her spirits she wanted courage to venture into the darkness alone. Closing the door, therefore, she endeavored to fasten it, but upon further examination perceived that it had no bolts on the chamber side, though it had two on the other. By placing a heavy chair against it, she in some measure remedied the defect; yet she was still alarmed at the thought of sleeping in this remote room alone, with a door opening she knew not whither.

A mysterious door.

This anxiety was increased when she came to look at this door the next day and found that it had been fastened on the outside since she saw it first, by some unknown person for some unknown reason. But this came later. On the evening we are reading about, her thoughts recurred to her strange situation, then turned to the image of Valancourt; her melancholy was assisted by the hollow sighing of the wind along the corridor and around the castle. The cheerful blaze of the wood had long been extinguished, and she sat with her eyes fixed on the dying embers, till a loud gust that swept through the corridor and shook the doors and casements alarmed her; for its violence had moved the chair she had placed as a fastening, and the door leading to the private staircase stood half open. Her curiosity and her fears were again awakened. She took the lamp to the top of the steps, and stood hesitating whether to go down; but again the profound stillness and gloom of the place awed her, and determining to inquire further when daylight might assist the search, she closed the door and placed against it a stronger guard.

First night in the castle.

She now retired to her bed, leaving the lamp burning on the table; but its gloomy light, instead of dispelling her fear, assisted it; for by its uncertain rays she almost fancied she saw shapes flit past her curtains and glide into the remote obscurity of her chamber. The castle clock struck one before she closed her eyes in sleep.

Thus ends Emily's first night in the castle of Udolpho.

Next morning, Emily requested to be changed into another room without questionable doors and communicating stairways, but this being refused she determined to bear with patience the evil she could not remove.

In order to make her room as comfortable as possible, she unpacked her books, her sweet delight in happier days, and her soothing resource in the hours of moderate sorrow; but there were hours when even these failed of their effect, when the genius, the taste, the enthusiasm of the sublimest writers were felt no longer.

Emily's little library.

Her little library being arranged on a high chest, part of the furniture of the room, she took out her drawing utensils and was tranquil enough to be pleased with the thought of sketching the sublime scenes beheld from her windows; but she suddenly checked this pleasure, not from the difficulty of the subject, but because remembering how often she had soothed herself by the intention of obtaining amusement of this kind, and had been prevented by some new circumstance of misfortune.

To withdraw her thoughts, however, from the subject of her misfortunes, she attempted to read; but her attention wandered from the page, and at length she threw aside the book and determined to explore the adjoining chambers of the castle. Her imagination was pleased with the view of ancient grandeur, and an emotion of melancholy awe awakened all its powers, as she walked through rooms obscure and desolate, where no footsteps had passed probably for many years, and remembered all the legends existing of the former possessors of the edifice.

This brought to her recollection a veiled picture which had attracted her curiosity on the preceding night while she, with Annette, was vainly seeking her chamber, as they passed through one of the vast deserted apartments.

The veiled picture.

As she traversed the chambers that led to this one, she found herself somewhat agitated; but a terror of this nature, as it occupies and expands the mind, and elevates it to high expectation, is purely sublime, and leads us, by a kind of fascination, to seek even the object from which we appear to shrink. . . .

Emily passed on with faltering steps; and having paused a moment at the door before she attempted to open it, she then hastily entered the chamber, and went toward the picture, which appeared to be enclosed in a frame of uncommon size, that hung in a dark part of the room. She paused again, and then with a timid hand lifted the veil; but instantly let it fall—perceiving that what it contained was no picture, and before she could leave the chamber she dropped senseless on the floor.

Unsatisfied curiosity.

Here we must leave the poor Emily; and if it seems cruel to furnish no explanation of what she saw, it is no worse than what Mrs. Radcliffe was capable of, for even the details of the sight were long denied her readers; and the natural explanation of it, which removed every idea of the horrible, to supply its place by that of extreme unpleasantness, is postponed to the very end of the work.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY" was published in 1796, and has, in a way, survived the greater part of the romances written after Mrs. Radcliffe. It remained even to the middle of our century a favorite with its own class of readers, and has been several times reprinted. It was written by Regina Maria Roche, a lady whom I have been unable to find anything about. Her style is sprightly and original, and her plan differs from that of Mrs. Radcliffe, in that the latter deals with ghosts, mysterious sounds, and numerous murders that for the most part turn out to amount in nothing at all; while Regina Maria keeps a real grandmother immured in an abbey for a whole book. There is a certain vivacity in the movement of the characters, which on the whole makes them a bit more human than Mrs. Radcliffe's, but not so much literary ability appears in her construction of the plot, if there be any. As for the picture of manners, in the extracts I give, it is hard to imagine it a very faithful one. Too much imagination is mingled with the descriptions for them to appear trustworthy.

"The Children of the Abbey."

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres the cottage had crowned,
  Green rushes were strewed on the floor;
The casements sweet woodbine crept wantonly round,
  And decked the sod seats at the door.
—*Cunningham.*

Hail, sweet asylum of my infancy! Content and innocence reside beneath your humble roof, and charity unboastful of the good it renders. Hail, ye venerable trees! my happiest hours of childish gaiety were passed beneath your shelter—then,

The first chapter opens.

careless as the birds that sung upon your boughs, I laughed the hours away, nor knew of evil.

Here surely I shall be guarded from duplicity; and if not happy, at least in some degree tranquil. Here unmolested may I wait, till the rude storm of sorrow is overblown, and my father's arms are again expanded to receive me.

Such were the words of Amanda at the beginning of the book, but the reader is instantly snatched away to the remote past, and a still more remote part of the kingdom of Scotland, to learn the early history of her parents and especially of her mother, the unfortunate Malvina.

Fine old abbey of Dunreath.

Here there was a fine old abbey, belonging to the family of Dunreath; the high hills which nearly encompassed it were almost all covered with trees, whose dark shades gave an appearance of gloomy solitude to the building.

The present possessor, the Earl of Dunreath, was now far advanced in life; twice had he married, in expectation of a male heir to his large estates, and twice he had been disappointed.

Here is the description of two beautiful portraits of the earl's daughters, painted by an artist who had come to the abbey expressly at his desire, to draw them.

In one of them Lady Augusta appeared negligently reclined upon a sofa, in a verdant alcove; the flowing drapery of the loose robe in which she was habited set off her fine figure; little cupids were seen fanning aside her dark-brown hair, and strewing roses on her pillow.

In the other Lady Malvina was represented in the simple attire of a peasant girl, leaning on a little grassy hillock, whose foot was washed by a clear stream, while her flocks browsed around, and her dog rested beneath the shade of an old tree, that waved its branches over her head, and seemed sheltering her from the beams of a meridian sun.

Marriage of Malvina and Fitzalan.

Of these, it was Malvina, the unfortunate and persecuted, who unwisely married Fitzalan under the following circumstances:

> It was long past the midnight hour ere Malvina would attempt repairing to the chapel; when she at last rose for that purpose she trembled universally; a kind of horror chilled her heart; she began to fear she was about doing wrong, and hesitated; but when she reflected on the noble generosity of Fitzalan, and that she herself had precipitated him into the measure they were about taking, her hesitation was over; and leaning on her maid, she stole through the winding galleries, and, lightly descending the stairs, entered the long hall, which terminated in a dark arched passage, that opened into the chapel.
>
> This was a wild and gloomy structure, retaining everywhere vestiges of that monkish superstition which had erected it; beneath were the vaults which contained the ancestors of the Earl of Dunreath, whose deeds and titles were enumerated on Gothic monuments; their dust-covered banners waving around in sullen dignity to the rude gale, which found admittance through the broken windows.

Two children, Oscar and Amanda.

No good came of this marriage, except the long and agitating history of their two children, Oscar and Amanda Malvina. These characters were such favorites with the grandmothers, that many children in the early years of our century were christened with their names. We shall return to the abbey later on, but it is now with Amanda Malvina, our heroine, and her hero that we have to do.

Lord Mortimer described.

> Lord Mortimer was now in the glowing prime of life: his person was strikingly elegant and his manners insinuatingly pleasing; seducing sweetness dwelt in his smile, and, as he pleased, his expressive eyes could sparkle with intelligence or beam with sensibility; and to the eloquence of his language, the harmony of his voice imparted a charm that seldom failed of being irresistible; his soul was naturally the seat of every virtue; but an elevated rank, and splendid fortune, had placed him in a situation somewhat inimical to their interests, for he had not always strength to resist the strong temptations which surrounded him; but though he sometimes wandered from the boundaries of virtue, he had never yet entered upon the con-

fines of vice—never really injured innocence, or done a deed which could wound the bosom of a friend; his heart was alive to every noble propensity of nature; compassion was one of its strongest feelings, and never did his hand refuse obedience to the generous impulse. Among the various accomplishments he possessed was an exquisite taste for music, which, with every other talent, had been cultivated to the highest degree of possible perfection; his spending many years abroad had given him every requisite advantage for improving it. The soft, melodious voice of Amanda would of itself almost have made a conquest of his heart; but aided by the charms of her face and person, altogether were irresistible.

Amanda's flight.

Their love was progressing favorably until circumstances, and Amanda's father, tore her abruptly away from Mortimer, who was not even informed of her flight, to the north of Ireland, stopping at Dublin to see Oscar, who was there with his regiment. So, in the words of the author,

> We shall now bid adieu to Oscar for the present, and, drawing on our boots of seven leagues, step after Fitzalan and Amanda.

It is possible that the present reader may not see Oscar again till the end of these extracts.

After a pleasant journey, on the evening of the fourth day, our travelers arrived at their destined habitation, Castle Carberry. Here, strange to say, she found good society; amongst others, fashionable people from London, and went to a ball to which she was invited.

Amanda at the ball.

> She wore a robe of plain white lutestring, and a crape turban, ornamented with a plume of drooping feathers. She had no appearance of finery, except a chain of pearls about her bosom, from which hung her mother's picture, and a light wreath of embroidered laurel, intermingled with silver blossoms, round her petticoat. Her hair, in its own native and glossy hue, floated on her shoulders, and partly shaded a cheek where the purity of the lily was tinted with the softest bloom of the rose.

At this ball she met her Dunreath relatives, her aunt, Lady Augusta, now Marchioness of Roslin, with her disagreeable daughter, Lady Euphrasia. These connections had cast off her mother, and now ignored her, on account of the midnight marriage in the abbey.

Coldness of Lord Mortimer.

Here also was Lord Mortimer, paying attentions (though unwillingly) to Lady Euphrasia to oblige his father. He took no notice of Amanda Malvina, being, with reason, deeply offended with her on account of her sudden departure from his neighborhood. So the poor girl had but a sad time at the ball, and it would have been worse but for a new admirer who was much attracted by her charms and extremely kind to her.

There was an old Lady Greystock at Carberry, who took a fancy to Amanda and invited her to travel with her to London, as her companion.

Amanda in London.

Here she met her cousins again, who could not very well help recognizing her, and accordingly invited her to dinner and to a brilliant assembly after it, where Lady Euphrasia persuaded a "beau" to "quiz the ignorant Irish country girl."

This "fop" is so like Miss Burney's Lovel in "Evelina," it would seem that the type really did exist in those days.

> "Have you seen any of the curiosities of London, my dear?" exclaimed Freelove, lolling back in his chair, and contemplating the luster of his buckles, unconscious of the ridicule he excited.
>
> "I think I have," said Amanda, somewhat archly, and glancing at him, "quite an original in its kind." Her look, as well as the emphasis on her words, excited another laugh at his expense, which threw him into a momentary confusion.
>
> "I think," said he, as he recovered from it, "the Monument and the Tower would be prodigious fine sights to you, and I make it a particular request that I may be included in your

party whenever you visit them, particularly the last place."

"And why," replied Amanda, "should I take the trouble of visiting wild beasts, when every day I may see animals equally strange, and not half so mischievous?"

Freelove, insensible as he was, could not mistake the meaning of Amanda's words, and he left her with a mortified air, being, to use his own phrase, "completely done up."

The Tower.

The wild beasts at the Tower were the most popular sight of London at that time, and hence comes the proverb "Seeing the Lions." In the "Lion Tower" the kings of England formerly kept these wild beasts; the first were three leopards presented to Henry III. by the Emperor Frederick, in allusion to the royal arms; a bear from Norway was soon added; an elephant was procured in the same reign, and a lion in the time of Edward II.

Belgrave the villain.

There was a shocking villain named Belgrave in the book; and his advances, combined with the machinations of Euphrasia, who wanted Lord Mortimer for herself, drove Amanda from London. Her father was at this time still at Carberry, where Amanda, after endless privations and dangers, losing her pocket-book, falling ill, at last joined him only to see him die in her arms, broken down by his misfortunes.

Death of Fitzalan.

She then changed her name and went into a convent, to avoid Lord Mortimer, whom, with his dying breath, Fitzalan had extracted a promise from her not to marry. She changed it again (I think) and strangely enough found herself as a governess in the neighborhood of the abbey of Dunreath, where she was of course unknown, unrecognized, the family being absent.

The abbey was one of the most venerable looking buildings Amanda had ever beheld; but it was in melancholy grandeur she now saw it—in the wane of its days, when its glory was passed away, and the whole pile proclaimed desertion and decay. She saw it when, to use the beautiful language of Hutchinson, "its pride was brought low, when its magnificence was sinking in the dust, when tribulation had taken the seat of hospitality, and solitude reigned, where once the jocund guest had laughed over the sparkling bowl, whilst the owls sang nightly their strains of melancholy to the moonshine that slept upon its moldering battlements."

The abbey of Dunreath.

"Am I really," she asked herself, "in the seat of my ancestors? Am I really in the habitation where my mother was born—where her irrevocable vows were plighted to my father? I am; and oh! within it may I at last find an asylum from the vices and dangers of the world; within it may my sorrowing spirit lose its agitation, and subdue, if not its affections, at least its murmurs, at the disappointment of those affections."

. . . . . .

The care-taker, Mrs. Bruce, showed her the different portraits. She suddenly stopped before one. "That," cried she, "is the Marchioness of Roslin's, drawn for her when Lady Augusta Dunreath." Amanda cast her eyes upon it, and perceived in the countenance the same haughtiness as still distinguished the marchioness. She looked at the next panel, and found it empty.

Lady Malvina's portrait again.

"The picture of Lady Malvina Dunreath hung there," said Mrs. Bruce; "but after her unfortunate marriage it was taken down." "And destroyed!" exclaimed Amanda mournfully.

"No; but it was thrown into the old chapel, where, with the rest of the lumber (the soul of Amanda was struck at these words), it has been locked up for years." "And is it impossible to see it?" asked Amanda. "Impossible, indeed," replied Mrs. Bruce. "The chapel and the whole eastern part of the abbey have long been in a ruinous situation, on which account it has been locked up." Amanda could scarcely conceal the disappointment she felt at finding she could not see her mother's picture. She would have entreated the chapel might be opened for that purpose had she not feared exciting suspicions by doing so.

This desire to find her mother's portrait induced Amanda to prowl round the chapel place "with the rest of the lumber." The remarkable result was that she actually discovered her own grandmother, alive, who had been there for years.

It was thus. Amanda had discovered a crevice in the chapel leading to a chamber, a lofty hall, and some stairs.

Discovery of a grandmother.

Amanda's heart began to beat with unusual quickness, and she thought she should never reach the end of the gallery. She at last came to a door; it was closed, not fastened; she pushed it gently open, and could just discern a spacious room. This, she supposed, had been her mother's dressing-room. The moonbeams, as if to aid her wish of examining it, suddenly darted through the casements. Cheered by the unexpected light, she advanced into the room: at the upper end of it something in white attracted her notice. She concluded it to be the portrait of Lady Malvina's mother, which she had been informed hung in this room. She went up to examine it; but her horror may be better conceived than described, when she found herself not by a picture, but by the real form of a woman, with a death-like countenance! She screamed wildly at the terrifying specter, for such she believed it to be, and quick as lightning flew from the room. Again was the moon obscured by a cloud, and she involved in utter darkness. She ran with such violence that, as she reached the door at the end of the gallery, she fell against it. Extremely hurt, she had not power to move for a few minutes; but while she involuntarily paused, she heard approaching footsteps. Wild with terror, she instantly recovered her faculties, and attempted opening it; but it resisted all her efforts. "Protect me, Heaven!" she exclaimed, and at the moment felt an icy hand upon hers! Her senses instantly receded, and she sunk to the floor.

The icy hand belonged to her grandmother.

The suppressed will.

This formerly wicked but now repentant old lady promptly produced a will of the late Earl of Dunreath which she had previously suppressed, leaving all the money and estates to Oscar and Amanda.

Amanda soon made herself known to Lord Mortimer, who had diligently been searching for her through the greater part of three volumes. Oscar was rescued from a debtor's prison, where he had unjustly been cast by the villain Belgrave.

Happy conclusion.

Belgrave had killed himself. Lord Mortimer's father was dead, by which he became Lord Cherbury. Oscar, succeeding to the family title, became Lord Dunreath. The wicked are all dead and the living all happy. The wedding of Amanda and Lord Cherbury, formerly Mortimer, took place at the cottage in Wales where the story begins.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"The Heroine, or Cherubina."

IN the beginning of our century appeared a burlesque upon this class of romances, which had a great success. It is in itself decidedly clever, and it is quite evident that the romance-readers devoured it with the same zest that they had for the tales it parodied. It was written by Eaton Stannard Barrett, further described on his title-page as "Esquire." Born at Cork in 1786, Barrett was educated at a school at Wandsworth, and afterward entered the Middle Temple. But he never seems to have practiced at the bar, and he died prematurely of consumption in Wales. He made several incursions into literature. He wrote a comedy; he wrote political satires against the Whigs of his day, of which one, "All the Talents," obtained some contemporary reputation; and he wrote a Popesque eulogy on "Woman," and the "mock romance" of which the full title is "The Heroine, or Adventures of Cherubina." It was published in 1813, dedicated to the Right Hon. George Canning, and bore for motto, "L'histoire d'une femme est toujours un roman."

A mock romance.

A later American edition was printed in Baltimore in 1823; copies of either are rare now, and such as exist are still tenderly treasured by the ladies who came to possess them in the time when the book was regarded as a masterpiece.

The heroine, named Cherry Wilkinson, is the only daughter of a farmer who, by "honest and disgusting industry," has acquired—what he could scarcely acquire now—a considerable fortune. Cherry's "governess," Biddy the maid, who has been discharged for misconduct, and who has stuffed her pupil with romance, easily persuades her that she is a "child of mystery." Thereupon Miss Wilkinson discovers—with the aid of an old indenture—that her real name is, or should be, Cherubina de Willoughby, and that she is called to the career of a heroine. For this she has really certain indispensable physical qualifications. Although but fifteen she is tall and "aerial," her hair is flaxen, her face Grecian, and her eyes blue and sleepy. She has also, according to one of her admirers, "a voice soft as the Creolian lyre." Further, she is an adept in most of the other requisites. She can "blush to the tips of her fingers"; faint at pleasure; has tears, sighs, and half sighs at command; is mistress of the entire gamut of smiles, from fragmentary to fatal, and is fully skilled in the arts of gliding, tripping, flitting, and tottering, which last, being the "approach movement of heroic distress," is the heroine's *ne plus ultra.* She is also fully posted in the obligations of a heroine to "live a month on a mouthful," to accomplish long journeys without fatigue, and to obtain the necessities of life without the tedious formalities of payment. Her really attractive qualities are excellent health, great good-nature, and a sense of fun which extends even to her noticing herself ridiculous occasionally. The book is a series of letters to Biddy; I limit my extracts to the *dénouement.*

A child of mystery.

Requisites of the true heroine.

Oh ye, whoever ye are, whom chance or misfortune may hereafter conduct to this spot, to you I speak, to you reveal the story of my wrongs, and ask you to revenge them. Vain hope! yet it imparts some comfort to believe that what I now write may one day meet the eye of a fellow-creature, that the words which tell my sufferings may one day draw pity from the feeling heart.

Beginning of the last book.

Know, then, that on the fatal day which saw me driven from my castle, four men in black visors entered the cottage where I *had taken shelter, and forced me aud my minstrel into a carriage. We traveled miles in silence. At length they stopped, cast a cloak over my face, and carried me along winding passages, and up and down flights of steps. They then took off the cloak, and I found myself in an antique and Gothic apartment! My conductors laid down a lamp and disappeared. I heard the door barred upon me. O sound of despair! O moment of unutterable anguish! Shut out from day, from friends, from life —in the prime of my years, in the height of my transgressions— I sink under the—*

Tragic happenings.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Almost an hour has now passed in solitude and silence. Why am I brought hither? Why confined thus rigorously? O dire extremity! O state of living death! Is this a vision? Are these things real? Alas, I am bewildered.

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. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Such, Biddy, was the manuscript that I scribbled last night after the mysterious event which it relates. You shall now hear what has occurred since.

An ancient chamber.

According to common usage, I first took the lamp and began examining the chamber. On one wall hung historical arras, worked in colorless and rotten worsted, and depicting scenes from the Provençal romances ; the deeds of Charlemagne and his twelve peers ; the crusaders, troubadours, and Saracens ; and the necromantic feats of the magician Jurl. The remaining walls were wainscoted with black larch wood ; and over the painted and escutcheoned windows hung iron visors, tattered pennons, and broken shields. An antique bed of decayed damask stood in a corner ; and a few moth-eaten chairs, tissued and fringed with threads of tarnished gold, were round the room. At the further end a picture of a warrior on horseback, darting his spear into a prostrate soldier, was enclosed in a frame of uncommon magnitude that reached down to the ground. An old harp which occupied one corner proved imprisonment, and some clots of blood upon the floor proved murder.

I gazed with delight at this admirable apartment ; it was a perfect treasure ; nothing could exceed it ; all was in the best style of horror, and now for the first time I felt the full and unqualified consciousness of being as real a heroine as ever existed.

An ancient waiting woman interrupted her delight, to whom Cherubina began talking in very old English.

"And pray, good woman, who is your lord?"

"Good woman!" cries she bridling, "no more good woman than yourself—Dame Ursaline, if you please."

Baron Hildebrand.

She elicited from the old woman that she was in the keeping of one Baron Hildebrand, and might expect a visit from him.

At last I heard a heavy tread along the corridor; the door was unbarred, and a huge but majestic figure strode into the chamber. The black plume towering in his cap, the armorial coat, Persian sash, and Spanish cloak, all set off with the most muscular frown imaginable, made him look truly tremendous.

"Lady!" he cried in a voice which vibrated through my brain, "I am the Baron Hildebrand, that celebrated ruffian. My plans are terrible and unsearchable. Hear me!"

He then explained his plans. He had seized Cherubina in order to force her to marry the Lord Montmorenci, because he wished to prevent this gentleman from marrying his daughter, the Lady Sympathina. Cherubina was acquainted with Montmorenci, in fact he had been doing service as her chief suitor during the book.

Sweet obstinacy of Cherubina.

"In two days therefore, madam," he concluded, "you will give him your hand or suffer imprisonment for life."

"My lord, I will not wed Montmorenci," I said, in a tone of the sweetest obstinacy.

He started from his seat, and began to pace the chamber with colossal strides. Conceive the scene: the tall figure of Hildebrand passing along; his folded arms; the hideous desolation of the room, and my shrinking figure. It was fine, very fine. It resembled a pandemonium where a fiend was tormenting an angel of light. Yet insult and oppression had but added to his charms ; as the rose throws forth fresh fragrance by being mutilated. He rushed out of the chamber.

Nothing in nature could be better than my conduct on this occasion. I was delighted with it, and with the castle, with everything. I therefore knelt and chanted a vesper hymn, so soft and solemn ; while my eyes like a Magdelen's were cast to the planets.

Shortly after, our heroine received information of a visit she might expect from distinguished individuals who were coming to call.

Celebrated personages.

And now the promised hour was approaching when I should see the recorded personages of romance. I therefore heroinized myself as much as possible, and elegantly leaning on the harp awaited their arrival.

Meanwhile I figured them, adorned with all the venerable loveliness of a virtuous old age, even in grayness engaging, even in wrinkles interesting. Hand in hand they walk down the gentle slope of life, and often pause to look back upon the scenes which they have quitted. The happy vale of their childhood, the turreted castle, the cloistered monastery. I anticipated how this interview with them would improve me in my profession. No longer drawing from books alone, I might now copy from the original. The hand of a master would guide mine, and I should quaff primeval waters from the source itself.

As I sate thus rapt, I heard steps in the passage ; the bolts were undrawn, and Sympathina, at the head of the company, entered and announced their names.

Old acquaintances.

Sir Charles Grandison came forward the first. He was an emaciated old oddity, and wore flannels and a flowing wig.

Lady Grandison leaned on his arm, bursting with fat and laughter, so unlike what I had conceived of Harriet Byron that I turned from her quite disgusted.

Mortimer Delville came next, and my disappointment at finding him a plain, sturdy, hard-featured fellow was soon absorbed in my still greater regret at seeing his Cecilia—once the blue-eyed, sun-tressed Cecilia now flaunting in all the reverend graces of a painted grandmother.

These are characters in Miss Burney's second novel.

After them advanced Lord Mortimer and his Amanda; but he had fallen into flesh; and she with a face like scorched parchment appeared broken-hearted. I was too much shocked and astonished to speak; but Sir Charles, bowing over my hand—his old custom, you know—thus broke silence:

"Your ladyship may recollect that I have always been celebrated for giving advice—Marry Montmorenci; trust me, love before marriage is the surest preventive of love after it. I know most of these heroes and heroines myself, and I know that nothing can equal their misery."

Sad revelations.

"Do you know Lord Orville and his Evelina?" said I, "and are they not happy? Pray," said I, addressing Amanda, "are not your brother Oscar and his Adela happy?"

"Alas, no!" cried she. "Oscar became infatuated with the charms of Evelina's old grandmother, Madame Duval, so poor Adela left him."

"How shocking!" said I. "But Pamela—the virtuous Pamela?" [Richardson's first heroine.]

"Made somewhat a better choice," said Sir Charles, "for she ran off with Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, when he returned to the happy valley."

There is more of this sort. The same idea has been more cleverly carried out in Miss Porter's little play, "Place aux Dames," in which the wives of Shakespeare's heroes condole with each other over their matrimonial infelicities.

Miss Porter's play.

Cherubina, by her natural ready wit, soon escaped from the Gothic chamber, but dire disillusion awaited her. There was nothing Gothic about the castle, which was no castle, but a modern country-house, of which one apartment had been fitted up with old-fashioned furniture.

The castle no castle.

She came to a room where, concealed by a curtain, she could see all her late guests feasting round a supper-table, having laid off all disguise. They were engaged in laughing at her credulity, amongst them her former admirer Montmorenci, whose real name was Abraham

Grundy, the instigator of the whole affair; another boasted of having enacted the part at a masquerade in the beginning of the book of old Whylome Eftsoones, in order to make her believe herself, Cherry Wilkinson, to be Lady Cherubina de Willoughby.

Rescue by Stuart.

Indignant, she sprang boldly forward amongst them all, to be seized fast by one of them, when suddenly he was torn from her by Stuart, her honorable and sincere lover, who, seeing her good qualities, had been endeavoring, from the beginning, to emancipate her from her foolish ones, like Glanville in "The Female Quixote," who is equally loyal to Arabella.

The book soon ends, for Cherry Wilkinson, who is a breezy, wholesome sort of a girl, readily shakes off her follies and becomes repentant and reasonable.

Wholesome ending.

Stuart put "Don Quixote" into her hands and "by his lively advice and witty reasoning," joined to her natural good sense, perfected her mental reformation.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Now, Jane Austen, in 1798, wrote her "Northanger Abbey," which is also a burlesque upon the romantic novels; but she evidently had no knowledge of Cherubina until much later. "Northanger Abbey" was sold in 1803, to a publisher in Bath, for ten pounds, but it found so little favor in his eyes that he did not venture to publish it, and it seems to have remained unnoticed in his drawer until after the appearance of "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma." Her reputation established, "Northanger Abbey" was allowed to come forth in 1818.

Jane Austen's burlesque.

Meanwhile, while it was still shut up in the drawer, but not until 1814, Miss Austen came upon the work of Eaton Stannard Barrett, Esq. She writes her sister from London:

> *March 2d.*
>
> I finished "The Heroine" last night, and was very much amused by it. It diverted me exceedingly.

And in the same letter, farther on:

> This evening we have drank tea, and I have torn through the third volume of "The Heroine." I do not think it falls off. It is a delightful burlesque, particularly on the Radcliffe style.

Jane Austen was born in 1775, so she was but twenty-three when she wrote "Northanger Abbey," evidently inspired by the foolishness she perceived in the current novels of her time.

Birth of Jane Austen.

It is a good novel in itself, apart from the satire on the older books, although not equal to her maturer works, which I may not touch, as they belong to this century; while I may venture on the extracts that bear upon the old novels we have been reading about.

Adventures of another heroine.

The adventures of her heroine, Catherine Morland, took place in Bath, rather later than our other friends report.

They made their appearance in the lower rooms; and the Master of the Ceremonies introduced to her a very gentlemanlike young man as a partner; his name was Tilney.

Catherine also made the acquaintance of Isabella, and this conversation occurred between them in the pump-room, one morning.

"Have you been here long?"

"Oh! these ten ages at least. I am sure I have been here this half-hour. But now let us go and sit down at the other end of the room and enjoy ourselves. I have a hundred things to say to you. In the first place, I was so afraid it would rain this morning just as I wanted to set off; it looked very showery, and that would have thrown me into agonies! Do you know, I saw the prettiest hat you can imagine in a shop-window in Milsom Street just now; very like yours, only with coquelicot ribbands instead of green; I quite longed for it. But, my dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning? Have you gone on with 'Udolpho'?"

"Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke; and I am got to the black veil."

Talk about the romances.

"Are you, indeed? How delightful! Oh! I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are you not wild to know?"

"Oh! yes, quite; what can it be? But do not tell me; I would not be told upon any account. I know it must be a skeleton; I am sure it is Laurentina's skeleton. Oh! I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it, I assure you; if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world."

"Dear creature! how much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished 'Udolpho,' we will read "The Italian" together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you."

Mr. Tilney proved a very agreeable acquaintance, a sensible, well-bred young gentleman fitting for the church, though not at all in the line of the Mortimers and Orvilles. His sister was charming and his father was General Tilney, and they lived at Northanger Abbey, a real abbey, like those of the romances she adored; whither, to her rapture, she was invited to accompany them, upon a visit, when they all were ready to leave Bath. The journey was made in carriages, and for the greater part of it Mr. Tilney drove Catherine in his open carriage.

An agreeable acquaintance.

> As they drew near the end of their journey, her impatience for a sight of the abbey, for some time suspended by his conversation on subjects very different, returned in full force, and every bend in the road was expected, with solemn awe, to afford a glimpse of its massy walls of gray stone, rising amidst a grove of ancient oaks, with the last beams of the sun playing in beautiful splendor on its high Gothic windows. But so low did the building stand that she found herself passing through the great gates of the lodge, into the very grounds of Northanger, without having discerned even an antique chimney.

On the whole, the abbey was disappointing from a romantic point of view, for modern ease and comfort prevailed, good furniture, heavy carpets, and ample service. Still, as she went up to bed:

The abbey disappointing.

> The night was stormy; the wind had been rising at intervals the whole afternoon; and by the time the party broke up it blew and rained violently. Catherine, as she crossed the hall, listened to the tempest with sensations of awe; and when she heard it rage round a corner of the ancient building, and close with sudden fury a distant door, felt for the first time that she was really in an abbey. Yes, these were characteristic sounds; they brought to her recollection a countless variety of dreadful situations and horrid scenes, which such buildings had witnessed, and such storms ushered in; and most heartily did she

Agreeably dismal.

rejoice in the happier circumstances attending her entrance within walls so solemn!

On entering her room, her spirits were immediately assisted by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire.

She looked round the room. The window curtains seemed in motion. It could be nothing but the violence of the wind penetrating through the divisions of the shutters; and she stepped boldly forward, carelessly humming a tune, to assure herself of its being so, peeped courageously behind each curtain, saw nothing on either low window-seat to scare her, and on placing a hand against the shutter, felt the strongest conviction of the wind's force. A glance at the old chest, as she turned away from this examination, was not without its use; she scorned the causeless fears of an idle fancy, and began with a most happy indifference to prepare herself for bed. "She should take her time; she should not hurry herself; she did not care if she were the last person up in the house. But she would not make up her fire; that would seem cowardly, as if she wished for the protection of light after she were in bed." The fire, therefore, died away; and Catherine, having spent the best part of an hour in her arrangements, was beginning to think of stepping into bed, when, on giving a parting glance round the room, she was struck by the appearance of a high, old-fashioned black cabinet, which, though in a situation conspicuous enough, had never caught her notice before. She took her candle and looked closely at the cabinet. It was not absolutely ebony and gold; but it was Japan, black and yellow Japan of the handsomest kind; and as she held her candle the yellow had very much the effect of gold.

An old chest.

The key was in the door, and she had a strange fancy to look into it; without the smallest expectation of finding anything, she could not sleep till she had examined it. So, placing the candle with great caution on a chair, she seized the key with a very tremulous hand, and tried to turn it; but it resisted her utmost strength. Alarmed, but not discouraged, she tried it another way; a bolt flew, and she believed herself successful; but how strangely mysterious! the door was still immovable. At length it did open; and not vain, as hitherto, was her search; her quick eyes directly fell on a roll of paper pushed

A roll of paper.

back into the further part of the cavity, apparently for concealment, and her feelings at that moment were indescribable. Her heart fluttered, her knees trembled, and her cheeks grew pale. She seized, with an unsteady hand, the precious manuscript, for half a glance sufficed to ascertain written characters; and resolved instantly to peruse every line before she attempted to rest.

The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm; but there was no danger of its sudden extinction, it had yet some hours to burn; and that she might not have any greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what its ancient date might occasion she hastily snuffed it. Alas! it was snuffed and extinguished in one. A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror. It was done completely; not a remnant of light in the wick could give hope to the rekindling breath. Darkness impenetrable and immovable filled the room. A violent gust of wind, rising with sudden fury, added fresh horror to the moment. Catherine trembled from head to foot. In the pause which succeeded, a sound like receding footsteps and the closing of a distant door struck on her affrighted ear. Human nature could support no more. A cold sweat stood on her forehead, the manuscript fell from her hand, and groping her way to the bed, she jumped hastily in, and sought some suspension of agony by creeping far underneath the clothes. To close her eyes in sleep that night she felt must be entirely out of the question. With a curiosity so justly awakened, and feelings in every way so agitated, repose must be absolutely impossible. The storm, too, abroad so dreadful! She had not been used to feel alarm from wind, but now every blast seemed fraught with awful intelligence. The manuscript so wonderfully found, so wonderfully accomplishing the morning's prediction, how was it to be accounted for? What could it contain? to whom could it relate? by what means could it have been so long concealed?

A gust of wind.

Hour after hour passed away, and the wearied Catherine had heard three proclaimed by all the clocks in the house before the tempest subsided, or she unknowingly fell fast asleep.

All the clocks in the house proclaim the hour.

The housemaid's folding back her window-shutters at eight o'clock the next day was the sound which first roused Catherine; and she opened her eyes, wondering that they could ever have been closed on objects of cheerfulness; her fire was already burning, and a bright morning had succeeded the tempest of the night. Instantaneously with the consciousness of existence returned her recollection of the manuscript; and springing from her bed in the very moment of the maid's going away, she eagerly collected every scattered sheet which had burst from the roll on its falling to the ground, and flew back to enjoy the luxury of their perusal on her pillow. She now plainly saw that she must not expect a manuscript of equal length with the generality of what she had shuddered over in books; for the roll, seeming to consist entirely of small disjointed sheets, was altogether but of trifling size, and much less than she had supposed it to be at first.

Disillusion.

Her greedy eye glanced rapidly over a page. She started at its import. Could it be possible, or did not her senses play her false? An inventory of linen, in coarse and modern characters, seemed all that was before her! If the evidence of sight might be trusted, she held a washing-bill in her hand. She seized another sheet, and saw the same articles with little variation; a third, a fourth, and a fifth, presented nothing new. Shirts, stockings, cravats, and waistcoats, faced her in each. Two others, penned by the same hand, marked an expenditure scarcely more interesting. Such was the collection of papers (left, perhaps, as she could then suppose, by the negligence of a servant, in the place whence she had taken them) which had filled her with expectation and alarm, and had robbed her of half her night's rest! She felt humbled to the dust. Could not the adventure of the chest have taught her wisdom? A corner of it catching her eye as she lay seemed to rise up in judgment against her. Nothing could now be clearer than the absurdity of her recent fancies. To suppose that a manuscript of many generations back could have remained undiscovered in a room such as that, so modern, so habitable, or that she should be the first to possess the skill of unlocking a cabinet the key of which was open to all.

Ashamed but not cured.

Catherine was heartily ashamed already, but not quite cured, until she was one day caught beyond a gallery which she was exploring with the intention of verifying a shocking plot of mystery, and even murder, which she had herself conjured up.

> At that instant a door underneath was hastily opened, some one seemed with swift steps to ascend the stairs, by the head of which she had yet to pass before she could gain the gallery. She had no power to move. With a feeling of terror not very definable she fixed her eyes on the staircase, and in a few moments it gave Henry to her view. "Mr. Tilney!" she exclaimed, in a voice of more than common astonishment. He looked astonished too. "Good God!" she continued, not attending to his address, "how came you here? How came you up that staircase?"
>
> "How came I up that staircase!" he replied, greatly surprised. "Because it is my nearest way from the stable-yard to my own chamber; and why should I not come up it?"
>
> Catherine recollected herself, blushed deeply, and could say no more. He seemed to be looking in her countenance for that explanation which her lips did not afford. She moved on toward the gallery. "And may I not, in my turn," said he, as he pushed back the folding doors, "ask how came *you* here? This passage is at least as extraordinary a road from the breakfast-parlor to your apartment as that staircase can be from the stables to mine."

Foolish terror.

The encounter led to a serious explanation and a pretty severe lesson from the young man to the lady, which was sufficient to bring her wholly to her senses. Like all the heroines, she had succeeded in winning the affection and regard of Henry Tilney in spite of her romantic folly. He said amongst other things, after she had confessed the silly romance she had imagined concerning his relations:

A severe lesson.

> "Remember the country and the age in which we live. Remember that we are English: that we are Christians. Consult your own understanding, your own sense of the probable, your own observation of what is passing around you. Does our education prepare us for such atrocities? Do our laws

connive at them? Could they be perpetrated without being known in a country like this, where social and literary intercourse is on such a footing; where every man is surrounded by a neighborhood of voluntary spies; and where roads and newspapers lay everything open? Dearest Miss Morland, what ideas have you been admitting?"

They had reached the end of the gallery and with tears of shame she ran off to her own room. The visions of romance were over. Catherine was completely awakened.

One more happy ending.

Strange to say, Henry Tilney continued his attentions. Some difficulties arose to separate the lovers, but it all turned out well in the end, and Catherine Morland became the happy Mrs. Henry Tilney.

It would be pleasant to continue in the path which Miss Austen has opened, with her descriptions of home life and the manners of the early nineteenth century. But this is to tread on forbidden ground. My task is limited. We have been busy with the characters and figures of an earlier age, and now like ghosts we must disappear; for the dawn of a new day is beginning to show itself. Jane Austen's star we have already perceived, Maria Edgeworth's is not far off, and the great planet Walter Scott will soon with its broad glow extinguish smaller lights.

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